THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1913

Cormac Son of Ogmund

By Maurice Hewlett

Here is a tale I've lately read
Which says of Cormac Ogmundsson
That he saw Stangerd with arms bare
And neck and shoulders, full in the sun,
Slanting her head to comb her hair,
The loveliest thing he'd lookt upon;
And fell to love her then and there,
And serv'd her long and might have wed,
But had no joy of, as men reckon
Their joy of women, board and bed,
Kisses a-plenty, common bacon,
And common toil for common bread
To fill the mouths they make together.

Joy of a kind natheless he had,
They say, to his own taste or tether,
And greatly loved and hugely dared,
Riding the dales or upland heather
Singing of Stangerd, being glad
Because her blissfulness he shared
With every other mother's son
In this good world with me, with you,
With her two husbands, for she'd two,
And buried both before he had done.
Not only so, but he declared
All Nature was her lord in fee,

And bird and hill-flower, stock and stone,
And spearing grass and springing tree,
The clouds, the river, and the sun
Had Stangerd in coparcenry.
Thus Cormac, Heaven and Earth conspired
To make Desire most undesired.

For as he lookt upon the thing,
Their beauty was a glass for hers,
And nothing worth considering
But what they told as messengers
Of what she did and what she was.
So the lark lift as she did pass
And said, "The world is bright with glee
Since Stangerd lookt and smiled at me:
Therefore I sing!"— or grass, "Her feet
Press me in love!"—or flower, "How sweet
The breath of Stangerd when she goes
With parted lips!"—or tree, "Who knows—
Passing, she laid a lingering hand
On me, and doubtful seem'd to stand
Whether or not to take me to her;
Who knows but she will let me woo her
And be her lover in the dark,
When the sap throbs beneath the bark?"
So did the cloud, a jealous lover,
Beshadow her, as he would cover,
And prove himself her bosom's lord,
And make a guarded woman of her,
Had not the sun with his bared sword
Rent him with gashes, and outpour'd
His courage on her; the which the river
Rejoicing saw: "Oh, thou brave giver
Of heart to horse, and horse to pasture,"
Cried he, "I hail thee! Warm the blood
Of Stangerd, that she slip her vesture
And come to me, and know my flood!"

Or take him in an earlier mood—
His first when he cast eyes upon her—
Which show'd him her, this burning lass,
Daughter of Thorkel of the Tongue,

Goddess's maid, a Maid of Honour,
Flusht in the face, with hair like brass,
Or corn that yellows to the sickle,
Full tall and free and bold and young,
Deep-bosom'd too, with deep blue eyes
Like slumbering pools,—a girl of size,
Whom seeing no man you'd say would stickle
To take to church and make a woman—
Show'd her to him a spirit not human,
Who whether in hall, robed in her white,
She sat at ease with her arms bare
And gaz'd before her at the light,
Dreaming, and her vague eyes astare
Encompast him and gave him sight
Of their blue mystery and intent;
Or whether about the board she went,
Serving the men with mead, and came
And stood above him till he bent
Before her, as before the flame
The bushes in a forest bow
And show all white—he had her name
As if 'twas written on her brow:
A Valkyr! Chooser of the slain!
A storm-fraught Spirit fierce as pain,
With whom to clasp and kiss, or grapple
As man with woman, that were thought
To deaden deed, as if you brought
The lonely Night to bed, or fared
To play below the gleaming thrapple
Of the keen daughter of the snow,
And froze when her white hills she bared.
Therefore said he, "Ah, let her go
Mistress of Destiny, unmov'd
Her way of gods, her way of woe,
But ever lovely and ever lov'd,
Treading the necks of beaten men!"

But here's a rift 'twixt Now and Then!
While so submiss his own neck prov'd
Other men's heads remain'd upright,
And other eyes saw other light
In Stangerd's; which when Cormac found

Averse from his, then he partook
With common men a common ground
Of grievance, and a common grief:
The grief of him who comes too late
To market, or has been too stiff
About the chaffer. Man forsook
Is cheated man the whole world over;
And vainly now this young tomnoddy,
This too exuberant generous wooer,
Rav'd for his benison of the body,
And sang in vain what he might do her
Upon a day unwritten of—

He never did it as I hear.
Tongue-work was all he had of love,
Song-work and such-like poets' gear.
Yet much he dared and long he strove,
Serving her so for many a year,
Fighting and wandering, till he hove
To sea, and vanisht, singing her.

Not mine to sing, at least not here,
How to the tale came Battle-Berse,
Stangerd's first husband, when Cormac,
Betroth'd, handfasted as he was,
Lover accepted, yet drew back
At the last hour, a thing unchancy—
Witchfinders hint at spell or curse
Upon the plighting: each man has
His own curse in him, and my fancy
Sees Cormac storing her to heart
To sing about in sounding verse,
Making a goddess of a lass,
Not better, but so much the worse
The more herself had art and part
In the business. Call this nigromancy
Done by the spae-wife out of spite,
I tell you Love's a tricksy sprite
For poets' bosoms. Love says, Kiss
Your well-beloved, she'll kiss again,
Apt pupil; but it's also true
The more you kiss, the more you strain

Together, the less lover you,
And the more she. Skald's wisdom is
To love apart, since love is pain
At all events, howe'er you do;
And out of pain that song cometh
The which you live by, as by bread
Live some, and other some by kiss
(As women all). Where there are two,
And one a poet, one must rue—
And it was Stangerd, as the case is
Whene'er a girl accepts the embraces
Of poet-lover.

Of her now
What shall we say? Was she in sooth
The spirit few see but some may know,
Even as believ'd our ardent youth—
The Essence at the heart of things,
Which makes them things? Substantial truth?
The secret rose of Loveliness,
The very flicker in the wings
Of birds, the thrill of sweet distress
You get at heart when a bird sings
At night? The fragrance, hue, impress,
The very life within the dress
That bodies beauty? Was all this
Chance-held in Stangerd's blossomings
For Cormac's vision and his bliss?
Was she so rare or he so tender?
He found her so by hit or miss.

And so he paid for his lachess,
Or, if you please, his soul-surrender;
For plain men saw—a piece of goods,
Just a fine girl, for all her splendour
Of form and favour, made of moods
And whims and hearty appetite,
Who liked her supper and was clear
What was and what was not her right.
And so two took her for delight
And serv'd them of her aptitudes,
And rockt in many a swinging fight

With our young friend, and made good cheer;
And when their turn came round she dight
Their burial-clouts.

And what she gain'd
Of her wild lover, or how suffer'd
To have her well of sweetness drain'd
By one or other as he offer'd,
She was a woman, and men think
Rewarded; for they crav'd, she proffer'd;
They thirsted and she gave them drink;
They dipt their cups for what she coffer'd;
And if they needed, should she shrink
Lest want might come on her? Their thriving
We say was hers—without a wink,
Because we mean it: she got by giving—
For giving man life *is* a living.
At least, that's man's serene persuasion.
He calls it her re-generation.

Letters on Napoleon's Last Days

By L. M. Shortt

In view of the profound interest that nowadays attaches itself to every detail which concerns those five years in the last century during which St. Helena attained to its brief and melancholy notoriety, it seems unnecessary to offer any apology for the publication of the following extracts from certain private letters written by my grandfather, Dr. Thomas Shortt, Physician to His Majesty's Forces and Principal Medical Officer in that island during the last months of Napoleon's life, and by his wife, Henrietta Shortt.

"The appearance of the island from the sea is indeed very forbidding, rising perpendicularly out of it to a great height." Such was the first impression recorded by my grandmother on her arrival at St. Helena on December 21st, 1820, and I think one cannot help realising from it the chill that the same sight must have struck to the heart of the mighty captive, who, since the closing years of the eighteenth century, had been the terror of the civilised world, when he landed on its inhospitable shores,—a victim to his own insatiable ambition.

The well-known aversion manifested by Napoleon, and to which my grandfather himself alludes, to the ministrations of any of the British doctors resident in St. Helena, will explain the almost entire absence of any mention of the former during the next months by Dr. or Mrs. Shortt, even at a period when his health was known to be impaired, and it is only in a letter dated May 4th, 1821, that their silence is broken by Mrs. Shortt with almost dramatic suddenness:—

St. Helena, *May 4th*, 1821.

"Bonaparte has been terribly ill. Dr. S. went to Longwood yesterday and only returned to-day for a few minutes.

He says Bonaparte is in great danger, and we are of course in great anxiety. But you must not say anything about it. I shall write very soon and let you know how he goes on.

"H. S."

Two days later this letter is followed by another from the same hand, which describes the end :—

ST. HELENA, *6th May*, 1821.

"Yesterday put an end to the eventful life of Bonaparte and we shall wait with impatience for orders from England how the establishment is to be disposed of, which it is calculated cannot be in less than five or six months, but that appears a very short period compared with the long time I looked forward to passing here. The idea of returning to you again makes me rejoice so much that I feel ashamed the death of any individual should make me so happy, but his life was not likely to produce any change in him, and it appears for some time to have been his wish to die, as they could not persuade him to take either food or medicine. We were much in the dark about him till we suddenly heard he was dying, and after a day of suspense Dr. Shortt was sent to Longwood on Thursday last. He did not see him, but after a consultation invented a plan of making him take medicine without his knowing it. It produced a good effect, and on Friday he was better. I saw my husband only for a few minutes on Friday, as he had taken up his residence close to Longwood. Yesterday morning all hopes of Bonaparte were over, and those obliged to see the body assembled at Longwood. He expired at six, just as the sun went down, having been speechless since the morning. We, of course, have not heard a minute account of him yet, and the behaviour of such a man naturally excites much curiosity, but everything will be made public in time. Dr. Shortt did not leave Longwood after his death, as a medical person was appointed to sit up with the body during the night, and they were to relieve each other.

"10 o'clock.—Dr. Shortt has just been here, and returns again to dinner, when they will have finished the last operation of opening the body. He is to write to you himself. He says he was quite astonished with the beauty of Bonaparte's countenance, and as he saw him the moment he expired, no material alteration could have taken place.

"There is no inhabitant of St. Helena rich enough to occupy the splendid mansion that has just been completed for Napoleon, which he always, it is said, regarded with horror and would never remove into, although he was informed two months ago that it was ready for his reception. Dr. Shortt and those obliged to be on the spot had beds in it last night, and were its first inhabitants.

"I can think of nothing but going home, and believe I have scarcely written common sense. H. S."

The next extract, written by Dr. Shortt, supplies an account of his first view of Napoleon after death, and a brief summary of the results of the post-mortem examination :—

ST. HELENA, *7th May*, 1821.

"Bonaparte expired on the evening of the 5th of May, about ten minutes before 6 o'clock. He had been complaining for some months, and as his disorder increased he agreed to see Dr. Arnott, Surgeon of the 20th Foot, who had been in the habit of prescribing for his followers, but he refused to take medicine from him, as he had always been much averse from it. Being considered on the 3rd of May to be in a dying state, I was ordered to Longwood, where I continued in consultation till he died, but did not see him, as he would allow no stranger to approach him. We managed to give him ten grains of calomel, and he derived advantage from the medicine, but his strength declined rapidly and his existence was soon terminated.

"I saw him immediately thereafter and was surprised to find so little alteration in his appearance. In death his countenance was the finest I ever saw, expressing the greatest softness and placidity that can be imagined. He was lying on a small bed, surrounded by his followers, and had a silk handkerchief on his head, which added much to his looks, and as he had been long out of the sun, his complexion was perfectly white. During my attendance it was difficult to form a decided opinion as to his disease, not being allowed to see him, but that we have since satisfactorily discovered, and found also that he was aware of it himself.

"On opening the body it presented an unusual quantity of fat, and every part of it was sound excepting the stomach,

which was a perfect mass of disease from cancer and ulcerated in several places. In one place near the lower opening was a hole sufficiently large to admit the little finger, which penetrated the coats of the stomach and which was attached to the liver so that the contents were prevented from escaping. His father died when younger than himself of the same disease, so that it is hereditary and unconnected with climate or the mode of life he led here, and there is little doubt but he would have shared the same fate had he been seated on the throne of France. It is said that his sister, the Princess Borghese, suffers from the same disease, and Bonaparte was anxious that his own disease should be fully ascertained for the purpose of being useful to his child, who might inherit from him the dispositions.

"We have heard as yet nothing regarding his settlements. He desired to be buried in Europe, but should his request be denied, he had fixed on a spot here that is now preparing to receive his earthly remains under some Botany Bay willows. I imagine Bonaparte's disease had been forming some years, and the ulcers must have taken place eight or nine months ago.

"T. S."

Nearly a week later there follows a singularly graphic description, by Mrs. Shortt, of the funeral of Napoleon and of a subsequent visit to Longwood, where the late Emperor's effects were displayed to view.

ST. HELENA, *13th May*, 1821.

"The Waterloo store ship arrived only two days before Bonaparte's death, and I was in such a state of anxiety that it prevented my feeling disappointed at getting no letters. Since I last wrote there has been but one subject of conversation here, and I have been told so many contradictory stories that I think in England it will be a difficult task to distinguish the truth. However, as we have been kept so much in the dark about everything at Longwood till after Bonaparte's death, we may possibly not be much wiser than those who have never been in the island.

"The funeral took place last Wednesday, and the hills surrounding the spot must have contained nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena. Dr. Shortt and I went to break-

fast with General and Mrs. Coffin, and immediately after the gentlemen rode on to Longwood to attend the procession. Mrs. Coffin and I followed in the carriage to Hut's Gate, Mr. Ibbetson's, where we had been invited to take up our position, in order both to see the procession and go down near the grave when the body should have reached it. We waited from 11 o'clock till near 2 before the procession reached Hut's Gate, and employed a part of the interval in going to examine the grave, which is under some beautiful weeping willows, and close to the spring which he always sent to for water. He had frequently breakfasted under the willows on his first arrival. The vault, which they had worked at day and night, was twelve feet deep, and they were then busy hanging it with black cloth, and the branches of the trees to which the ropes were attached for letting down the coffin were twisted with black cloth.

"The procession was beautiful; first walked his physician and Dr. Arnott, then the priest, who immediately preceded the body, and who refused to allow Mr. Vernon to walk beside him; then the body, which was on a kind of car, and the coffin covered with a cloak which he wore at Marengo, and a cushion with his sword. Count Bertrand and Montholon and his attendants walked on each side. Madame Bertrand and her children followed in an open carriage—then all the Staff Officers. The three regiments with their bands playing brought up the rear, and remained lining the road on the heights, while the rest of the procession proceeded down to the grave. After the coffin was let down, three volleys of artillery were fired, which produced such an echo that I was almost deafened. The artillery were also on the heights above. The body was deposited first in a tin coffin lined with satin, then a leaden one; and lastly a mahogany, and they put, I believe, in the first fifty pounds worth of coins, a plate, knife, fork and spoon which he used at Austerlitz, and the heart secured in a silver dish, in case it should ever be required to be given up to his friends. Lady Lowe, in deep mourning, joined the procession, and remained at the grave till everything was finished.

"About 4 o'clock the people began to disperse, and we began to climb up the way we had descended, but the sun had so much increased the slipperiness of the grass that

many of the party fell, and one little lady fell into hysterics. I escaped all accidents, having the assistance of Mr. Kerr, of the 66th, who had been sketching the scene, and promised to allow me to copy it, but I fear he will be gone before he can let me have it. I should like much to have merely the outline, as it would give you some idea of a scene, which it is impossible to describe, and which it was really worth coming to St. Helena to see. It was not till we got back to Knollcombe that we found how much we were fatigued, and I was glad to remain there till after dinner and spend the evening in communicating all we had seen, heard and been told.

"General Coffin seemed to think there was no time to be lost in paying a visit to the house and gardens at Longwood, and we agreed to ride there on Friday, which we accomplished most fortunately, finding that everything in Bonaparte's bedrooms had been placed just as he daily used them for the inspection of Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe, who were going some time later than ourselves, and also that his effects of every kind were to be shown. On our arrival General Coffin sent in a message to request we might see the house, and Count Montholon came to attend us, accompanied by Napoleon's principal valet de chambre.

"In the billiard room they had spread out the plate, china, &c. As for the plate, I thought it very ugly and ill kept, except the coffee service of gold and gold shaving pot, &c. The china was presented to him on his marriage by the City of Paris, and is splendid. Every plate has a different view painted on it, a series in Paris, Germany, Italy, and Egypt. The cups have chiefly Egyptian views, and the saucers heads of Jews, Arabs, &c., all painted like miniatures.

"We were next shown the drawing-room, in which they had spread out all his wardrobe, and a most shabby appearance it exhibited, a quantity of old coats, boots, slippers, hats, &c., all very plain. I remarked some pretty gold and silver stuff that he had got from Constantinople and intended using in putting up a Chapel in one of the rooms, but it was never executed. A bust and picture of his son were in this room, and it was in this he died, having been removed there for air, but after the funeral they put his little bed back

into the bedroom, which we next entered. It is hung with white muslin, and nothing emperor-like in it except his silver basin on a very elegant stand. I observed a pocket handkerchief, that seemed to have been used, tied to the bed and marked with N and a crown. He never had but one chair in his room, not to put it in the power of anyone to sit in his presence. The last apartment we were shown was his writing room, in which is a small camp bed, similar to the one he used, as he changed frequently from one to the other. He had here several pictures of his son and one of Marie Louise—a beautiful dressing-box and some other little ornamental articles. On the writing-table were a great many papers written to his dictation, and as I asked to see his handwriting, Montholon opened one and found a little marginal note, but, after reading a few words, shut it quickly, finding it, I suppose, unfit for our hearing. It was in the "Manuscrit de St. Hélène." I saw another note, but in so small and indistinct a hand, I could not read it.

"After inspecting the inside, we went to the outside of the house to his little private garden, where he planted everything with his own hands. I saved some seed from a very pretty plant. We saw the covered walks, mud walls, summer house, &c., and lastly the holes with tin tubes in the mud wall, from which he commanded a view of the road to the house, and of the orderly officers' rooms. We then found that as Madame Bertrand was with Lady Lowe in the house, and we had not happened to meet with them, it was expedient to leave cards at Madame Bertrand's, who has a cottage at a little distance.

"We had just time to get home before it was dark, and moralise on the fate of an Emperor. I think his five years must have passed very slowly at Longwood.

"Perhaps I shall tire you by my attempts to describe things to you, for I am a very bad hand at giving accounts, but you must take the will for the deed.

"All the French people are to be sent to England in a very short time. Bonaparte has left all he possessed here to Bertrand, Montholon, and Marchant, his valet, to be divided in equal shares.

"In spite of all said in favour of the climate of St. Helena, we had yesterday such a storm of wind that three

ships were blown out to sea, and our house shook in rather an uncivil way—the stones blew up against the windows, and everything in the rooms was covered with dust. There is not much difference in point of heat, but I never feel it oppressive, as I seldom go out of the house in the forenoon, except on such extraordinary occasions as Bonaparte's funeral.

"H. S."

What could furnish a more fitting comment on this brief contemporary record of the close of perhaps the most remarkable human career that the world has ever seen than the following lines, which are said to have been inscribed on Napoleon's tomb in the island of his captivity:—

"Nacqui in Ajaccio, ma il destino che scrive
Dell' uom la sorte in l'ordin suo profondo,
Mi trasse in Francia, e sulle mille rive
Ch' io varcai, la bilancia ebbi del mondo.
Or mentre il nome mio superbo vive,
Forse a niun altro in paragon secondo,
Io morto son, e mi ricuopre appena
Un freddo sasso in quasi ignota arena."

("I was born in Ajaccio, but destiny, which ordains by its profound decree the lot of man, impelled me to France, and upon the thousand shores that I traversed, I held the balance of the world. Now, whilst my proud name still survives, second in comparison to perhaps none other, I myself am dead, and am but laid beneath a cold stone on an almost unknown shore.")

The District Visitor

Dedicated to the admirers of the poetry and the profundity of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"

By (the late) Richard Middleton

NIGHT: PHILIP *sits writing at a little table facing the audience. As he writes he talks aloud, because he is tipsy with hunger.*

PHILIP. A new form of art, if only I could remember the words of the right colour! Splendid and torch and power, all good red words. Mystery is yellow, bitterness is grey, eternity is dead black. I want some blue words to mix with mystery for the grass. Blue words, blue words, Heaven help the idiot who compiled this dictionary! Dorothy!

DOROTHY *is sitting in a deep armchair at the back of the stage almost hidden from the audience. When he calls she raises her head with an effort.*

DOROTHY. Yes, dear.

PHILIP. What are you thinking of?

DOROTHY. The rent's not paid and the landlord——

PHILIP. Shylock, a Jew.

DOROTHY. Will turn us into the street.

PHILIP (*with a groan*). Only blue by association. Street and rent are both red, landlord seems to me to be salmon-pink. Can't you remember any blue words, darling?

DOROTHY (*pitifully*). Are you very hungry, Philip?

PHILIP. So, so. I'm afraid it's hurting you.

DOROTHY. Not much. Only the waiting for something to happen. . . . .

PHILIP. Rich or poor, we're all waiting for something to happen, and probably if we only knew it's happening now. Now, if some moonstruck editor would send me a cheque. . . .

DOROTHY. I'm afraid editors have very thick heads.

PHILIP. I have sometimes thought that myself.

DOROTHY. And the moon can't get through to their brains.

PHILIP. Moon is a blue word, so a mysterious moon should be green. There's something in that. . . .

DOROTHY. If the landlord turns us out we shan't be able to wait any longer.

PHILIP (*writing*). Bearing splendid torches through a mysterious moon till our bitterness merged into eternity. A pillar-box near a green field at night-fall. I should like to see the damned critics appreciate the subtlety of that. . . . Two definite and distinct interpretations to one sentence.

DOROTHY. If the landlord turns us into the street . .

PHILIP (*musingly*). A peeled salmon in a sea of blood.

DOROTHY (*revolted*). Philip!

PHILIP. Yes, dear.

DOROTHY. You frighten me when you talk like that.

PHILIP. I'm sorry. I only wanted to frighten myself. I don't want to talk about beefsteaks.

DOROTHY. Poor Philip!

PHILIP. Bloody ones with gristle. That's Kipling. I can't forget these things.

DOROTHY. I think that to-morrow if nothing happens—

PHILIP. Well?

DOROTHY. Something will happen.

PHILIP. No. To-morrow morning I'll sell some of the furniture.

DOROTHY. But it belongs to the landlord.

PHILIP. I think sometimes that we belong to the landlord. We'll tell Shylock we've eaten his armchairs. A sofa on toast with little mushrooms and chopped parsley.

DOROTHY. I think I heard a knock.

PHILIP. It's your fancy knocking against the walls of your head because it cannot sleep.

DOROTHY. No, I'm sure I heard a knock.

PHILIP (*rising*). Perhaps it's the postman with a cheque.

DOROTHY. It's much too late for the postman. It must be the landlord come for the rent.

PHILIP (*sitting down again*). Perhaps he will break his neck on his damned stairs. Then we can pick his pockets.

DOROTHY. It will make him angry if we don't go down.

PHILIP. He will forget that anger when he finds that we can't pay him.

DOROTHY. I can hear his feet on the stairs.

PHILIP. If I am strong enough I will throw him out of the window.

There is a knock at the door, and the DISTRICT VISITOR *enters without waiting for an answer. He looks like a Nonconformist parson, carries a black bag and wears button boots, black suède gloves too long in the fingers.*

D. V. Mr. Philip Oldcastle?

PHILIP. That is my name. What do you want? I suppose you have come from the landlord.

D. V. No; at least, not exactly. It's rather an unusual case. You see, Mr. Oldcastle, my name is Death.

PHILIP. I do not think that very likely.

D. V. (*affronted*). And why, sir?

PHILIP. Because you are reputed never to come when you are wanted.

D. V. (*resting his bag on a chair*). I am glad to hear that for once I am welcome. My experience is that, though people often call for me, they are always irritated when I arrive.

DOROTHY (*politely*). Your experience must be a wide one, Mr. Death.

D. V. I'm afraid I may have given you a wrong impression. I should have made it clear that I am merely Death's representative for the Parliamentary Division of Battersea.

DOROTHY (*disappointed*). Oh! I see.

PHILIP. But granting your bona fides, I still find this personal visit a little extraordinary. You have come for us?

D. V. I have come for one of you.

DOROTHY and PHILIP. We refuse to be separated!

D. V. I'm very sorry; these awkward situations are only too common. But the notice is only made out for one.

PHILIP. And for which of us, pray?

D. V. (*fumbling in his black bag, and pulling out a*

document). That is just the difficulty under which I am labouring. You see, the name is quite clear: Philip Oldcastle. But an unfortunate blot renders it impossible for me to say whether the order is made out for Mr. or Mrs. Philip Oldcastle. In my experience the accident is unique.

PHILIP. It seems to me to be a piece of abominable carelessness.

D. V. (*nervously*). I had hoped that the condition of health of one of you would have enabled me to venture——

PHILIP. In fact, you were going to chance your arm.

D. V. As far as I comprehend the significance of that popular phrase, I was.

PHILIP. You seem to me to be a precious rascal.

DOROTHY (*interposing*). Philip, you have not offered Mr. . . . Death a chair.

D. V. (*waiving the suggestion aside*). I should be sorry to cause any unnecessary unpleasantness.

PHILIP. It will take you all your time to do that.

D. V. But I am prepared to meet you in a reasonable spirit.

PHILIP. Our name is Reason. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Reason.

D. V. Ha! Ha! Very good, very good indeed. Now I thought perhaps an appeal to chance . . . .

PHILIP. You propose that we should toss for it?

D. V. The—er—spin of a coin . . . .

PHILIP. We haven't got one.

D. V. (*producing half-a-crown*). I had foreseen the possibility.

PHILIP. Very well, we'll toss you double or quits.

D. V. I'm afraid I don't quite understand.

PHILIP. You can have both of us or none; it's simple enough.

D. V. (*angrily*). You must see that what you suggest is quite impossible.

PHILIP. Then you will have to lump it.

D. V. (*pleadingly*). You are making it very hard for me.

PHILIP. Your professional reputation is a matter of complete indifference to me. Your personality I find objectionable.

DOROTHY. Philip!

PHILIP (*waxing eloquent*). I don't like your seedy whiskers, or your button boots or your beastly gloves, or your nasty little black bag.

D. V. You are grossly personal, sir.

PHILIP. You have the air of a fraudulent commercial traveller!

D. V. I warn you——

PHILIP. A hypocritical undertaker's man!

D. V. I warn you——

PHILIP. An incompetent baby-stealer!

D. V. You will be sorry presently for this!

PHILIP. My dear idiot, it's clear to me that you are helpless. If you make a mistake you will lose your job. That order's not worth the paper it's written on.

D. V. (*pulling out a Swan fountain-pen*). But it is within my power to alter it.

DOROTHY (*in alarm*). Oh, Philip, be careful what you say!

PHILIP. My dear, he doesn't know which name to put. In any case we can report the circumstances to head office and get him the sack.

D. V. (*writing*). Very well, you will realise the extent of my powers. You see, I have made it Mister.

DOROTHY. Oh, Philip, you mustn't go without me.

PHILIP. If I do it won't be for long. Mr. Death will be looking for a new berth presently.

D. V. (*triumphantly*). That's where you're mistaken. Furthermore, I have endorsed it "Gone; left no address."

PHILIP. Well, and what of it?

D. V. I will return the order so marked to the authorities, and your name will be crossed off the register. You have found life pleasant, haven't you, Mr. Oldcastle? Well, you'll have to make the best of it, for now——

PHILIP. Go on.

D. V. You're immortal!

To his astonishment both PHILIP *and* DOROTHY *burst into extravagant laughter, rendered almost hysterical by starvation.*

PHILIP (*rolling on his chair and dabbing his face with his handkerchief*). Good Lord, what a child the man is.

An innocent, sucking babe. And did I call him nasty names, did I? Oh!

D. V. (*sullenly*). I don't understand.

PHILIP. Of course you don't! Why should you? The little child that lightly draws its breath.

D. V. If this is a madhouse . . . .

PHILIP (*pulling himself together*). No, infant. But it is the one house in Battersea whose inmates are absolutely convinced of their immortality.

D. V. (*mystified*). And yet you welcomed me just now.

PHILIP. Of course we did, because our environment is momentarily unpleasant. To our minds you represent a shaking of the dice-box, a cutting of the pack. But we know that you alone are mortal, evanescent—what shall I say? Why, man, you are as transitory as the measles!

D. V. But now you will have to endure your environment.

PHILIP. I doubt it. I think it unlikely that the laws that govern this suburb will be overthrown to save your face. If I lie down in front of a steamroller, gravity will change my environment. Are you stronger than gravity? It has nailed your feet to this floor!

D. V. You would have me cut a sorry figure in the world.

PHILIP. You must not make me alone responsible. Christianity grants you power over the worthless sediment of our entities. The ignorant savage, burying his parents with a box of sardines by their side, denies you even that. It is possible to doubt your existence; it is impossible to find you important. And the more I consider the circumstances the clearer it becomes to me that you are here to do our bidding.

D. V. (*evasively*). I hope I can see a joke even when it is at my expense.

PHILIP. If only you weren't so sordidly ugly. You weren't always like that, you know.

D. V. Really, Mr. Oldcastle.

PHILIP. You used to ride in armour on a fiery horse and slay with a flaming sword. Now, didn't you?

D. V. Upon my word I never did. I have always been just the same.

PHILIP. Ah, I thought as much. Death, you're a fraud!

D. V. I solemnly declare——

PHILIP. Shut up, and listen while I make my phrases. You're a fraud because you are not beautiful. You're a fraud because you are not logical. How can you pretend to finish the life of a man like me with all my fine hopes and discovered dreams? Æsthetic considerations alone would convince me of my immortality when confronted by such a death as you. Is it possible that I have fared so far to be strangled by a bandit with the manners of a jobbing dentist?

D. V. This regrettable violence of tone. . . .

PHILIP. The jargon! The jargon! Oh, I believe you now when you say that your name is Death. I have seen your sordid pageants in the street, your fat black horses, your bobbing feathers, your starved and shivering footmen conducting a yellow box in a showcase to a field covered with monstrous wedding-cake ornaments, and I have asked myself who this Death could be, that was satisfied with so poor a ritual.

D. V. My dear sir!

PHILIP. You make us ridiculous where, if you had any real significance, you would make us noble. You come slinking in behind the doctor and afflict a man with an absurd disease like the mumps. We cover his eyes with pennies and tie up his jaw, and hide him away so that our children may retain a decent pride in human nature. But we know that it is not the end. The thing's incredible—a wood-louse would command a braver destiny. As for a poet . . . .

D. V. A poet!

PHILIP. I tell you, man, it will take a god to destroy me, and he will destroy me as he made me, with sweat and tears and anguish of heart. Even then I shall leave my inspirations, that part of me which lies beyond his power of creation, like a stain of blood on his murderous hands.

D. V. I did not know that you were a poet. I should have been more careful.

PHILIP. You are fit to rock tired babies to sleep, and as far as I can see you are fit for nothing else. For the rest, I know that you are less, and not more, than man. If I choose I can throw you out of the window, and there will

be no more deaths in Battersea. But you may be useful to me.

D. V. (*limply*). Anything I can do, I'm sure. . . . .

PHILIP. My wife and I are not satisfied with our apartments here in life. The skies are overcast, the beds are hard, and the food is insufficient and badly served. We want a change. We want a better place to live in, a place with blue skies, where the necessaries of life are cheaper. I do not ask you whether it lies within your power to give us this, because I am certain that you do not know. All I require of you is that you should come when we call you.

D. V. I will come.

PHILIP. Very well, I don't think there's anything more this evening to keep you from your business.

D. V. One moment, Mr. Oldcastle. I'm sorry our interview has been marred by a little unpleasantness, but I should like to say that I shall not forget your noble and inspiriting remarks. Such as I am, man has made me, but if there were more men like you to cheer me on to the attainment of some ideal, I am sure I should play my part with a better grace. See now, I have torn up the order. I give you and your good lady *carte blanche* to die when you please. Good-night, sir; good-night, madam.

PHILIP. Good-night.

DOROTHY. Do be careful; the stairs are so dangerous.

Exit D. V.

PHILIP. There, he's gone. Poor, little, well-meaning chap. It's a pathetic thing to be the only mortal in a world of immortals.

DOROTHY. I think you were rather hard on him, Philip. After all, he has his qualities.

PHILIP. Qualities?

DOROTHY. I don't know. It has always seemed to me that he is kind to children. There are other things, too; but I can't think of them now, I'm so hungry.

PHILIP. I, too, darling. We come back to that, don't we?

DOROTHY. I'm tired of waiting for something to happen. I want to sleep and forget all about it.

PHILIP. All right. Let's lie down side by side on the sofa. I'll turn the gas on, and we'll have a good night's rest.

DOROTHY. The gas?

PHILIP. Yes. We'll have our friend back. It's easy for us to die, because we know that we are immortal. What do we risk?

He turns the gas out and on again....The stage is quite dark.

PHILIP. There. That ought to alter things a bit. Where are you, old girl?

DOROTHY. Here, Philip.

PHILIP. Ah, that's better, side by side, light out of the darkness.

DOROTHY. When the landlord comes in the morning—

PHILIP. He will turn us into the street. Yes. But we shall not be here.

DOROTHY. I wonder!

PHILIP. So do I; that has always been my pride.

A pause.

PHILIP. Let me move my arm, dear, it's getting cramped.

DOROTHY. Poor old Philip. Is it better now?

PHILIP. I can hear the beating of your heart.

DOROTHY. And I the singing of yours.

PHILIP and DOROTHY. Good-night, love!

A long pause.

DOROTHY. Good gracious, Philip, what a strong smell of gas. Oh! I forgot——

PHILIP *chuckles aloud in the dark.*

CURTAIN.

On Tulang Shoals

By Herman Scheffauer

THE China Sea lay shimmering like heated mercury. Over its surface the heat shifted and stirred in thin and iridescent films. Overhead blazed the sun, like a round, brilliant spy-hole in a blast furnace of pale-blue steel.

The foul old *Thomar*, of evil name, was wallowing up from the south, a black blot upon the planished sea. The thin brown smoke from her rusty funnel writhed straight up through the windless air. Her wake was without foam and closed sluggishly behind her. It broke the sea-surface only in round and oily ripples. The thudding and clanking of her ancient engines rang muffled through the sweltering silence. Not a soul was visible aboard. The wood and iron of her decks were torrid; the seams oozed pitch. All things about her were dirty, neglected, and old. Her brasses were green and gummed, her decks unscrubbed, her lamps and port-holes coated with the dust of twenty ports. Sluggishly the rotten hulk crawled north.

Directly ahead in the steamer's course, a small black object raised its head. A broken tree-trunk, no doubt. The large dark eyes of the handsome young Lascar boy at the wheel were fixed idly upon it. He was dreaming of a white girl he had met at the last port, and of the strange perfume she shed from her hair, and of her blood-red lips and her laugh.

The *Thomar* had been an American slaver in the days when that traffic was profitable, later a cattle-boat. Now she was under commission by the Imperial Chinese Government, for this was shortly before the days of the Republic. Below decks, squatting on their hams in the straw of the fetid cattle pens, were one hundred and twenty-seven Chinese. These were rebels who had been captured in the province of Fo-Kiang, and were being transported to Ning Po for trial, torture, and execution.

In a few days one hundred and twenty-seven heads were to roll upon the hard-trodden clay of the market-place at Ning Po. The prisoners were chained together in fives with the old rusty ankle-chains that had once clasped the feet of African slaves. The babbling and chattering of the condemned rebels came up through the wide-open hatches. They were gambling with native dice. Several, who had bribed the guards to procure them the drug, were lying upon their sides smoking opium in fatalistic calm. The pungent, sickly odour reeked up from below. The three guards in their brilliant uniforms nodded drowsily in their corners with loaded rifles held between their knees.

Suddenly there arose a weird, half-animal cry from out the boiler room. The lean, yellow figure of a coolie, with sinewy arms and legs and a torso that showed every rib, dashed up from the inferno below. He was stark naked. His body glistened with sweat, and a long knife flashed in his hand. His eyes were bloodshot. It was Wah Hing, one of the stokers. The inhuman heat of the furnace-room and the *samshu* he had been drinking had made him run amok. Again Wah Hing uttered that wild animal cry; then, agile as an ape, he leaped toward the foremast and began climbing. The knife encumbered him, so he took it between his teeth. Half-way up the mast he halted, and with one hand began undoing his queue. He chattered and shrieked, then resumed his climb, the long black pigtail dangling behind him.

A shout came from the helmsman, the graceful Lascar boy, who stood under a piece of dirty canvas as a protection against sunstroke. No one came; Wah Hing continued to climb. Again the Lascar boy shouted. Then the door of the fore-cabin opened, and his face grew bright as the Captain appeared. He was an old negro, over six feet in height. Along the Chinese coast he was known as Damson, which came from Adam's Son, a name given him as a young slave by a missionary.

Damson wore the cast-off coat of a French admiral, which he had bought at a pawnshop in Saigon Port. It included a sword, which hung like a child's plaything from the heavy belt with its ornate brass buckle. The heavy golden epaulettes of the uniform were tarnished, and hung

awry, the gold braid was missing in places, and several of the brass buttons. The blue navy cloth had been scorched to a brownish-green by the sun, though here and there under the arms the original colour was still visible. The sleeves of the coat and the legs of the white tattered trousers were far too short, and disclosed great lengths of bony brown wrists and ankles. Damson never wore boots. But on state occasions in port he sometimes donned white cotton gloves. On the breast of his coat he displayed a row of medals, which he kept brightly burnished. They were chiefly war medals, French, British, or American, which he had bought from penniless veterans and mariners. There was also the silver badge and blue ribbon of a Woman's Temperance Society. Damson's huge head was covered by a white cap with a green vizor and elaborate insignia in gold—a gift from the captain of a German liner. The stately old negro had a bushy white beard and thick white hair; his expression was grave and patriarchal. The incongruousness of his costume could not deprive him of his native dignity, nor of the pride of his office as captain of the *Thomar*. He had accommodated himself to such civilisation as he encountered in the China Seas, but the heart in his great bosom was still primitive. He had been the son of a great chief; it was natural for him to rule. He was the owner of the decrepit vessel he commanded, and he loved it above all other things in the world.

Once he had nearly lost the *Thomar* through collision with a derelict at night. White men had sneered at his seamanship, and asked him why he did not let his old sheet-iron junk go to the bottom. His marine assurance was revoked. A strange gloom had fallen upon him then, and his soul smarted with the disgrace. For three whole days he buried himself in the deepest part of the hold, ate no crumb and drank no drop, and would not speak. The taunts he encountered at every port had haunted him. "When derelict meets derelict" was a favourite form of insult—each word was to him like a raw wound in his flesh, or in the sides of his ship. The fear of derelicts became an obsession with him. They were the dead malevolent carcases of ships, said he, and were hunting him and his living ship and the bright sea-honour of his name. So he

declared war against them, and blew up all that he encountered with dynamite cartridges.

The Lascar boy pointed to the naked coolie, who by this time had reached the masthead. The Captain glanced aloft, and shouted something in Chinese. Wah Hing showed his teeth like a monkey at bay, spat down at the negro, and flourished his knife. Then he began twisting his queue about the thin spar of the masthead, and made a loop of one of the ropes. This he wound under his arms and about his body to give him greater support. Then he lifted his face to the hot heavens above, and wailed and sang in his delirium. From below, his naked yellow figure twined about the masthead with the cut ropes dangling below him resembled a painted devil upon a stick.

"Wah Hing," shouted Damson, in his deep, solemn voice, "come you down—come you down at once!"

But the mad stoker did not cease his falsetto shrilling into the skies. One of the soldiers who acted as guard for the hundred and twenty-seven prisoners came up out of the hatchway. A great red circle with Chinese symbols ornamented the breast of his tunic. He pointed his loaded rifle significantly at the coolie and grinned at the Captain. Damson frowned, and shook his massive head. Several members of his Chinese crew appeared. Damson beckoned to the Lascar boy at the wheel, and ordered one of the sailors to take his place. The young Lascar came forward and saluted. Damson called for a coil of rope, gave this to the boy, and pointed aloft. The lad quailed at the thought of the insane coolie with the knife, looked for a moment into the eyes of Damson—Damson whom he loved as a father—then, flinging the rope about his shoulders, he began running up the shrouds.

"You tie the rope about his feet, Sarsee," the Captain cried, "then come you down."

The lithe young Sarsee went steadily higher; his cotton shirt with yellow spots and his trousers gleamed white against the livid blue sky. When the boy came within six feet of the delirious stoker, Wah Hing grew suddenly aware of his presence, lowered his head from its doglike lift, bared his yellow fangs, and glared at him with blood-

shot eyes. The boy made a slip-loop of his rope, and sought to throw it about one of the coal-blackened feet of Wah Hing. The stoker's left arm shot downward in a half-circle, and struck at him with the knife, but missed. Again and again the boy threw his loop. At last it caught about one skinny ankle. Wah Hing gave a yell of rage. He was unable to climb higher on the mast, being now at its very peak, nor could he descend lower, for the ropes he had tied about himself wrapped him closely to the mast. He wriggled his leg and sought to shake off the enclasping loop.

The Lascar boy glanced downward. On the deck he could see uplifted the black, venerable face of his beloved Captain, beside him the moonlike faces and slant eyes of the Chinese crew and the bright uniforms of the three Chinese guards who had come out to see what would happen. Through the wide and open hatches he saw the prisoners squatting about the pens, some lying asleep, others throwing dice, and some gazing upward with impassive faces at the two human beings on the masthead. The Chinese sailor who had taken his place at the wheel was also staring aloft. All around, level with his eye, rose the unbroken circle of the sea-horizons, the vague distances beyond the molten plain that shimmered and shifted as though about to boil.

Then, just beyond the bows, he observed something black, a submerged mass that lifted a dark stump out of the water. The larger and flooded part was hung with black and emerald weeds that glistened in the sun when the hulk lifted an inch above the surface. The Lascar pointed off bows and gave a shout:

"Derelict! Oh, Damson! Derelict!" he cried.

He saw the expression of horror that swept over Damson's face. Then he closed his eyes and clutched the mast with a convulsive movement of legs and arms. The next moment there was a tremendous shock that came quivering up the mast from below. The shroud-ropes whipped. But for his frenzied hold and the ropes that he had wound about his naked body, Wah Hing would have been shot in a wide arc from the top of the lurching mast into the sea. It leaned to port at a terrific angle, then righted itself dizzily and swayed to starboard.

Dropping the rope which hung halfway down the mast, the Lascar boy descended swiftly.

The bows of the *Thomar* were a shapeless mass of bent and twisted iron and loosened flakes of rust. The derelict, splintered and gashed, was already moving off astern. It was nodding up and down as if in a brutal mockery of farewell. There came a confused chattering from the hundred and twenty-seven doomed prisoners whose heads in a few days were meant to roll in the dust of the market-place at Ning Po.

"You go below, Mr. Li," said Damson to one of his Chinese mates, "and see what has happened."

Before the man could descend, a head of reddish hair appeared in the hatchway of the engine-room, and a small white man came limping forth. It was Costello, the engineer, a native of Sligo. He was the only European aboard the *Thomar*.

"Ship sinking for'ard, Cap'n," he remarked quietly; "engine-room flooding."

Beside the negro he appeared a mere dwarf. The Captain did not reply at once. He was dazed. When he spoke it was but an echo of something he held as unbelievable.

"Ship sinking? Engine-room flooding?" he repeated.

"Won't float an hour," the Irishman added, and pulled forth a plug of tobacco, from which he gnawed a piece.

Cries of terror now arose from the prisoners in the hold. The sea was invading their pens. Many of them rattled their chains and shouted like men possessed. Damson walked to the open hatchway and looked down. The condemned men were standing ankle-deep in a wash of water. Some were as impassive as statues hewn of yellow pine. Others raised their tawny faces, which, touched with the blue reflex of the skies, took on a greenish cast, then lifted their lean and scrawny arms and clamoured and yelled.

"Take you off their chains," said Damson to the guards.

The guards protested.

"We have no orders," said one.

"Take you off their chains," ordered Damson.

"The governor would punish us," said another.

"What use?" said the third. "Even now they are as

dead men. It will save the edge of the executioner's sword."

"Take you off their chains!" thundered Damson, towering above them, and drawing his sword.

Muttering, the three guards descended into the hold. There was a sound of fetters being unlocked, splashings, and loud excited cries. The prisoners came swarming on deck, some freed of their irons, others in lines of five, still dragging the rusty links at their ankles. They ran hither and thither, peering anxiously about, or stood passively against the bulkheads and gazed stupidly at the water as it rose slowly to their eyes or at the deck as it pitched more and more toward the head. Some stared at Wah Hing, who was once more wailing and raving in his delirium. His unearthly screeches went soaring high into the air.

Damson gave the order to prepare the life-boats. There were but two of these, and neither was hung from davits. For years they had lain on the upper deck, their fastenings rusting, their sides rotting under the tropic rains and suns. One boat was immovable, the other creaked and swayed, but was finally launched.

"The prisoners first!" said Damson, calmly; "I am under contract to deliver them alive."

"One hundred and twinty-sivin there are," said Costello, "and the boat holds twinty-two."

Several Chinese leaped into the swaying boat. One struck his foot through the rotten bottom. The boat filled and sank. Two of the prisoners were dragged on board again; the others disappeared.

"Bring out the life-belts!" ordered the Captain.

The Chinese crew ran below and returned with arms full of life-belts, which they flung on the deck. Damson had bought over two hundred of these life-preservers from a ship-chandler, who had obtained them from a dismantled Pacific liner that had once plied between San Francisco and Shanghai. It had been a great bargain, for they were of the best cork—as the ship-chandler had assured Damson.

"When the water reaches the boiler she'll blow up," said Costello to his black captain.

"Come for'ard, sir," said the negro, and walked towards the bow.

His engineer loped after him with a dragging foot.

ON TULANG SHOALS

"I think as we must be near the Tulang Shoals," said Costello, hitching up his trousers.

Damson swept the empty horizons with his fathomless eyes. A superstitious terror rolled to and fro for a moment in the dark irises and the bluish whites.

"The derelict!" he muttered; "the dead ship against the living! She's got me at last!"

Then, controlling himself, he added:

"I must save the prisoners—it was a contract."

"They might as well be drowned as butchered, the poor divils!" said Costello. "'Twill spare thim the torture."

"I gave my word to the Governor to deliver them all at Ning Po," Damson answered in the voice of a man for whom the world had lost all meaning.

On the foredeck the Chinamen were fighting for the life-belts. Those who obtained them were frantically tying them about their legs or feet. Costello saw this.

"Hold on! you Chinks," he roared in English, "you blasted yellow dubs!" and limped forward.

"Tie thim under your arrums!" he shouted, pointing to the life-belts.

They gave no heed, nor understood his words. He snatched one of the belts from a prisoner and endeavoured to show the man how to fasten it. The burly Chinese hurled himself upon the little engineer and tore the belt away. They were following the example of one of their own number—one who had been an officer in the rebellion. They obeyed him now as they had obeyed him then. He was showing them how to tie the life-belts to the feet. That, he said, would keep them high and dry out of the water. Otherwise the demons of the deep might snatch at their legs and pull them under.

Costello went back to Captain Damson, who had ascended to the upper deck. There the negro stood gazing down at the yelling, panic-stricken Chinese below. Three times he shouted to them in Chinese to adjust the life-belts under their arms. His voice in the terrible clamour remained unheard. From the peak of the foremast the shrieks and shouts of the crazed stoker rang out like those of some evil goblin presiding over the catastrophe. The Lascar boy came to Damson and touched him timidly on

the arm. With a gentle word or two, the giant negro patted him on the head and told him to save himself.

"Faith! It's time we were thinking o' saving oursilves," said Costello, chewing furiously.

The black man, sunk in some profound and silent gloom of soul, turned his great melancholy eyes upon him. In them was all the tragedy of his race and of all the seas of all time. For a moment it was as if a look of surprise, perhaps of disdain, passed over his fine features. Were there no traditions of the sea? What had white men such as this one said—and believed?

There came a dull roar, and a violent convulsion of the entire steamer. A part of the deck to one side was blown away, the smoke-funnel tottered, then fell thundering upon the deck towards the stern. Enormous clouds of steam wallowed up from below. The *Thomar* gave a sudden list forward so that the lower deck was submerged, and the dirty waters came bubbling up from below to meet the pure green cataracts that poured smoothly into the hatchways on all four sides.

The Chinese crew and the prisoners shrieked and ran towards the stern, which was now raised high, exposing the green, corroded propeller and the rusty hull. The bright water ran after the fleeing Chinamen, who leaped, ran, crawled, or hopped towards the stern, hampered by the life-belts about their feet or by the ankle-irons which some still wore. They huddled together in the stern, and were suddenly silent, watching the clear water crawling higher and higher up the deck as the stern settled slowly back into the sea. The three soldiers still carried their rifles, and, stern of face, stood side by side as if mounting guard over the doomed. The *Thomar* shuddered, as inch by inch she slipped deeper and deeper into the unwrinkled sea. They saw her two masts tremble and wave like wands. Still Wah Hing chattered on and uttered his wild, wailing note. Damson was standing on the fore part of the upper deck, his arms folded, his uniform showing bravely against the naked heavens, his medals blazing in the sun. Beside him stood Costello and the Lascar boy. All three were motionless. Only Costello's jaws worked over his quid. None spoke a word. Then, unseen by the others, Damson pressed close to the rail, unlocked his belt

an inch or two, and refastened it swiftly over the iron bar.

There was a bubbling, a gigantic gurgling and hissing. With a groaning and wrenching of rusty plates the hull of the *Thomar* gave a lurch, and settled into the depths. A loud cry composed of many cries rang out, but it was drowned by the roaring and rushing of the waters as they closed over the stern. Eddies, swirls, and vortices spun and danced over the surface of the sea; the two masts described a great arc against the heavens, then righted themselves again as the ship sank on an even keel.

Most of the Chinese had been drawn under in the suction. Costello and the Lascar boy also vanished, rose, and were left struggling in the water. A hatchway cover came up beside them, they seized and clung to it. Damson's gold-braided cap floated close at hand. Costello caught it and put it on his head. Then in the spot where the stern had been a moment before, the sea suddenly gave up its still living prey. Hundreds of bare feet or white-stockinged legs with sandals came bobbing above the surface—feet that struggled convulsively as the life-belts bore them up. Over a hundred Chinese were floating head downwards, the others, unable to swim, fought furiously for a time, then sank amidst the welter. Some were drawn down by the hands of the submerged, who clutched convulsively at them under water. Soon the protruding legs and feet ceased to twist and shake. But the sea was studded with them as they drifted idly on the floods, singly, in groups, or by fives. The hatch was large enough to keep the engineer and the boy afloat as long as they remained in the water and merely rested their hands on it. To Costello's surprise, the foremast, with Wah Hing lashed to its peak, had ceased to sink. It stood with a backward slant some fifteen feet out of the water. The short after-mast had almost vanished.

"Look, Sarsee," said the red-haired engineer, pointing to the mast; "she's struck the shoals—the shoals of Tulang—just as I told Damson."

Tears were rolling down the boy's face; he loosened his hold, and seemed content to let himself sink. Costello clutched at his arm

"No, no, Sarsee, you damned idjit!—not yet, not yet!"

Holding the hatch with one hand, he began swimming towards the mast. Wah Hing was strangely quiet now, his head bent low, his face pressed against the mast. The long rope which Sarsee had flung about his ankle still hung down, and was drifting on the water. Costello caught it and gave it a pull. This awoke Wah Hing from the lethargy into which he had fallen. With a wild scream he began to thresh about in the ropes that held him to the mast. His queue, which he had tied about the slender point of the peak, slipped off and writhed about his neck and shoulders like a black serpent. He spat at the two men in the water beneath him, and chattered like a parrot. Then, in a sudden burst of fury, he raised the long and pointed knife he carried and flung it at Costello. The weapon flashed through the air, missed by an inch the head of the engineer, and stuck quivering in the hatchway cover. Costello plucked it out and thrust it into the gold band of Damson's cap, which had settled down close over his large ears.

"That yellow loon's a-hanging there like the thief on the cross," he said. "But now we've got his stabber, and he can't do us any harm at all, at all."

"Look at thim, Sarsee," he went on, pointing to the feet, the bare feet and the sandalled feet, that were beginning to float closer to the mast, "here they come, scores and scores of thim—happy beggars—all saved from the butcher with the big sword. It's a fool's trick they've played upon thimsilves, but for all that 'tis the grandest of mercies for thim—a soft death to what they'd have got ashore! Only it would have pleased old Damson to have carried out his contract. How they're crowding about us—all upside down for purgatory. They'll soon be dry enough, begad. By the drift o' thim the tide must be setting north."

The olive-faced boy said nothing. He was thinking of Damson, who had been as a father to him, the great and beautiful black Damson, whose body was belted to the rail of the upper deck now seven fathoms under the sea. Costello tried to cheer him, and kept talking in short, disconnected phrases.

"Look, just look at thim a-bobbing and a-dancing

about—a-dancing a jig, as at Sligo fair. Seems to me they like our company.

"And there goes five pair o' feet off north by west towards Ning Po. Maybe they're going for to deliver thimsilves to the chipper-chopper there—ha! ha! 'Twill give him a bad turn, and do him out of a nice fat job. So many heads, so much money.

"Now, if it hadn't been for that divil up there a-running amok, the old man would never have asked you to climb after him, and, being the sharp steersman ye are, we'd never have struck the derelict. Well, 'tis a bit o' poor men's luck she bashed us just above the shoals."

The word "derelict" roused the Lascar lad. His voice shook, tears rushed into his eyes.

"My fault! my fault!" he moaned. "Always Damson tell me to look out for derelict, always. My fault, my fault!"

"Nothing of the sort, mé lad," answered the engineer. "For years and years the old man saw it coming, and 'twas bound to come at last."

Then he went on, with an upward jerk of the head:

"So long as that crazy rat kept his toadsticker we were really atween the divil and the deep sea." After a few moments:

"Seems to me he's remarkably quiet now for the lively likes o' him."

So they remained for some two hours clinging to the mast and the floating hatch. The inexorable sun beat on their heads. Now and again they drenched themselves with water. Each wore by turns Damson's gold-braided cap. The coolie overhead neither stirred nor cried at all, but hung limply against the mast, his face hidden from them. Then Costello spoke again.

"Look, Sarsee, our friends the Chinks are leaving us! By the Almighty, they're sinking, me boy, sinking with the life-belts on! Did you ever see the likes o' that! Whoever heard o' cork that wouldn't float?"

It was indeed strange. The feet of the drowned men were slowly disappearing beneath the surface. Some were level with it, others were already submerged by several inches. They saw them vanish one by one, the dirty, water-logged canvas of the life-belts, the bare yellow feet,

the felt sandals, settling slowly into the dark green glaze of the depths. Soon the sea was clear of the rebels of Fo Kiang. Destiny had never meant them to kneel down before the pock-marked executioner at Ning Po. Costello puzzled over the mystery of the life-preservers that refused to float. But that mystery might have been easily made clear by the ship-chandler at Shanghai who had bought the life-belts from the Pacific liner and then sold them to honest old Damson. They were not filled with cork, but with *tule*, a thick, porous reed that grows in Californian swamps and will float—for a time.

Suddenly Costello's tone of banter and amazement changed, and terror swept into his voice.

"Quick, quick, Sarsee!" he shouted. "Climb! climb! Up with you!"

With a desperate effort he pushed the young Lascar up the slanting mast. The lad clambered aloft, and in a moment was clinging to the mast directly under the hunched-up body and coal-stained feet of the motionless stoker. Costello was also climbing the mast, but painfully and slowly. Sarsee bent down and extended his hand to the little engineer and pulled him higher. Then the water beneath them was cleft asunder, and a long black object, which changed to a livid white as it turned in the sun, rushed forth, a red, crescent-shaped mouth armed with small, sharp teeth opened and snapped shut within a few inches of Costello's foot. Then the great fish fell back into the sea.

"Sharks!" cried Costello, panting. "I saw his fin a-cutting the water ahead! Where there's one there will be more o' thim."

There were more almost immediately, sea-tigers summoned from afar by some grim, mysterious instinct. The water about the mast was torn and cut by sharp, triangular fins, black shadows glided and passed one another in beautiful curves through the translucent, blue-green sea, white abominable bellies glistened in the sun, little piggish eyes, set far forward in the pointed snouts, surveyed them with a chilly glare. Now and again a shark would rise like a rocket from the water, turn violently, and snap at the engineer's feet. Once Costello spat at one of the vaulting monsters, and the stream of acrid tobacco

juice struck the ravenous fish full in the eye. Costello laughed.

Sarsee made loops in the ropes that hung from the masthead, and they thrust their arms and legs through these. This eased the intolerable strain on their arms and thighs. They tried to rouse Wah Hing, but the stoker gave no response. Then Sarsee pushed him from below. The coolie's head tilted from his shoulder and fell limply backward, and they saw by his distorted face and his staring eyes that he was dead.

"Sunstroke," said Costello.

Sarsee asked the engineer for his knife to cut the dead man loose, but Costello answered:

"No, we'll not give him to these brutes, divil of a heathen though he be. It's not a man's burial. Better let the suns o' Heaven and the winds wither him—rest his painted soul."

A current of blue water was now flowing north above the shoals of Tulang. Driftwood was borne along in it, and even bits of wreckage which had floated south from the *Thomar*. Then Sarsee from his loftier perch announced that something black was approaching, a thing that lay low in the water. It came nearer and nearer, sluggishly obeying the urging of the current.

"The derelict!" cried the Lascar boy in terror, and turned away his face.

"Has she come back to finish us, the drunken bitch?" exclaimed Costello. "Isn't she satisfied with her tale of lives? Look, her fore part's higher out of the water than before. We must have sprung up her deck with our bow."

The sullen bow of the derelict showed gashed and splintered balks and planks which had raised a part of her submerged deck a foot or two above the water. She was floating directly towards the mast which held the two living men and the dead one.

"She's in her same old track, going back on the tide to the Yellow Sea," shouted Costello. "Sarsee, I'm afeard she'll hit us! Be ready to jump, me boy, and be sure you don't miss her!"

Heaving imperceptibly, the ruinous corpse of the dead ship came on straight towards the slanting mast. If she struck it bows on she would snap it off as a cow's hoof

snaps a water reed. The two survivors of the *Thomar* looked down at the fanged monsters that wove their terrible bodies like shuttles in and out of the surrounding water. But when the derelict reached them it came scraping gently alongside, nosing the mast directly beneath them. Costello and the Lascar made a flying leap for the green and slippery deck. Sprawling, they fell, clutching madly at the slimy weeds and kelp.

Then northwards they drifted on the blundering hulk, and the following sharks plunged and flashed after in their dance of death. The young Lascar and the old Celt sat down, leaning against the broken stump of the mast. They gazed south, and saw the naked figure on the peak of the mast grow small and smaller. They held each other's hands, a human pact against implacable nature around, above, and beneath them. They could not yet be aware of it, for they were low with the level of the sea, but far to the north, resting upon the horizon, was something that looked like a faint brown wisp of cloud.

"Love-Letters to ——"*

XVI.

I FEEL very much better after this week-end. Two whole days and three evenings together—how happy you have made me! I recall every moment, every word. Your smile is in my remembrance all day—an adorable smile it is!—and I repeat to myself all your witty, sometimes rather wicked, remarks, at which I have laughed like a child. We have been just like two children together, playing in the gardens. I am sure the trees are pleased with you, my dear trees like me to be happy. My husband likes you, although you two have not a single thing in common, the children love you, although you never play with them and are rather a severe critic of their childish misdemeanours; the servants adore you, in spite of the unusual trouble you give. Even the dogs enjoy your visit, and I who love you so, I your lover, am in heaven.

You came to me so pale, my Love, so grey and worn-looking after your immense exertions at that tiresome by-election. Sometimes you assume an entirely boyish aspect, but when you are very tired your face is strangely dimmed, and your black hair seems silvered all over instead of only faintly touched with grey—a touch that perhaps contributes to the extreme distinction of your appearance. It made me so happy to see how you revived under my care, going back to work a different being.

The weather, too, has been unusually merciful. Our long walks on Saturday and Sunday through the muddy lanes gave me extraordinary pleasure. To-day it is more like April than January, and I could almost find it in my heart to regret that I am so soon timed for my usual winter exodus. But the East always calls me at this time of

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the year, and last winter, you remember, the election kept us at home. The Sphinx is longing for me, I know. She and I have so much to talk about always, and this year I have such thrilling secrets of love to whisper to her. She will be so interested in my love-dream: really you ought to come to Egypt and show yourself to her; you would be a man after her own heart. Your eyes of ice and fire would shake her out of her passivity. Your smile, romance incarnate, would revive in her age-old memories of great passions. She would grow young again, casting off the centuries, as she gazed at your subtle lips, and surely her strange battered face would wake to life at the first sound of your voice! The desert is full of wonderful soft sounds, and the sigh of the palm-trees in the wind is the most exquisite music, but none of it can equal in thrilling sweetness the golden voice of my Deeply-loved.

The desert recalls my life. You, Love of my heart, are my Oasis—the one glad green spot.

How my life is enriched by you! And I? Have I made any difference to yours?

I sometimes think men do not really want women to love them; they want only submission to their brief desires, and the grace and comfort of a woman's presence in the background of their lives—the foreground being filled by more interesting matters, business, sport, ambition, &c. A great love embarrasses them. But this is heresy: I must not breathe such thoughts to you, whose love comprises my world.

XVII.

I have a great dislike of hoarding clothes. Ever since I was a girl, my wardrobe has been diligently weeded out several times a year, and nothing retained that was not going to be worn. Yet when I came to turn out my possessions as usual before going abroad, I found there were several *démodé* costumes that it was nevertheless impossible to part with.

There was the black-and-white lace gown I wore both on the evening we met, and on that unforgettable night of stars, months later, when I knew your first, last kiss. Your

eyes first saw me in that gown, your arms have held me in it.

Dearest, will you laugh to hear that I kissed it many times before I put it reverently away in lavender?

Then there is my so well-worn blue serge coat and skirt, which belongs by every right of reason and precedent to my parlourmaid. Already she casts proprietary glances at it, but it, too, I put away in lavender because it was the first of my garments you ever admired, and we have had such good times together whilst I wore it, in those early days when you were flirting with me. Do you know, my own Love, I often look back regretfully to those earlier days of flirtation. You used to touch me then, and to say nice, wicked, little heart-fluttering things to me. After you grew to love me, all this ceased. I missed your little naughtinesses more than a man could understand. I used to worry about your changed attitude, and wonder what I had done to cause it. Later, when I began to understand your strange code, I saw what it meant, and that in a comfortless sort of way it was a great compliment. You put me above the small change of flirtation: you reverenced me. I recalled how you had said in one of our earliest discussions, "I can play the fool as well as any man, but love is a solemn matter."

Then there is my purple and gold evening cloak. It is far too gorgeous to wear in the country, and already the cut is slightly old-fashioned. I bought it because of your love of rich colour. It is not quite my own shade—the deep *blue*-purple, there is too much red in it—but I liked it because you did, and because I wore it on two very happy evenings with you. It was a very expensive garment, I ought to sell it and buy a sober one for country and train use; but I mean to keep it till I die, for it has one especially heavenly memory for me. Do you remember T——'s concert? I wore the cloak then. It was much handsomer than my gown, so I kept it on. You came late, and there was a little crossness between us. I had counted on your escort for a function on the following day, and you pleaded business. You laughed at me in that excessively exasperating way you can laugh, and called me "sulky." Then, of course, I sulked in earnest. I was thinking bitterly of all that I gave you and how little you

could really care, when suddenly I looked up and found your eyes fixed, oh! so hungrily and longingly, upon my lips. . . .

My heart leapt in my breast with a great throb of joy, and inwardly I trembled.

That was one of the moments when we both realised the true awfulness of Love. . . .

XVIII.

How I have hated this parting! Ever since we started this morning I can think of nothing but your beloved pale face as I last saw it at Charing Cross. You spoke little, and in the crowd of farewells none noticed your silence. The rose-red carnations which you brought have comforted me so much. I left you until the last, and then took off my glove, under cover of my muff, so that our hands might touch at parting. The strange magnetism in your fingers to which I am ever so sensitive gave me a second's rapture. As the train started, one swift arrow of desire shot from your eyes to mine. I know not what agony of longing love looked from my eyes to yours. Then it was over—I was gone from you. . . . .

And now I shall not see you for months. What immeasurable foolishness to put hundreds of miles of land and sea between us! Oh! why did you let me go?

I knew the going would be horrible, but I felt there might be compensations. Yes, and there *will* be; I shall soon begin to feel the relief. That endless strain of expecting letters, or worse, telephone calls, will be eased. Every time the 'phone bell rings, I rush across the drawing-room and hall with pulses racing, and in my heart a wordless prayer that it may be you. I suppose all women in love do the same—foolish creatures! And then it generally isn't you, and the blood ebbs painfully back to the heart, and everything seems so dull.

All this will cease now, and when I get to Egypt the postman can only delight or agonise me once or twice a week. It will do me a lot of good, I know, but it takes time to be resigned.

I am writing this in the train as we crawl slowly across France. Your rose-red carnations make me happier; it was a good thought of yours, my inmost Heart. I am feasting my eyes upon them, and shall try to make them last until I can get fresh ones at Naples. Did I ever tell you how the natives of Honolulu bring gorgeous garlands of carnations to decorate the arriving traveller? One can go royally crowned and festooned with these choice flowers in return for a few pence. I remember wandering on the beach one long sun-lit afternoon with my dear father, both of us wreathed in flowers like Jacks-in-the-green. I must have been about fifteen then—how happy I was with that most wonderful and blessed of men. The heavy perfume of the flowers is supposed to make people ill (it never did us), and when the boat weighs anchor the steward goes round collecting all the lovely garlands to throw away.

The train jolts detestably, and I have to fix my thought on the landscape for distraction. The multitudinous avenues of long thin trees that edge the country roads in France and outline three sides (but never four) of many gardens and fields have a great attraction for me, especially silhouetted against the sky as now. In the distance they look like cypresses, but seen close their foliage is less compact, and they appear to be a kind of fir. One day I must find out why the fourth side of the plot should be invariably left out in the cold.

I love avenues. In the dream-home of my imagination, which is spelled "You-and-I," there shall be avenues of poplars, of pines, of cypresses, avenues of giant sweet peas and hollyhocks, great beds of violas and pansies, all cool purples and blues; and, of course, range upon range of tulips, strangest and most bewildering of all flowers.

Jewels have little effect on me, as you know, but flowers excite me more than even music, poetry, or trees. One dare not think too long about their eternal mystery. Some people would find this neurotic and morbid; these unpleasant words are so often used to denote beauty-worship by the crowd who do not understand. Wouldn't an avenue of cedars be wonderful? One would want to walk there on very solemn times of special moment, such as before the birth of a child, or when fighting a sin of great sweetness. The cedars would give one courage and calm;

they would brace up the soul. I should like to walk slowly down such an avenue alone in the moonlight, and find you waiting at the end to take me in your arms.

In "the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's," the Beloved is described by his Lover as being "excellent as the cedars." Isn't that fine? By the bye, don't you like the word *lover*, used of a woman? I do. The word *mistress*, charming to the courtly Georgians, has now fallen upon evil days, and sunk to base usage, implying hire and barter. I like a man to think of a woman as his lover, just as she thinks of him as her lover.

But to return to flowers, I think the most enthralling of all growing things is the *Lilium auratum*, the golden-rayed lily of Japan. Though lacking in colour, its strange waxen petals—exquisitely curving, marvellously spotted inside—its trembling stamens, and the delicate miracle of it all makes such an appeal to me that I cannot bear now to have it in my room. The golden-rayed lily is for happy lovers only; it ought to be recognised as the flower-symbol of love, instead of the myrtle and the orange-blossom. Its scent is the most passionate thing I know, except the curve of your lips! Its scent and its beauty mock my longing, and so last summer I turned all the pots out of my rooms, and in future I shall only have them in the borders. They will not hurt me there, and I shall not allow myself to linger near them, or drink in their terrible perfume.

If ever I come to you, my Love, the golden-rayed lily must bless our bridal. A ring of golden-rayed lilies must encircle us when the great hour of exultation strikes . . . and far, far away, someone must faintly play Brahms' "*Sapphische Ode*" upon a violin.

Oh *no!* my Love, nothing would really matter in that great hour—lilies or ashes, a palace or a cottage, a garden or a desert, an ice-field or a volcano, purple or rags—it would be all one! No setting, be it grand and beautiful or mean and plain, could alter such splendour as ours. Only to be in your arms, blessed by your touch—to die of joy beneath your hands and be newly-created by your kiss—nothing else would matter then!

How good it is to love as I love!—to be caught and held by the convulsive grip of this immense force. I am

like the leaf in the wind; everything is winnowed from my soul except this strange, devastating, burning love.

XIX.

On our very first evening here, I drove out alone to the Pyramids. The F.'s thought I was ridiculous, for it was pitch dark. At Mena House they probably thought the same, but there they are accustomed to the whims of travellers. The camel-boy hastily summoned to take me across the short stretch of desert smiled resignedly. In view of the blackness of the night, not to mention the unusually cold wind, it certainly did seem rather absurd, but I had such a longing to be alone for the first time with the Sphinx and my thoughts of you; I could not wait.

As the car flashed down the long avenue of *lebbek* trees leading to Mena House, I felt such an intense need of your companionship. It didn't seem *right* that I should be there alone without you. In some past life surely we rode together in the desert? It haunts my thoughts so, the idea of you and I riding on and on over the sand, through the night. We did it once, I feel sure. Oh, my Love, we *must* do it again!

The path across the sand seemed unusually long and rough. Through the darkness the great pyramids of Cheops and Khephren towered, huge and overwhelming. One can never quite get accustomed to the marvel of them, nor dismiss lightly the thought of the brown men who laboured thus mightily five thousand years ago. When we reached the Sphinx, I sent the boy to wait with the camel a little way off. For once, I am thankful to say, there were no Arabs about, so no discordant note was struck by curious spectators, or whining voices pleading, "Magnesium wire, ladee? Tell your fortune, ladee?" All was silent and still, and in the midst of the utter peace brooded the unforgettable Sphinx. . . .

I stood in front of her with my arms outstretched, and at once she seemed to know all my passion and pain. I could not see her strange, battered face, only the dimmest outline of her form, but I knew that she knew. Then, with great difficulty, I climbed on to her back, and kneeling

down, I leaned my head against hers. A little ridge projecting from her head made a roof for me, and there in that queer temple I solemnly prayed.

"O, Great Spirit of All Things, I implore Thee, I beseech Thee, give me my Love! God of the desert and the wind, give him to me! God of the stars and the sky, give him to me! God who made the world so beautiful and wonderful, let me also have a little beauty, a little wonder, a little joy. Thou who knowest my hungry heart, be merciful. O, God! give me my Love! Give me my Love! Give me my Love!"

With my body bowed on the hard stone, I prayed with all the strength of my soul, with every drop of blood and every quivering nerve. The words went out of me like flames into the darkness, each stabbed my heart as it passed. I have never prayed with such a frenzy of appeal before, and at the end I sank down utterly exhausted, yet strangely at peace. Surely God must hear! . . . Surely?

Oh, mate of my heart, core of my soul, I cannot live without you!

XX.

I am sitting on the verandah in my thinnest white clothes and the minimum amount of them, writing the love-book for you, and drinking in the golden glory of the sun.

Now think of all these lovely things: the blaze of the sun, thin white clothes, verbenas, roses, violas—in February, mind—and all around a perfect riot of the "love-colour"—*my* love-colour, purple—not the love-colour of the Egyptians, which was turquoise-blue.

Doesn't it tempt you, Lover of mine?

(Of course, you'd come if you could, but I know it's really impossible.)

And I haven't told you yet about the poinsettias; actually there are beds and hedges of these violent red flowers, one single bloom of which I sometimes buy in Bond Street for two or three shillings, to put in the long glass vase on my black lacquer table. I had forgotten that the poinsettia grows so profusely in Egypt, as it is three years since we were here, and the sight came upon me with a delicious shock.

My letter just caught the mail; you will not get it for five days, so the very earliest I can hear is ten, even if you catch a return post immediately, which is unlikely.

Unless you wire. Oh, I do pray you may be merciful and wire!

But of course you won't; you won't even take my request seriously. You won't realise the mad hope that springs up in the heart beneath the blaze of the sun. To you, in cold, rainy, probably fog-stricken London, it will seem an absurdity, since there was no question of such a thing when I left; we never even spoke of it!

But I like to think, as I dream in the sunshine beneath the palms, of what would happen if you *were* to come. There's no harm in just imagining, is there? So let's! . . .

You would arrive by the night train from Cairo, about eight o'clock in the morning. I would be at the station to greet you. I wonder at what unearthly hour I should get up that morning in my fear of being late? Certainly there would be little sleep for me that night, and I should be ludicrously early at the station! But the train would come in at last—such an interesting-looking, clean, white train it is—and there you'd be. . . .

You! *You!*

I couldn't speak, lest I should laugh or cry idiotically, but I'd get a grip on myself, and our hands and eyes would meet and cling, and we would smile—*how* we would both smile in our joy of reunion!

You'll be still pale, my Own, terribly pale and London like in spite of the five days at sea—compared to the hearty, sun-bronzed men here. I can see you exactly now; what happiness it will be for me to watch you daily getting browner and browner, right down your dear neck, right up to your dear hair: what a holiday it will be for you!

(You must come! You *must* come!)

Your first requirement will be food, and lots of it, and you will crave for a bath; one dreams of baths when travelling in Africa. I am no romantic girl that I should expect even the bougainvillea to take precedence of breakfast and bath in the eyes of the hungry and tired all-night traveller. Then when you have been well-fed, have bathed and changed to thinner clothes, then you shall see the palms and the purple creeper and all the loveliness, and

sit with me in my little verandah, worshipping Ra, the Sun-god. We will linger over our joys, my Love, and taste their fullest flavour. Later we will sit on the wide white terrace of the hotel, watching the varied life on road and river below. At Luxor one can sit all day doing absolutely nothing but looking around and feeling happy.

(You must come! You *must* come!)

As a crowning joy of our day of reunion we will watch the wondrous sunset on the Nile, and see the god sink to rest over the Libyan hills, where lie the tombs of the Kings. Surely there can be no sunsets to equal these; I wish I had words to paint them for you; but oh! you must come and see them for yourself.

Lastly, we will walk among the palms in the darkness of the garden, enjoying the cool fragrance of the night, as we enjoyed the burning glow of the day. Surely, surely you will have some tenderness for me then?

And that is only *one* day. So far three days is the longest period we have spent under the same roof. Think of having lots of days together, and here in Luxor, of all the places of the earth!

(You *shall* come!)

Another day we will go to Karnak. Of course, you must first see Karnak by moonlight—as all these ancient temples should first be seen—but *not* with all the crowds of tourists that throng there in cabs and hotel omnibuses. No! we will not go until everyone else has returned, till the last possible minute before the keeper of the gate leaves his post. With extra backsheesh we will bribe him to remain longer for us, and then together we will slowly pace the avenue of sphinxes, and climb the great pylon from which I have often longed to throw myself down. Here we will solemnly curse Cambyses, King of Persia, the Turks, and all others who have sought to destroy these greatest wonders of the world.

To walk through the terrific temples of Karnak alone with you by moonlight, this would be even better than my avenue of cedars. In the monster hall of Seti, where the towering columns are, you will long for magnificent music —great trumpets, barbaric drums. On the shore of the sacred lake we will stand among the reeds and clasp hands over the great scarab. For thousands of years he has

remained undisturbed on the top of his little column, from which he was supposed to guard the lake, and once a year to sail the sacred boat on it unaided. Here we will send up a little prayer for our love-dream.

It will be gorgeous to see Karnak without the crowd, and hallowed by the night. Of course, no earthly power could completely silence the ceaseless barking of the native dogs, and doubtless there will be occasional shrill sounds from the Arab village hard by, but they will be softened by distance, and, on the whole, all will be quiet and still.

That will be your first visit to Karnak; we must go again and see the sun set there. I have never done this; it must be a wonderful experience.

A vista of joyful days together opens out to me. One morning we will rise very early and start about six o'clock; thus we shall probably keep ahead of the crowd all day, a most necessary part of enjoying ancient monuments. Suleiman, prince of donkey-boys, who smiles perpetually and never speaks a single superfluous word, will meet us on the other side of the river with two of the best beasts, and in the exquisite cool of the early morning we will ride across the plain of ancient Thebes, over the yellow mountains, to the tombs of the Pharaohs—you and I.

We will take no dragoman, for I know it all by heart. Alone I will lead my King, and when we stand in those wonderful halls that the other kings, the mere monarchs of the earth, cut deep, deep into the heart of the hills for their last resting place, I shall whisper to all the spirits of the dead, to the strange gods and goddesses painted on the walls: "Here is *the* King—salute him!" I shall say, in the lovely words of Solomon: "This is my Beloved and this is my Friend—he is excellent as the cedars!" I shall say: "He is more lovely than the palm trees, he is like the wells in the desert, like the stars in the darkness, he is as the Nile in flood to the thirsty earth. Look well on him, see his brow and his chin. Is he not a king indeed —my pillar of iron and marble?"

And to the pictures of the goddesses Isis and Hathor, and Queen Hatshepsu with the wicked eyes, in her little temple at Deir-el-Bahari, I shall whisper, "See my lover, is he not fair? See his maddening lips and his eyes of ice and fire—had any of you a lover such as mine, O,

Queens and Goddesses? Is he not splendid? Do you not long to kneel at his feet?"

And all the little painted goddesses will sigh as we pass out into the sunlight.

Quite soon the sun will begin to burn, and the sky and the earth to give out a fierce glow until the encircling hills seem one vast furnace. It can never be too warm for sun-worshippers like you and me, but the shade of the tombs will be pleasant, too, as a contrast, a sufficiency of contrast being one of the great secrets of life.

Very quietly we will creep into the tomb of Amenhotep II., for his body is still there. Down the stairs, down the rough sloping path, down more stairs, across a bridge spanning a deep shaft, through empty chambers, wonderfully painted with colours that are actually still bright and fresh, until at last, arrived in the very heart of the mountain, we look from a low gallery right on to the face of the mighty Pharaoh, who died fourteen hundred years before Christ!

He lies in his painted sarcophagus, his arms crossed on his breast. Though black and shrivelled, his face has a strange sort of beauty. His expression is very sad. The full glare of an electric lamp falls upon his head.

They spent all their lives, apparently, in preparing for death, these monarchs of the oldest and most wonderful civilisation the world has ever known. All their arts, their extraordinarily advanced architecture, their painting, their embalming, the secret of which is still unknown to our present-day science; all were devoted to preparing for death, the interval between incarnations, as they believed it to be. The most complex rites were performed, the most detailed preparations made, lasting for years. Nothing was forgotten, nothing left undone that could ensure peace for the departed.

And we, who would make the sternest protest if an undertaker so much as accidentally disarranged a flower on the breast of our dead, who raise our hats in respect to a passing hearse, and pull down the blinds in our houses —we put *the electric light* over the corpse of the great Pharaoh, and turn him into a spectacle for a tourists' holiday! And Seti I., who built the huge hall of columns at Karnak, he lies under a glass case in

the Cairo museum, his anguished expression seeming to protest against the indignity. With him is his son Rameses the Great, and many others. Still worse is the case of those other kings whose bodies were not even allowed to remain in their own country, but may be seen any day at the British Museum. Truly, we are a nation of Philistines!

My pen has run away with me. I have been just living in this glorious vision of the future, and suddenly I wake to remember that it is only a dream. There are no golden days together for us. You are not coming! You would if you could, but of course it is impossible. But with all my heart I shall will you to come. I shall send such passionately compelling thoughts to you, such irresistible vibrations, that you just won't be able to rest peacefully by day or night. You will simply *have* to get up and overcome difficulties, and write letters, and arrange a "pair," and interview Whips and pray to Ministers, until gradually all the obstacles are vanquished, and three trains and two steamers will rush across continents and seas bearing my Love to me. My own Love!

(Yes, you *shall* come! You *must* come!)

There are so many fascinating places to visit. Another day we will ride to the Tombs of the Queens, and there are still all the Theban temples which I have not yet mentioned, and the cheerful temple of Luxor. We will be photographed there, beneath the statue of the great Rameses, like two happy tourists of the deepest dye—what fun! We will float down the Nile. You are getting so brown now, my Love, a real brick-bronze colour. I have never seen you look so young. And your spirits mount higher and higher as the good golden sunlight pours down on you daily. What jokes we will have together, what contests of wit! You love me when I laugh; I have often seen in your eyes that you think I have a pretty laugh; once you said it was like a child's. I will take my fill of laughter in the splendid time that is coming; it will last me through years of my winter life at home.

How you will adore the Nile! I know its magic will at once put a spell on you. Golden days we will spend on the river of rivers, and many times we will dip our fingers in Nile water sipping the drops from them—the

charm that is supposed to bring one back to Egypt. Some day we may come back to Egypt—you and I—with the great prince freed! Who knows?

We will visit all the other temples, majestic Edfu, and Kom Ombos, where the crocodile was once worshipped, and poor water-logged Philae, once so fair. And we will have many rides in the desert, especially at Assouan, where the sands are so clean and shining, curving up and down so delightfully. Did I not say our destiny held desert rides together?

(You *shall* come! You *shall* come!)

The F.'s, of course, will be decorously in the background all the time, but our love will make the "incomparable isolation" around us, as de la Rochefoucauld says, and we will not heed them or they us.

And before you go, of course, we must be in Cairo together. You must see the astounding pyramids, and stand before the Sphinx at sunrise, at sunset, by moonlight and in the dark: four visits will not be too much for you to pay to my best beloved of all Egypt's wonders. You will love her too, I know. Hichens is wrong when he says the Sphinx does not care. O! she does, she cares tremendously, for she is the great eternal mother of us all, and under her wings there is room for all the lovers in the world.

(You *shall* see her!)

Another day we will go to the great step-pyramid at Sakkarah—a whole day's journey into the desert. We will take twin donkeys that will never want to leave each other's side, and we'll have a picnic, only you and I, and we'll be madly happy, like two children on a holiday.

And there will be many such days of joy—each day better than the last. Such a holiday we will have, such a time of times, storing up the sunlight in our hearts and brains and bodies.

O, come, Love, come!

O, Love, surely you cannot stay away!

O, Love, I want you so!

XXI.

Yesterday you must have got my letter: how slowly the days pass. I wonder if you have written your reply yet?

George is much better, so naturally very cross and trying. Poor dear Maize is rather tired of him and inclined to bully me because for the present I am a free and independent grass-widow. We shall both be very glad when we get him out again. Just at present we are all three rather sorry for ourselves.

Little Mohammed Hassan, who sings perpetually, is coming across the grass waving a small white envelope . . . . surely a telegram. Can it be . . . ? Oh! if——

You are coming!

You darling! you *are* coming! Actually, *yes!* it's true. "*Sailing Arundel Castle due Port Said 22nd.*" What an exquisite lyric a seven-word cable can be!

I'm still trembling all over. I cannot realise it yet—the splendour, the utter glory of it.

You and I in Egypt together—and it will all come true, all the lovely times I have been imagining. You're *coming*. O, my Love! O, you dearest and blessedest of men!

My Te Deum.

You are coming to me—all the stars are singing! You are coming to me—all the flowers break into blossom! You are coming—how wonderful is the world!

Why did I never before realise the beauty of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the passionate joyousness of life? You are coming—my cup of gladness is full, brimming over. You are coming to me, sweet Lover, Sum of my Delight! To me—to ME! I alone of all women receive the King! The stars are my crown: I hold the sun in my arms: all life is at my feet—because you come, O, Deeply-loved!

What a silly woman I am—absolutely *damned* for love, am I not? I could not have written more if you had been coming as my bridegroom, instead of merely to stay a few weeks as a friend. Never mind, it's better to be like me and get the utmost drop of joy out of everything than the other way round, isn't it?

Everyone is pleased George says, "Now, at last, thank God, we can have some auction at nights" (Oh, *can* we?), and Maize says, "Let's meet him in Cairo and stop

there where we can get some decent foursomes." Think of the sacrilege—bridge and golf for you and me alone in Egypt! They do not realise, poor dears, that Egypt was simply created for our meeting, that its entire history from the beginning of time has been but a preparation for this—to make a flaming spot in two darkened lives.

I say nothing, I can only smile and smile, and long to dance and sing with joy. You must undeceive them yourself. They are devoted to you; everyone is. O, you are coming, Love! I *must* dance, I *will!*

(I have!) And now to interview the manager, to engage an apartment suitable for a King, to inspect my array of white shoes, to send all my best thin gowns to be cleaned; all this considerably hindered by having to stop every few minutes and fall on my knees in ecstasies of thanksgiving. Then out to buy long chiffon veils, one white, one purple, one pale blue, and a calendar to mark off the days, not many of them—thank God for His mercy—but each will seem a year. I shall not write in my love-book for some weeks now, I am going to live my love instead.

O, glorious world! How brave it is to be alive when you love, and your man is coming to you in a land of blazing sunshine.

I hold you in my arms, my lover and king, my master, my little child: you are all to me in one!

I kiss your eyes, I kiss your hands and feet, I kiss your heart, I kiss your lips.

Come quickly, my Beloved, come quickly!

XXII.

Now it is all over, the wonder-time, and oh! how good it has been!—better a thousandfold than I imagined. I feel that God gave us this magic interlude to help me bear my life; no doubt to help you too, though I can never feel that you need help, you are so invincible. Great joy has been harvested up in our hearts against the lean years—joy and sunshine. I feel very rich and very strong, and now that I am at home again I will indeed "try to be good," and to endure without complaining.

They all seemed pleased to see me at home. The dear children made festival, and the trees rustled in gentle benediction. To-day the weather is so bright and mild that I am writing this on the seat beneath my great friend, the big chestnut by the lily-pond. The garden is decked in welcoming spring-time hues of freshest green; and actually already—desperate rapture!—there is the faintest pink promise of buds on the lilacs.

Amongst other good resolves I am going to try to be a more joyful mother for my children. Little children flourish best in a home where the parents love deeply, and therefore are a source of perpetual life and joy, ever giving out vibrations of happiness. I have to atone to mine for the great wrong I have done in bringing them into the world undowered with the sole true Right to Life. I must not think of the glorious home I could have created for little love-children with you as lord; I have given way too much to these thoughts. In future I must only strive to pay my heavy debt to the small and dear ones who so need me. Often it will be hard, but now I have so many lovely memories to help me, and when the black hours come I must draw upon my joy-harvest.

The wonder-time passes through my mind, scene after scene in endless pageant—Luxor, Assouan, Cairo, Helouan, the Fayyum—and every moment blessed. I recall with the utmost tenderness the two days at Helouan, whilst Luxor went right into my heart, but perhaps camping in the Fayyum at the end was the best of all.

One remembrance stands out supreme, hallowed above the radiance of all the others. I shall never forget one moment of that wonderful night-ride in the desert, on our return journey from the Fayyum. Our hearts were very full that evening, for the wonder-time was drawing to a close. The next day we would reach Mena House, and early the following morning you were leaving for Port Said. The sadness of the parting was already upon us: we were so close together in spirit, thinking the same thoughts, that I was not at all surprised when you drew me quietly out of the tent where the others were deep in cards as usual, and said simply, "I have had the camels got ready—you would like a ride before turning in?"

Ah, that wonderful ride over the amber sands in the

clear moonlight! That wonderful night when at last you opened your heart to me, and let me open mine to you!

It is almost too sacred to write about. When I am a very old woman, the memory of it will be vivid in my heart—delicate, clear, deathless. The fragrance, the sweetness of it will never leave me. It will cling to my parting soul, it will revive with my every incarnation. It will stand eternally between me and all that is ugly and evil.

On, and on, and on over the shining sands beneath the stars—how beautiful the stars were that night, and all for us! At last we left the camels to rest, and strolled a little way off, so that we were absolutely alone. I climbed on to a rock, which raised me a foot or so above you. With my hand on your shoulder, we stood side by side listening to the wonderful song of the desert—and then, turning, you suddenly put your arms around me, and leaned your head upon my breast. . . .

At last!

My lover's head upon my breast! I had never dreamed of such joy as I knew then. . . .

All that is tender, all that is holy, all the deeps of the heart that may not be uttered are symbolised to mankind in a woman's breast. And you put your head on mine, and crowned my life in that moment.

I kissed your hair. With trembling fingers I stroked your dear head, resting my face on it—how intensely I had longed to do this! Our hearts seemed to stop beating: we dared not breathe. . . .

Then in the darkness I whispered all the longing love-words with which my heart had been in travail for so long. O, the relief of that deliverance!

"Sweetheart—Dearest—Deeply-loved One! My Darling, I love you so! . . . I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you! My own—my Man!"

I do not know how long we stood thus entranced, but when at last you raised your head with a long deep sigh, and looked at me—such fires! such wonderful, white fires were blazing in your eyes!

The Heavens opened for me in that moment, and I saw the Heart of God in its Infinite Beauty.

And then, in the darkness, once more I knew your long, sweet, subtle kiss. . . .

God is good to let us have been together thus in the desert, in the Eastern starlight—your head upon my breast.

How I shall love my breast after this!

For the present I shall write no more in my book of love. It has served its purpose and been my comfort, but I shall not need comforting so much now. That night left me with a talisman. I am armoured now against all my sorrow. Your head on my breast has dowered me with your own strength and courage, your kisses have healed all my wounds. I can endure.

Farewell, most Deeply-loved. Remember, your foot is on my heart. Tread gently, lest it bleed.

THE END.

In our Alley

By Norman Douglas

THERE'S not much for *us* to do, down our alley. When we come home from work we generally go straight indoors and have a lay-down, or a cup of tea and a pipe; or else we go out and watch a match somewhere. There's always the pub., of course, round the corner. . . . .

But the youngsters get on all right in the street—seem to, at all events. Playing games all day long. Some of the boys have got bats and stumps or footballs, and off they go into the park; and some of the girls have got shuttlecocks, and off *they* go. But most of them haven't, you know; so they just lark about where they are. PAPER-CHASE and ROUNDERS, for instance; you know those? They're plain sailing. But some of the games, like EGG-IN-CAP, are rather complicated; and as to MONDAY-TUESDAY (another kind of Egg-in-Cap)—it would take me till next Saturday *week* to explain it. Perhaps you can make it out from this description:

"After clipping the throer calls out the name of the day in the weke and the chap whats taken that day has to catch if he misses it they all run away and shout no egg if I move—becose if they dont the throer can say a egg if you move—& that helps to make the quantity of the eggs. The Misser of the ball throes it at one of the player and if he misses it is a egg to him and if he hits its a egg to the one he hit. After the throer has hit his man—the man has to throw it up again. If one of the player catch the Ball they throw it up again and call out the name, the total of egg to get you out is three. After the game is over the winner has clockwork on the Losers; they each stand up against the wall wile the winner throes at their heads with the ball. They can also claim 3 Hard throes or 6 soft ones."

Now you know how it's done.

Then there's QUININE; that's simple enough. One boy stands on the kerbstone with his back to the street, and they call him Quinine (quina-in). He throws a ball backwards over his shoulders into the street, where four others are standing to catch it. As soon as one of them has it, they all hold their hands behind their backs, and then Quinine has to turn round and face them and guess who has the ball. If he guesses right, he goes on being Quinine; if not, the boy who has the ball takes his place.

Why they call it Quinine? Why is anything called anything? Because that's its name.

There are some other games like this, but not nearly as many as there might be. That's the worst of ball-games; you need a ball to play them with. And you generally haven't got one. So you must just make up something else—something like TOMMY ALL ROUND or THROWING THE NICKER or TIN CAN COPPER, which can be played without any balls at all. Or hide-and-seek games. They have several of them; HIGH BOBBERY, for example, is played like this:

"Five or ten can play, one has to hide wile the Others hide. If he sees you you have to come out of your crib & twig & get home. The one what hides can only come a little way from home—to get home you have to run and touch the piller or Post where he was hiding."

I SPY—SPIT IN YOUR EYE is another kind of hide-and-seek, and rather more difficult.

To play DELIVER UP THOSE GOLDEN JEWELS you want confederates. You go up to a soft boy and say, "Let's have a game of Deliver Up those Golden Jewels *and you shall be judge.*" So the softy gets very keen about being judge, and sits down "in Court" on a step or somewhere; then they lead up the prisoner who is in the know, you know, and they ask him a lot of sham questions; and as soon as the judge says, "Therefore deliver up them Golden Jools," the prisoner—no, I can't tell you any more about that game. It's rather rude. None of our boys are caught at it more than once—not at playing the judge, at least. There is another game called P.....E. That's worse. I can't say anything about it except that you need good confederates and a boy who is new to the quarter.

And some of them are still worse; not at all nice, in fact. If you want to find out about them you must come yourself and talk to a few of our rough chaps. Perhaps they'll tell you. And perhaps they won't.

They play all kinds of leap-frog, such as ALL THE WAY TO LONDON (coming home from school). CUT-A-LUMP: that's another sort. Bill bends down in the gutter, while the others stand up behind him in a row; the first of them is called Cut-a-lump. He goes over Bill's back, and where his feet touch the ground—there he makes a mark; then the next boy, without moving from his old place, has to jump over Bill and touch the same mark; then the next, and the next—over they go! Of course, it becomes more difficult with each jump, as the distance gets wider. Whoever first misses the mark must take the place of Bill, who then becomes Cut-a-Lump in his turn. That's Cut-a-Lump; see?

Why it's called Cut-a-Lump?

Why not?

Then they have Touch-games—OFF-GROUND TOUCH, and FRENCH TOUCH, and TOUCHING IRON, and WITTY, and NON-STOP TOUCH. French touch is the best. And lots of games of Duty; there's POSTMAN, and CAT ON HOT BRICKS, and PAPERS, and WRITING LETTERS TO PUNCH, and ALL HANDS ON DECK, and STIFF-LEGGED COPPER, and CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, and HOPPING ALL THE WAY TO CHURCH, and SHOOTING THE MOON, and FLIES ROUND THE JAM-POT, and I don't remember how many more. Cat on Hot Bricks is as good as any.

There's ALL THE WINKLES (another kind of leap-frog), and a grand game for as many as you like; and SHOEING THE WILD HORSE (you want confederates for this, and a fresh boy, but it's quite a decent game); and STAGS; and RELEASE. In Release you take sides and catch prisoners; you have to touch their heads and "crown" them; that's what makes them prisoners. And that's what makes them so wild—because the other side can't always release them; and that's why you often get your clothes torn; and that's why the old people bar the game; and that's why there are so many rows while it's going on. Because, you see, they don't like being "crowned" and having their heads touched—not at all, at all.

"D'ye want a claht over the ear?" says one. "Cos yer never did touch me 'ead, so there."

"Ole Ikey see'd me doos it."

"Liar. Cos 'e was t'ovver side o' the street."

"'E never. Yer was on the grahnd when I crahned yer napper."

"Yer sez I was a-layin dahn when all the bloomin time I was on me stumps. Yer finks I'm up the pole to 'ear yer tork."

"Garn! Yer knows I touched yer nut cos don't yer remember me a-standin on yer arms? Cos ef yer dont y're a liar."

"Ef yer want an eye bunged up or a punch on the snaht——"

"Well, ef I'm a liar yore the biggest. So yer lumps it. I'm goin to be blowed ef I play wif a lahsy blinkin blightin baastard wots got a movver wots got a bloke wots——"

"'Ere, d'ye want a clip on the jor——?"

That's how they play Release, down our way; you can hear them a mile off. . . . .

Girls' games? Bless you, dozens of them.

They play hide-and-seek and touch-games with the boys, and some ball-games as well, like ROUNDERS and BROKEN BOTTLE (yes, Broken Bottle is a ball-game). And they have ball-games of their own, mostly played in a ring, which boys don't care about; as well as another called ONE-TWO-THREE—where they clap their hands in front and behind while the ball is in the air. And they have other sports together, like STEPS, and SLY FOX, and HONEY-POTS. Honey-Pots is a good game, but a little old-fashioned.

WE HAVE COME TO WORK A TRADE—another game for boys and girls. There are two parties, one on each side of the street. One of them has to think of a trade, such as picking hops, for instance; then they take the first letters, P and H, and go over to the others and say, "We have come to work a trade." When the others ask, "What's your trade?" they must answer "P. H.," and pretend to be picking hops with their hands. If the others guess what trade they mean, they must shout it out and chase

them across the street; and if they catch one of them—why, then they, the hop-pickers, must do the guessing instead. CATCH-IN-THE-ROPE is also for boys and girls, and so is PUSSY CAT, and so is STATUES. When you play statues you have to line yourselves up against a wall or a house. Then the judge comes along and pulls you all forwards, and in that moment you have to make a posture and a face, sometimes pretty but mostly ugly, and pretend to be a statue. It spoils everything if you move or laugh over this game. Statues is not bad fun, but the girls mostly win, because "they have such rotten faces anyhow."

But the real girls' games are with skipping ropes. They have SWING-SWONG, and FULL-STOP, and HIGHER-AND-HIGHER, and about ten more, and they have to sing chants while they play at these and at their ring games. One of the chants begins like this:

"Oxford boys are very nice boys—
Cambridge boys are better";

and another runs:

"Black-currant—red-currant—raspberry tart:
Tell me the name of your sweetheart,"

and then they begin with A, B, C, and all through the alphabet, a skip with each letter; and when they have found the sweetheart's name they have to discover when they are to be married, and how many rings, and how many brooches, and in what clothes, and in what carriage, and how many kisses, and what house they will live in, and how many children—all in the same alphabetical manner; so that, if this game were ever properly finished, it would take at least a month's hard skipping.

Another chant is like this:

"I had a dolly dressed in green,
I didn't like her—I gave her to the Queen—
The Queen didn't like her—she gave her to the cat—
The cat didn't like her, because she wasn't fat."

And another:

"Sally go round the moon, Sally,
I go round the sun.
Sally go round the ominlebus
On a Sunday afternoon."

Or:

"Dancing Dolly had no sense,
She bought a fiddle for eighteen pence—
And all the tune that she could play
Was 'Sally, get out of the donkey's way.'"

Another begins:

"All in together—all sorts of weather—
When the winds blows we all go together."

Or:

"Old Mother Knockabout."

Or:

"I spy Peter."

If you like chants, here are the beginnings of a few more:

"Handy-Pandy: Sugar de Candy"—

Or:

"Mabel, Mabel—lay the table"—

Or:

"Charlie, Charlie—stole some barley"—

Or:

"Old Mother Mason—broke a basin"—

Or:

"Tommy on the railway,
Picking up the stones"—

Or:

"Our boots are made of leather,
Our stockings are made of silk"—

Or (for a ball-hiding game):

"Hot boiled beans and melted butter:
Ladies and gentlemen, come to supper"—

Or:

"A house to let—inquire within:
And please to call Nellie in"—

Or (sung to the game of PORK AND GREENS):

"There was an old lady of Botany Bay:
What have you got to sell to-day?"—

Or (for boys and girls):

"Here we come gathering nuts in May,
On a cold and frosty morning"—

Or (for the same):

"Sally, Sally Water—sprinkle in the pan:
Fie, Sally—cry, Sally—for a young man"—

Then the girls and the smaller kids have a lot of games together: BUCK AND GOBS, for instance; and MOTHERS AND

FATHERS, and OLD DADDY WITCHES, and GRANDMOTHER GREY, and SLEIGHS, and POOR JENNIE IS A-WEEPING (there is a chant to this), and LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN (another chant), and I SENT A LETTER TO MY LOVE (girls and boys), and WALLFLOWERS (girls), and EIGHT O'CLOCK BELLS ARE RINGING (with a skipping song), and THE FARMER WANTS A WIFE, and TOM TIDDLER. You know Tom Tiddler, of course:

"I'm on old Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver——"?

The children have a game in which they gradually sort themselves into two parties called ORANGES AND LEMONS, while they sing:

"Oranges and Lemons—
Bells of Saint Clement's;
You owe me five farthings—
When will you pay me,
To-day or to-morrow?
I do not know,
Said the big bells of Bow;
When I grow rich,
Said the bells of Shoreditch . .
Here comes a chopper
To chop off your head—
Last, last, last, *last* man's head!"

Kids' games, like RING-A-RING-O'-ROSES and CHERRY-BOBS and FIVE STONES and MARLIES, are not very exciting. By far the best are those played with mud. Of mud you make PIES, and CASTLES, and STICKING BRICKS (against a wall), and MUD-CARTS (played with a tin can); you can make marbles out of mud—in fact, anything you like. There's nothing like mud, when all is said and done.

Some of these games used to come in at fixed seasons, as tops and fireworks still do; they came regularly, like the ice-cream jack or the lavender-boy or the measles or the carol-singers. But things are changing. Skipping used to begin on Good Friday, and now they skip half the year round; hoops used to come in at Christmas sharp, and here they are already. Hanged if I know the reason why. But there it is. The same with these mud-pies. You would think they belonged naturally to the wet season. Not a bit of it! Not nowadays, anyhow. If their clay is too dry in summer,

they manage to make it moist again, even without waiting for the rain. Unseasonable, I call it; and not very nice.

Have you ever played DUCKING MUMMY? Probably not. But it's a good old gutter-game for small boys. Two of them take a stone each, and with these stones they aim at a third stone. The third stone—that's Mummy. If one of them hits Mummy, he keeps on throwing till he misses; then the other has a turn at it; and so on. In the end they are supposed to count up who has made most hits—the loser paying a peppermint. Of course they try to cheat each other, and so it always ends in a free fight and a howl: that's the best part of the whole game. Nobody ever gets the peppermint. But they sometimes get a black eye.

These are about a hundred of the out-door games they play down our alley; in other quarters I dare say they have others. No doubt I have forgotten to tell you half of them; and I shall never stop forgetting, if I don't stop trying to remember——

Wait a bit. There are the Chalk-games, like HOP-SCOTCH and CHALK CHASE. These are what you see marked out in white on the pavement; pretty common everywhere; Chalk Chase, for instance, goes like this:

"You pick parties and then they clip for First outing. Each player has a peice of chalk which he has to draw arroes the hounds follow & they must cross out the arroes until the Others are caught then its the others turn."

Played it yourself, maybe?

Then there's ROMAN CANDLES—very complicated—and SHUNTING ENGINES and EGG IN A DUCK'S BELLY and SALMON FISHING and HOT AND COLD PIES and TOUCH WOOD AND WHISTLE and KING JOHN SAYS SO and CHINESE ORDERS and SHOWING NO IVORY (all Duty Games); and FOLLOW MY LEADER and TIBBY CAT and PICKING THE CROW'S NEST and KNOCKING GINGER OUT OF BED and——

Now: what I think is this. You can't play ball-games if you have no ball. Well, that's exactly what makes our boys so inventive, and what keeps their imagination alive, as one might say—having no balls and things. They can play any number of games and discover new ones

every day; whereas richer lads get into grooves and go on with their frowsy old cricket and one or two more all the time, always the same, year after year. And what I said about ball-games applies also to these pavement games. *You can't mark out a pattern in chalk if you have no chalk to do it with.* That's clear. And you haven't always got a lump of chalk in your pocket; now, have you?

Therefore, if you can't jolly well invent something else, where are you? Because, of course, you've got to play something or other—unless you want to be a soppy mumping fat-head.

P.S.—Aunt Eliza writes to remind me that some of these games are older than one imagines; that "London Bridge" goes back to bloodthirsty rites of foundation-sacrifice; that "Fie Sally, Cry Sally" has something to do with pre-Christian water-worship; that "Here we come gathering Nuts (=knots=hawthorn-blossoms) is a relic of Marriage by Capture; and so on. No doubt; no doubt. "Ducking Mummy" also calls up memories of a respectable old custom. But—in point of age—MUD PIES would be hard to beat.

The Church Congress

By a Layman

THE Church Congress has come and gone, happily without unseemly incident, and left us precisely as we were. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end." Things are: as such they shall remain.

To many the result is disappointing, to some it would appear almost ominous—ominous because such a position of isolation and detachment from the problems and actualities which are shaking the basis of our modern civilisation, social, political, economic, and ethical, must be regarded either as a challenge to the resisting forces without, or as a declaration of self-satisfied independence in a world where all is well. In either case the issue is disquieting.

The great dignitaries of the Church assemble in solemn conclave, and the one human—as distinct from ecclesiastical—note sounded emanated from the women, who spoke distinctively in the good fellowship of humanity. It is true the Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Welldon, Dean Henson, and the Rev. T. Lacey sought to humanise the proceedings, to generate, as it were, a practical spirit into the great debate on questions connected with marriage and the position of women—matters these which are the motive power of the entire women's political movement—but their efforts, timorous, purely speculative and theoretical, met with no response and presumably little understanding, so that though marriage is by common consent the foundation of society and of what we call the Body politic, the Congress brushed the subject aside with the same wooden indifference as once upon a time the Papal See anathematised the discovery of Galileo.

The lay mind hears about these doings and wonders. Most of us know the much-quoted utterance of Bishop Magee: "No State which was conducted on truly Christian principles could hold together for a week." Nor will any

man who thinks honestly be prepared to dispute it. We have only to look into the facts dispassionately to realise at once that Christianity as it has come to be in the modern world has singularly little affinity with the teachings of the Christ who died for the remission of our sins—sins which every nation, every State, every Government, almost every individual, goes on cheerfully committing under the very ægis, and in many cases with the blessing, of the Church itself.

Unquestionably the Bishop spoke with an awful sincerity. We can see what he means if we think only of the beautiful words of the Magnificat:—

> "He hath shewed strength with his arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
>
> "He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.
>
> "He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away."

Apply these words to the existing conditions of Europe, and behold, what do they mean? Nothing. Literally, they are words of satire. Where in the whole of Western civilisation do we find the "proud scattered," the "mighty put down" from their places, the "humble and the meek" exalted? Or the "hungry filled with good things"? Or the "rich sent empty away"? As we are all painfully aware, precisely contrary conditions obtain, and nowhere more so than in capitalistic Puritanical England.

Is there, anywhere, any sign of Christ's humility in our midst? Are the "penitent restored," "the lowly raised"? Do we turn the left cheek to the smiter? Do we suffer the "little children to come unto" us? Alas, no! These are but phrases, what the politician would style counsels of perfection.

No father would attempt to bring up his child according to these precepts. We pray for peace—"Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries." But when war breaks out we sharpen the edges of our swords and pray:—"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with thy defence, may be preserved evermore from all perils."

"Confound their devices"—it sounds not unlike the song. Look around and let the man who may discover the slightest semblance of Christ's attitude or forgiveness in the European armaments of to-day! The very idea is ludicrous. We know full well that were we, for example, at war with Germany—two Protestant peoples, that is, believing in the same religion and praying to the same God—both the English Church and the German Church respectively would offer up prayers for victory—prayers that would ascend to the same Presence, for purely egoistic and hostile ends, both diametrically opposed to the purpose and life's-work of Christ, in whose service the pastors of our souls are consecrated. Here are contradictions which no dialectics can explain away. At best we can say with the little boy in the picture paper, that "God must be sorely tried, deciding which lot to cast for." Better leave it at that.

We may admit as much, accept Bishop Magee's pontification, concede that we are all of us still, after nearly two thousand years of example, impenitent and "miserable sinners," though even as we make the confession the Recording Angel may drop a tear upon the Book of our hypocrisies. The German Emperor for one arms scientifically in "the name of God." Lord Roberts is actually devoting the evening of his years to the service of conscription. Around and about us war is being waged with a bloodthirstiness unparalleled even in the dark ages. The inventor of a new explosive, of a more powerful gun, or of any monstrous engine or implement of destruction, is hailed by the community as the saviour of his people and promptly rewarded with a knighthood. Even as we chant the responses to the General Supplication and pray the "Lord to deliver us" from "all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart and contempt of thy Word and Commandment," we lie and deny ourselves. The words have no cosmic or applicable meaning to us. We pray that the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons may be "illuminated with true knowledge and understanding,*" that both "by their preaching and living they may set it forth and shew it accordingly"; yet none of us have the slightest intention

* It is curious to note that the definition of the Catholic Faith, in which all who "will be saved," are conjured to believe in, is the matter of widespread dissension among the clergy themselves. Schoolmasters can resort to a "crib." There is no "crib" for revelation.

to follow them. Our ritual, our prayers, have become merely so much lip-service and habit. We know that life is a battle, that the world is a place of fierce oppression and contention, that life is the greatest thing we have. The rest, well, it has nothing to do with Christ's words, and, what is more, we are agreed silently in our hearts that it can have nothing to do with them, nor, for the matter of that, can the Church either.

Still we hope, as we look for manumission from our mortality; we expect, for such is man's nature. Every civilisation has had its Gods or God. Nor to-day, though we are flying with the birds into the heavens, is humanity one whit less able to stand on its own knowledge, shorn of mystery and the consoling worship of mystery, than it has been at any previous time in history. Religion apparently we must have, if only for the nutriment of our souls. It is the other reality of this life, the splendid unreality. That being so, the thoughtful will agree that religion as a solace, a help, an inspiration is well; also, that as it is the concern of the soul and so of the individual, it is the business of mankind to divest it of all corporate and temporal power such as drenched the world with blood in the days when men thought of creed as the chief commandment of the community and a nation's "salvation" as the trust of kingship. We have got beyond the stand-and-deliver stage to-day. Your Pedobaptist will play a friendly round of golf with a Jesuit, as a modern Jew* will call for ham in a restaurant, and an Eton boy will walk arm-in-arm with a little Harrovian at Lord's and not covet one another's "toppers."

The explanation is that tolerance has come into the world, which is the first child of Science. Religion to-day is the spar of our humanity, it is no longer an inquisition. The word is Peace—a truce to our souls; the system is detemporalisation of ecclesiastical authority, disestablishment or laïcisation of belief generally.

Admirable, most sensible men will exclaim, and equally admirable is the apparent realisation of that fact by the Church. Look, however, at the recent Church Congress,

* The Ritual trial in Russia is purely a political matter. Azeff is once more in the police service there, and, politically, Russia is in a bad state. Hence the Jew-baiting—to keep the Moujik quiet.

and what does the layman find? Rigid doctrinaire impassivity. Bolted windows, barred doors, the woodenness of clerical *non possumus*. With the exception of some able but casuistical attempts to reconcile theory with practice, dogma with exigency, tradition with actuality, the result was curiously barren. For the most part the speeches read like dead letters. They remind one of tapestries in old, old houses. The spirit actuating the majority is implacable. Intolerance is the banner. "Nothing has changed. The Church is right, as it always has been. The movements of the outside world are no concern of ours"—such is the message which the Church conveys to England in the year 1913, God help us, in a year when half the traditions, shibboleths, and institutions of the country are in a state of flux and revolution.

Now the Church has always stood for some practical purpose, and has always kept a candle burning on the altar of the humanities. Things have changed, and are changing beyond all recognition; the last decade has indeed altered the entire face and condition of England. The romance of the modern world is science. Things have advanced so fast that most of our beliefs and fetiches are falling down from their places, and we have no time even to sweep them away. Hell,* for example, has gone for ever out of man's philosophy—yet every Sunday the Creed is spoken in our churches, wherein the people are bidden to repeat the line: "He descended into Hell," which not one man or woman probably in fifty thousand believes in.

And this is a matter which the Church Congress might very wisely have attended to. For the Church cannot pretend to be purely non-practical. Communicants, for instance, at the Holy Communion are expressly enjoined that the act of kneeling does not imply *adoration*, for the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain "still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored," for that were "Idolatry," which is not scientific and consequently to be eschewed. If this sensible view holds about the Sacramental Bread and Wine, it might equally apply to the conception of the Pit, which is not only a scientific

* The disappearance of Hell disposes obviously of Heresy. The question is, What scientific basis do these excisions leave for the doctrine of Heaven?

solecism, but an offence to the modern intelligence. Yet the Credo is a very serious thing. We stand up to repeat it. It is perhaps the psychological moment in Divine Service. And we go on repeating an article of faith that we do not hold, nay, expressly and indignantly repudiate.

No, the Church cannot disclaim opportunist tendencies, for, like the planet and the heavenly bodies, it too moves, unconsciously, it may be, and in its own despite. Take again the marriage service. Since it has come to be the fashion for women to refuse the vow of obedience to their husbands, many of them, as we know, have persuaded the officiating minister to omit the word "obey" for the occasion, and this has been done fairly frequently of late, though in direct opposition to the words of St. Paul, who taught that the husband was the "head of the wife," as "Christ was the Head of the Church." The Church Congress took no notice of this symptomatic irregularity, no notice of the women's claim for equal facilities of divorce, no notice at all of any of the clamorous demands made in the interest of decent conjugal union, as if all this was the mere clatter of the politicians, when, as a fact, the professional politicians are just as scared at it as are the clerics. Dean Henson, it is true, sought to lay it down as axiomatic that "Christianity must be intolerant of any marriage law which violates the self-respect of either party, or implies inequality between the sexes, or affects the family injuriously"—but he spoke, like many another prophet, in the wilderness. The Congress looked black and threatening, and vouchsafed nothing.

Women, however, now, as always, are the mainstay of religious authority; without them it may well be questioned whether man in modern conditions would bother himself very much about it. Now the women in this country have realised that the opposition to Divorce Law Reform comes from the ecclesiastics, and for the first time they find themselves in practical conflict with the Church. Dr. Talbot, who urged upon the Church to perform no second marriage for a guilty divorced person, spoke, as it were, through his hat, and must have terrified the more serious-thinking members of the Congress. Such a provision on the part of the Church—invalid, as it would be in law, and therefore useless as a deterrent—would serve but to inflame public

opinion against an arrogation of power which is non-existent, seeing that marriage is a purely civic act, as against a presumption of punitive right which is an anachronism. To offend impotently is always impolitic. But this is what in effect the Congress has done. By its attitude it has shown the women and all modern reformers, sociological, eugenic, scientific or political, that the Church is unbending and unprogressive, that as such it is the great stumbling-block to reform: obstructive, defiant.

The women may safely be left to themselves. To assume that the women are always going to accept the ethics propounded by the Apostles nearly two thousand years ago is unwise. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Admirable as the Hammurabi Code is, it is not applicable to modern conditions, where woman is a free agent. There is no perfection, no finality in this world. The Church virtually lives on the women; its defiance of them constitutes a factor of no good augury, either for political peace or for its own healthiness. This sin of omission will not lightly be forgiven it. What has been called the subjection of women is, after all, an ecclesiastical tradition. Now that it is at last being challenged, the Church will be forced to meet it somehow. In their present temper the women are not opponents to be disregarded. We have still some fine old painted glass windows in our Cathedrals. It would be a national disaster if these, too, went the way of the modern glass in Bond Street.

Of the poor, of labour, of the great struggling proletarian millions, this Congress again took no notice whatever. Yet the war between Capital and Labour is by far the biggest problem of modern society. The masses—they were not even represented at the meeting. These dignitaries met and talked as if they lived in a world of absolute equality, justice, goodwill, and fraternity, and there was nothing to say about the poor because, like the dead, "there are none." On the most important question of the day the Church is silent. Not a testimony even of sympathy. Not a voice calling upon the living.

These are the things which arrest attention, this utter detachment of the Church from the actual happenings on this earth, from all the evils and problems afflicting the flesh and the spirit, from all things, bluntly, that matter. Re-

affirmation—that and nothing more. Unintelligent clinging to dogma and doxy. At best, a cloistral recognition of the world outside. A meeting of unreal men concerned only with abstractions and their formalities, hardly even with the spirit of their application.

In the interest of the Church, both as a spiritual force and a moral institution, such a pose is deeply to be regretted. For the word pose must be insisted upon. In their consciences many of the great men assembled there realise not only the difficulties of their situation, but the urgency of revaluation and adjustment. The Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Welldon, Dean Henson, &c., these are men who are perfectly aware of the great advance in the science of anthropology, of the discoveries of the French and the Germans, the great fields of knowledge opened up in recent years by chemists, bacteriologists, and the men of science where all previously was nebulosity and conjecture. The causes of things, the origins of life, we are getting nearer and nearer to their genesis. Between the civilisations of Judæa and that of modern Europe there is this difference—to-day we believe in ourselves.

It is not to be supposed—and some of these gentlemen would surely admit as much—that the modern world, with its magnificent scientific equipment and resources growing yearly more exact and wonderful, will long be content to accept the philosophy of Biblical exposition as the final word, any more than it has accepted the science of the astrologers or that of alchemy. In point of fact, the agnosticism of modern Western Europe answers the question for itself. Infallibility, even as a word, has lost all literary meaning. Intellectually, no man now looks upon the Bible as revelation, any more than he believes to-day in miracles. Christianity to-day tends more and more, alas! to be suborned as a political instrument; thus in France, where, under its guise and sanctity, the Militarist Catholic Party are striving to win back to power. It is so with the sociocracy of Hohenzollern Germany, set off by its conflicting counterpart in the free-thinking three million voters of Social Democracy. Thus we find that the closer Christianity approaches to the ruling caste, the further the multitudes are estranged from it. It is the upper classes in France and Germany who use it for their own self-expression and assertion; the masses in both countries are

drifting solidly further and further away from the Churches and from all allegiance to their authority. These things, of course, our Bishops and Deans have heard of. They can be read in books and in the newspapers. They are the distinctive phenomena of the two countries concerned. They are—and this is the anomaly—the forces which control the balance of European power, and, in their several and clashing interests, they are the two great disturbing elements to the peace of Europe.

Of enlightened interest in these matters the Congress gave not a sign. The Church debated as if the poor had no grievances and all the turmoil of the outside world was so much unreality, whereas the truth is that the Church stands before one of the greatest crises in its history.

Are these gentlemen not aware of the great secession of the masses both from theoretical belief and practice in England as in Europe? And have not the masses, the people, the same claims of sympathy and understanding as the rich, seeing that a soul is a soul and no man's soul his own. Is it Christian for these dignitaries to ignore these people? Is it wise for them to ignore their growing independence?

Are these gentlemen not aware of the new faith that has come into the Protestant countries and captured people by the millions—the faith which is called Christian Science, New Faith, or Bushido (as they style it in America), which, instead of inculcating the doctrine of man's sinfulness, littleness, and humiliation, teaches him to be confident, hopeful, and self-reliant, and as a creed is actually performing miracles? It is a new thing, this Faith, the religion of the egocentric. Instead of telling people they are "miserable sinners," instead of frightening us with the horrors of the Pit, instead of enforcing the lesson of humility and submissiveness, this Faith is the message of worldly hopefulness, of worldly happiness and achievement, and it differs from the old Christianity of the Churches precisely in this point, that whereas formerly men were taught to expect salvation only in another world, now men are instructed to find it for themselves in this.

The difference is fundamental—it is the exact difference between the old and the new attitude towards life. In America its success has been nothing less than startling. It has a human grip upon life with its trials and actualities.

It is the religion of confidence and comfort, as distinct from that of humility and self-abnegation, and it is based on the old Eastern tenets of self-culture and self-assertion as evidenced particularly by its extremist cult in Japan.

Do we believe? Yes, certainly most of us want to believe; the point is that the Church is doing nothing now to help us. As the keynote of the modern world is tolerance, so the keynote of modern religion must be hopefulness—what the Church, in fact, denies to us. Knowledge is built up on discovery, by rejection and acquisition; so if any religion is to hold it must be adaptable. Nothing less will satisfy the modern mind, nothing less ought to.

One would have liked to have seen a Church Congress realising some of these things. The time has come for some recognition, at any rate, of what one may call the modern scientific attitude. There is the unliterary and so unmeaning phraseology of our Hymnal. It is time the Church set about revising the Book of Common Prayer, the very Credo which we all repeat so glibly and unthinkingly, the references to Hell, much that is clearly a solecism to the modern Christian, whether he styles himself a "scientist" or not. One would like to have seen the Church paying some reasonable attention to such serious matters as the problem of our marriage laws, the condition of the poor, the new demands of the eugenists, and especially to the great social scandal of venereal disease, which at no time ever has it attempted to combat, or even to face with ordinary social and moral consciousness.

This fatalism—for the spirit of the modern Church is purely fatalistic—is not calculated to inspire confidence. It is no use saying to the modern Christian "in the midst of life we are in death." We know that; our business is very earnestly with this life. The rote repetition of ritual does not help us here; moreover, we no longer believe that we are all "miserable sinners." A man does what he can. It is hope we are all clamouring for, hope in this world; in the next, well, most people now are content to believe that the dead do bury the dead. The old catch-words of religion are to the populace as strange as the terminology of falconry or heraldry. Here, now, where we all struggle, we are looking for that which can help and inspire us. It cannot be said that the Church goes out of its way to bring that blessing about. On the contrary.

It has nothing to offer but acceptance. We beat our moth-like wings against it, we cry to it, and there is no response, only an echo of what was long ago. And its silence is as eloquent as the great stones of the beautiful edifices where sometimes, when there is no service going on, we sit and dream and wonder, as a poet watches a sunset.

The harrowing insistence of the Church upon death as the purpose of life is to-day an anachronism. It is life to-day that we believe in. That is why any belief that helps us to live and suffer in our opportunities is welcome and helpful. And it is there that the Church fails, because as an inspiration it is negative. The churches are no longer the hostels and hospices of the poor the sick and the needy. Its dignitaries are no longer leaders and teachers of the people. In the modern State the Church is no longer an integral part of either polity or policy. Its λόγος is being superseded by tolerance. It lives on custom and the consecrated habit of the Sunday.

The hard-riding parson of the good old days was in many ways a truer man than the cleric of to-day, torn between leanings towards High Church Catholicism and those of an exacting modern public, which now asks to have the marriage service emended, now to have the divine injunction of the marriage union abrogated, for at least he was on the level of his audience. To-day he is not on the level. Industrialism has laid its trail upon the Church. The pulpit—ah! few pastors venture now to exceed their quarter of an hour. The homily has become a mere formality. Yet the Church makes no sign, yields nothing, offers nothing. It is still the enemy of joy and recreation, the Cerberus which makes of the British Sunday such an appalling day of gloom and waste to the poor, while allowing the rich to play cards, golf, and what not as much as ever they please. "To him that hath shall be given." Quite so. The Church may not dictate to the rich. But the poor, those to whom life is one hideous toil and anxiety—what does it do for the poor?

Or for any social matter other than that connected with bazaars? Not much, Pardi! In the House of Lords the Bishops invariably support the demands of reactionary Toryism, as on all public bodies their influence is always cast on the side of tradition. It is not that there are not splendid individual members: there are; but a few swallows do

not make a summer; moreover, our summers are changing, becoming stormy and uncertain as the times. Even ecclesiastical controversy has gone the way of the three-volume novel, and the reason is obvious—the people are no longer interested in theological speculation and dialectics. Like political economy, the game* is temporarily played out. You may revive cricket, it is difficult to resuscitate a dead language. To-day we want facts, statistics, reports, Blue Books, inquiries, sincerity; in a word, results; we want tangible returns for our expenditure.

At this moment we are threatened with something very like an outbreak of civil religious war in Ireland; but the Church Congress had nothing to say, nor have the Bishops, who are fanatically opposing Welsh Disestablishment. The Church is interested in Wales, we know. Are we to assume that it is not interested in the threat of political Orangemen to break open the pates of their Catholic kinsmen? In truth we are getting no change out of the Church, no results, not even intelligent sympathy.

The reason for this growing decadence of the Church is largely political, for from the day that it associated itself with moneyed Conservatism as a political party, it found itself divorced from the humanities and the great forces of the lower middle classes and the masses, unsympathetic, increasingly intolerant and mischievous, the county militia of the Squirearchy. In a word, it backed the wrong horse. As things are drifting now, the Church as an ethical tribunal is rapidly losing all reality. In its whole conception and constitution it is a Feudal organisation, perishable, like all things, like the very privilege of the Lords. It is atonic spiritually, as intellectually it is moribund. The clergy shrive and salve their consciences, while the intellectual system of the Church, built up on dogma which we no longer believe in, and infallibility which no longer has any meaning, atrophies and falls away. But nobody can help the Church if it refuses to help itself. We laymen have our own ways to go, our own lamps to light, our own destinies to compass. For sure we are of good heart. We will march in confidence to our God.

* Professor Harnack, for instance, is little more than the personal theologian of the Emperor.

The Militant Suffragists

By Israel Zangwill

I.

The Women's Social and Political Union, the most troublesome institution of modern times, was founded in October, 1903. It has, therefore, just completed a decade of activity—of activity unparalleled and exuberant, rich in comedy and tragedy, in heroism and flamboyance—and it is high time the public should cease gasping and come to a just comprehension of what is passing under its nose. Part of its hebetude is due to the Press, which leads it by that nose, and which, since the days when Milton looked to it for the safeguarding of liberty and justice, has become a medium of organised misinformation, so unreliable that one cannot even wholly disbelieve it. Albert Hall mass-meetings, with every seat paid for, have been edited away, while with equal cynicism trivial incidents have been spiced to the humour of the mob. King Demos, like other monarchs, hears only what tickles the royal ear. In their wonderfully organised campaigns at by-elections—at which they have generally hired all the halls and commandeered the best street-pitches before the other side has quite realised there is a contest—the Suffragettes have held as many as two hundred public meetings in a single week. In the ordinary propaganda of the Union, the number of platform or drawing-room meetings has reached a hundred a day in London alone. Flower-festivals, bazaars, plays, caravan-tours, processions, bands—what form of picturesque persuasion has it left untried, where have its cohorts not come gleaming in purple, white and green? Hyde Park has known them, and Trafalgar Square, music-halls and village greens, the town mansions of peeresses and the drawing-rooms of the provincial *bourgeoisie*; they have even scandalised the faithless by praying a real

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prayer in Westminster Abbey. Yet, when a journalist wrote that their treasurer had invested their funds in bonds, the compositor automatically put it "bombs."

At the recent Medical Congress in London, a Scotch doctor strove to class their militancy with the dancing or other maniacal epidemics of the fourteenth century: he himself was suffering from contagious misunderstanding. Said an elderly schoolmistress to the jury that was trying her this spring on the charge of window-breaking: "I think that all of you would look forward with dread to forcible feeding as carried on in our prisons. Well, I declare to you that the idea of lifting my hand in cool determination to destroy was a more dreadful idea than that of forcible feeding. You little know how we women have to screw up our courage to acting point." Such a militancy is, indeed, too rational to be formidable. It is of the brain, not of the fist. So far from being hysterical, it has been turned on and off like a tap. In periods of false promises from politicians, there have been truces more faithfully observed than any in the Balkans.

But at first it was not even a cerebral militancy. It was as metaphorical as the Salvation Army. In the overwhelming majority of instances, the operations of this unprecedented Union have been devoid of all violence save that inflicted on its members by the Government, the police, and the mob. Even when it strove to supplement its constitutional agitation by illegal acts, its breaches of law were long merely technical or symbolical, designed to embarrass the Government by a plethora of prisoners, and to achieve the advertisement denied to a peaceful propaganda. When, finally, a handful of desperate spirits proclaimed a guerilla war against society, it was merely against dead matter, and it is amazing that, with so many fanatics smarting under almost intolerable tortures and indignities, not one has lost her balance so far as to destroy life. The women's war remains unstained by blood other than their own. They have been stoned and beaten, ducked in horse-ponds, obscenely maltreated, imprisoned in the third class with drunkards and pickpockets, sentenced to penal servitude, loathsomely fed by tubes and pumps. Captain Scott, perishing in the Antarctic snows for lack of food, was less essentially heroic and no greater

a pioneer than Miss Wallace-Dunlop, the fragile inventress of the hunger-strike, starving with luxuries heaped beseechingly around her. It is impossible not to think of the temptation in the wilderness. The thirst-strike and the sleep-strike push the doctrine of "*Entbehren sollst*" to extremes undreamed of by Goethe. In an age of luxury and materialism almost unexampled, amid an epidemic of negroid dancing that might well have occupied the Scotch doctor, we have witnessed the miracle of prison-doors flying open by force of faith and self-sacrifice. The great saying of Zwinglius: "You can kill the body, but not the soul," has received almost incredible illustration. It is not too much to say that the Suffragettes have enlarged our conception of human nature and of the pitifulness of politics and politicians.

II.

"You approve of votes for women!" a famous American exclaimed to me. "*That* kind of vote?" By a figure of speech yet unclassed in treatises on rhetoric, he had mixed up the end with the means, the ballot-paper with the match-box. Had he attended a Suffragette meeting at the Albert Hall, he would have found the "kind of vote" quite other—some ten thousand souls of all social classes sitting prim as Elia's Quakers, spellbound by a simple little woman in black, and waking only to pour at her feet their gold, their cheques, their jewellery, the profits of hawking the paper in the wintry streets, the little hoard saved for a summer holiday, even the week's Old Age Pension. The collection at the last assembly—after the Government had left the Union for dead—was fifteen thousand pounds, subscribed in a few minutes. These gatherings are the communions of a new religion that has already its ritual, its hymnology, its sacred music, its symbolism (the broad-arrows of the prison garb its proudest emblem), its pageantry, its martyrology, and its dogma of Pankhurst infallibility.

"I look upon myself on these occasions," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "not as a chairman, but as a general reviewing his troops." From a burning faith to a faith in burning, the transition—as all male history proves—is facile. But

Mrs. Pankhurst did not begin as a soldier. Her military status has been a gradual growth, unforeseen by herself. The journals of 1891 record that at the funeral of Charles Bradlaugh, a deputation from a "Women's Franchise League" was among the many that brought wreaths, and that it consisted of the Countess Schach, Mrs. Herbert Burroughs, and Mrs. Pankhurst. And when I once strove to mitigate her growing bellicosity by telling her how sympathetically the Lord Chancellor had spoken at a dinner-party, she burst out: "Don't talk to me of Haldane! Twenty years ago he was our League's representative in Parliament!" Twenty years ago! I was silenced. A long period of obscure labour—the spade-work so glibly recommended, but so often as fruitless as the sexton's—evidently lay behind this explosive phase: the genesis and collapse of Leagues and efforts untold. The great little lady, who, on her husband's death, had supported herself and her family as a Registrar of Births and Deaths, had had many a birth and death of scheme and dream to register in the annals of her cause before there came into being at her house in Manchester that W.S.P.U. which will surely live to record its victory. Her own birthday was the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. That has not counted for nothing in so imaginative a temperament.

III.

Most of the pioneers of the W.S.P.U. were Manchester working women—one, Annie Kenney, a mill-hand, who, as a half-timer of ten, had had a finger torn off by the machinery—and the new gospel was preached at the "wakes" or local Lancashire fairs. Militancy, even metaphorical, was unthought of. The first sparks of that were, strangely enough, struck out at the Free Trade Hall by the flintiness of one of the oldest supporters of Women's Suffrage, Sir Edward Grey. Prophesying, in October, 1905, the overthrow of the Conservatives at the coming General Election, he yet refused to say what would be the attitude of a Liberal Government to "Votes for Women." The question had even (by request) been put into peaceful writing, and signed "Annie Kenney, Member of the Oldham Committee of the Card and Blowing-Room

Operatives." The humble mill-hand rose as the monster meeting was closing, and insisted on a reply. Here again a great pioneering deed was done, destined to find imitations and reverberations innumerable. Sir Edward Grey was silent, but it was Annie Kenney who stood upon a peak in Darien.

Those who know the temper of a political meeting at a passionate crisis will appreciate the almost superhuman courage needed for a girl to get up and traverse it. The vast gathering of Liberals, hoarse from cheering the doctrines of liberty and equality, howled at the frail little figure, stewards precipitated themselves upon her. It was at this moment that Christabel Pankhurst leapt into history. She sprang up, threw one arm round her friend, and warded off the hysterical males with the other. They scratched and tore at her hands till, as her sister Sylvia records, "the blood ran down on Annie's hat, which lay on the seat, and stained it red."

Expelled from the meeting, the two girls tried to form one of their own outside. Charged with "obstruction and assaulting the police," and refusing to pay a fine, they were thrown into gaol, dressed in serge, and fed on skilly. In that prison the real W.S.P.U. was born. The same Free Trade Hall that had howled down the questioners was packed to fête the ex-prisoners. Thus is persecution ever the pillar of the Church.

Annie Kenney, abandoning her clogs, except for ceremonial occasions, set out to rouse London—with two pounds in her pocket. Little Mrs. Drummond, the wife of an impecunious upholsterer, a cheery, humoursome Scotch body, plump of person and prodigious of voice—the Madame Sans Gêne of the movement, destined also to become its field-marshal—joined her with a borrowed typewriter. The Pankhursts, too, migrated to the capital. And, one wonderful day, they found the propertied Pethick Lawrences, the able barrister and his brilliant and beautiful wife, self-consecrated from girlhood to social service, and oddly bearing the same Christian name as Mrs. Pankhurst. The new Emmeline became the Honorary Treasurer, and from that moment the fledgling Union was feathered and winged and taloned.

Among the more noteworthy of the early recruits were

Theresa Billington, a young school-teacher with brains and looks, Mrs. Despard, the septuagenarian sister of General French, not inferior to him in dash and *brio*, and Mrs. Baines, who had been a Salvation Army captain, and was now the wife of a journeyman bootmaker. Gradually, figures like Mrs. Ayrton, the scientist, Miss Ethel Smythe, the composer, Miss Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, began to appear on the same platform with Lady Constance Lytton, the Countess Russell, and Mrs. Walker, the eloquent Poplar laundress. And, gradually, it began to be understood that a suffragette was not necessarily an elderly spectacled female; the type even changed in *Punch* to a pretty girl. But the notion that the suffragette is a neurotic spinster is inexpugnable. It has even survived the discovery that some of the fiercest of the militants are married men—unique exemplars of the fabular chivalry of man.

IV.

In 1870 Mrs. Pankhurst's husband had drafted a measure which, under the name of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill, was introduced into Parliament by John Bright's brother, and passed its second reading by a majority of 33. It is a pity the long-due Reform was not carried in this negative shape, for the cry of "Votes for Women" accentuates the opposition of sex rather than the common citizenship, and whereas the motive power of the suffrage movement had been woman's consciousness of her own dignity, it is becoming more and more her consciousness of man's indignity. Man has failed to run things decently. There must be "joint housekeeping." Woman must help man to set his house in order. "I, for one," cried Mrs. Pankhurst, "looking round on the sweated and decrepit members of my sex, say that men have had control of these things long enough." In particular, the "social evil" has entered into the suffragette consciousness, the veil of our compromise with polygamy has been lifted, and the sins of the male, assuredly great enough to be safe from exaggeration, have been magnified by taking the abnormal for the average. Woman's place in our matrimonial system was represented much as the West repre-

sents her place in the Oriental scheme, or as Mark Twain's Yankee described the Court of King Arthur, with all the facts and little of the truth. If a minute minority forthwith demanded equal immorality with man, its organ, the *Free-woman*, was not destined to exemplify the survival of the unfittest, and by the vast majority the vote is regarded as the great instrument of social purification. It is even to abolish venereal disease. The example of Suffrage countries is cited to show how the age of consent has everywhere been raised, drunkenness abated, and child-life saved. Thus every day that goes by without the vote means the degradation of souls and bodies innumerable, and a very massacre of innocents. Hence this ardour of self-sacrifice, hence the religious exaltation.

Annie Kenney's deed of derring-do came like a trumpet-call to the Millennium. "Here at last is action!" cried Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and a thousand devotees rushed into it. Heckling became a fine art, and even a joyous; for, despite all the suffering it cost them, they carried it through with such inexhaustible spirit and invention as to restore a touch of *chic* and bravado to our drab life and add to the gaiety of nations. Miss Pankhurst even managed to badger Cabinet Ministers in the witness-box. Why interjection was invariably answered by ejection, why legitimate petitions to men were punished with sentences deemed sufficient for men's worst assaults on women, is a mystery. But if denunciations of arson leave the Suffragette cold, it is because the vocabulary of vituperation had been exhausted over a phase which now looms to us as sedate as an Impressionist picture in a Futurist exhibition. Parliament actually passed a Bill to protect public meetings from her—a measure which, like every other hatched against her, has been a still-born monstrosity. There was no meeting, however guarded, to which, by hook or crook, organ-pipe or drain-pipe, she did not gain admission, padlocking herself against easy expulsion, while, even were her bodily presence averted, always, like the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, came from some well-placed megaphone that inevitable and implacable slogan, which, chalked on pavements or scrawled on walls or blazoned on sky-signs, became a universal and ubiquitous obsession. Steamers carried it under the terrace of Parlia-

ment, or balloons suspended it from above. Cabinet Ministers were dogged to their privatest haunts, for the leakages of information were everywhere. Since Christianity, no such force had arisen to divide families. No household, however Philistine, was safe from a gaol-bird. If Lady Anon asked Lady Alamode when her daughter was coming out, it no longer referred to the young lady's *début*. The most obstinate autocrat since Pharaoh, Mr. Asquith has been shown similar signs and wonders. "We are the appointed plagues," said Mrs. Pankhurst, with a rare touch of humour. And nothing has plagued British Society more than that outbreak of religion which brought disgrace upon so many respectable homes. Incidentally, the prisons and the courts were improved by receiving critics instead of criminals. "We do not care for ourselves," cried Christabel Pankhurst at the London Police Court "because prison is nothing to us. But the injustice done here to thousands of helpless creatures is too terrible to contemplate." Warders and wardresses, too, profited by the society of their new prisoners. It was like a rise in the social scale to them. Nor was even the Bench immune from education.

"Boyle!" called the magistrate. "*Miss* Boyle," corrected the prisoner. "We always call our prisoners by their surnames," explained the magistrate. "We are here to teach you better manners," said the Suffragette.

V.

Simultaneously with these constitutional tactics there had gone a political militancy, equally constitutional. "The Liberal Government refuses the vote—turn the Liberal out," was the simple formula, and so at every by-election the W.S.P.U. worked against the Government candidate. He might be an old and tried Suffragist. The Conservative candidate might be an old and scurrilous anti-Suffragist. No matter. The laws of the Medes and Pankhursts do not change.

It was Christabel, LL.B., to whom this policy was due. She had become the political chief of the movement, and her record proves that woman, not man, is the logical animal. Unfortunately, in politics we have to do, not with

the logical, but the psychological. The public, called upon to vote for anti-Suffragists and to overthrow Suffragists, became utterly confused. It has not the clarity of brain of a Bachelor of Laws. The demand for Women's Suffrage was already sufficiently obscure. To pursue *obscurum per obscurius* could only occur to a novice in affairs. To make the public's confusion worse confounded, the rival Suffragists of Mrs. Fawcett's National Union would be imploring it to support the candidate denounced by the Suffragettes. Either policy has its points. Together they were suicidal. Both factions would have done better to pair and leave the constituency.

The electorate thus bemused stolidly followed its own political interests. Indeed, to expect it to give them all up for women was fantastic. In a close election the Suffragettes might hope to turn a few waverers, but even if their exhaustless energies triumphed, their part was obscured, not always wilfully, in the confusion of electoral issues. In the few instances where the issue was more or less isolated, the women's candidate was hopelessly defeated.

Within Parliament as little impression was made as at the polls. Mrs. Fawcett's alliance with the Labour Party, dubious enough at best, was neutralised by the Pankhurst opposition to the Labour Party. The Women's Liberal Federation, the sole instrument that could have brought effective pressure on the Government, was divided. Woman's disunion is man's domination. No Minister would stake his fortunes on Women's Suffrage, and M.P.'s are peculiarly sluggish towards changes in the Franchise, which force them to face a new and uncertain electorate. Such as favoured the Reform were more concerned it should benefit their party than womanhood, so that, though the abstract principle has commanded a composite majority since 1886, no possible measure could be framed to satisfy both parties. Is it surprising if the Parliamentary history of Women's Suffrage reads like a fantasia by Boz on the arts of circumlocution and "How not to do it"? Seven times it has passed its second reading. The culminating comedy when Asquith blundered like a beginner, and the Speaker, by not speaking, misled Parliament and the country, goes beyond anything in Dickens.

Despairing of the force of argument, the Suffragettes turned to the argument of force. They were outside the constitution. Very well, they would be outside the law. A specious logic showed that Reform Bills had only been carried in 1832, in 1867, and in 1884, and that, in every case, they had been preceded by riots. That other riots (*e.g.*, the Chartist) had not been followed by Reform Bills was overlooked. That riots are to the riotous sex was also forgotten. Stones thrown by logic-ridden schoolmistresses are not the true volcanic jet that sobers statesmen. To soften still further the force of the stones, they were thrown, not at Government windows in particular, but at the plate glass of the public in general. The injured shopkeepers would put pressure on the Government—they would rise as one woman to demand Women's Suffrage. So ran the Pankhurst syllogism. But that is not the psychology of "the nation of shopkeepers." There was method in the madness, but the public saw only madness in the method. Yet the Pankhurst logic did not flinch. "How far shall you go?" Mrs. Pankhurst was asked. "Just as far as we are driven," was the question-begging reply. And so acids were poured into letter-boxes or upon golf greens, telegraph lines were cut, fire-engines were called out on false alarms. A grave psychological change took place in Mrs. Pankhurst, and found expression in a public ejaculation. "One thing we thank men for—and that is for teaching us the joy of battle." The woman, who in 1906 had feared that women could not be got to walk through a few streets, did not fear in 1912 to invite them to arson. It is "Black Friday" that marks the turning-point in Suffragette psychology. In November, 1910, a deputation to the Premier had been so grievously and obscenely handled by the crowd and by the imported East End police—whose conduct the House of Commons steadily refused to investigate—that it was resolved henceforward to inconvenience oneself as little and society as seriously as possible.

VI.

That a women's political movement would take different shape from a male movement might have been anticipated. Force would, of course, be banished, the policy would be

as shifting as the weathercock, while seduction and cajolery would reduce male diplomacy to a coarse bungling. The exact contrary has been the case. The simplest diplomacy has been banished; even ordinary politeness. "You're a liar," said Mrs. Drummond to Lloyd George, when admitted to a friendly interview. Whereas men would have made the most of Mr. Asquith's little progressions and persuaded him that he was practically arrived—if, indeed, he had not always been there—the women have pushed him violently backwards. Instead of saving his face, they have slapped it. Nor did it profit a Minister to be on their side. He merely added hypocrisy to the crime of his colleagues. The sole method of the campaign has been the frontal attack, and it has been pursued with an unswervingness that has more of natural law than of human elasticity. People have talked of militant tactics. There have been no tactics. There has been only militancy. When Mr. Lloyd George addressed an audience of Liberal women on Women's Suffrage, an invading body of Suffragettes denied him a hearing, though the only *raison d'être* of interruptions was that Ministers were evading the subject. According to the rules of war, urged Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, an enemy taking cover among neutrals may be pursued there. But "may" is not "must." That your volley may damage your own side more than the enemy, that you make bad blood between fellow-suffragists, that you confuse the country and rob it of Mr. Lloyd George's powerful speech on your behalf—all this is nothing. The law of Minister-baiting is inviolable.

The traveller up the Alpine railway knows how the line zigzags with wrigglings innumerable, how frequently it goes back on itself, passing and repassing the same point, though always on a higher level; how it even disappears for a time in a tunnel. But Christabel Pankhurst will only go straight up her mountain—tunnelling is peculiarly anathema. That would be well enough if she could command the *funiculaire* of military force. But her physical force is even smaller than her political. Both are just sufficient for vivid advertisement, but her challenges in both to the Government approach megalomania. "Seize the mace," she cried in a Suffragette rush on the House,

"and you will be the Cromwells of the twentieth century." She overlooked Cromwell's musketeers. Even Joan of Arc had the army of France behind her, not her fellow-maidens. At the head of a party in the House, Miss Pankhurst would have rivalled Parnell; with the Labour Party she could do infinitely more than Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. For the combinations of Parliamentary atoms she has a wonderful *flair*. But what is the use of divining the enemy's movements when all you can do is to commit *hari-kari* on his doorstep? Since the Children's Crusade of 1212, there has been no such blend of the ridiculous and the sublime as the war against England declared by logic-ridden ladies. Their attempts to intimidate the nation have the pathetic futility of Don Quixote's tiltings. Adam Smith, when asked why on his theories certain nations had not been ruined long ago, replied that a nation takes a good deal of ruining. A nation takes a good deal of terrorising. The fire-insurance societies soon accommodate themselves to the new risk. It is only because there has been no war on British soil for over a century that Britons have been so startled by burnings and harryings ineffably trivial, compared with real war-horrors. But John Bull has not called for Women's Suffrage: on the contrary, the sleeping dogs of hooliganism have been aroused. The dread of riots undoubtedly keyed up the debates in the House to an intensity unknown during the forty years of Parliamentary flirtation with the Woman Question. But the House did not surrender.

The real damage inflicted by Miss Pankhurst is not physical. In Mrs. Gaskell's great novel, "North and South," Margaret Hale, turning upon the mill-owner who has dared to propose to her because she rescued him from his strikers, cries out: "Any woman worthy the name of woman would come forward to shield with her reverenced helplessness a man in danger from the violence of numbers." "Reverenced helplessness!" That is no small asset in the turmoil of life, however imperfect the ideal. The destruction of this asset, as well as of the asset of respect for law and order, for statesmen and magistrates, is a grievous wound to the State:

> "We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence."

Says Imlac in "Rasselas": "Man cannot so far know the connection of causes and events as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pursue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy and attempt to find a nearer way to good by overleaping the settled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success, because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irretrievably embittered."

Militancy may not have put back the clock of suffrage, but it has put back the clock of civilisation.

But, if anything could excuse the militants, it is the taunt of a Cabinet Minister that he saw no such ebullition of popular feeling as had burnt down Nottingham Castle. Mr. Hobhouse was perfectly correct. But how inconceivable of a Liberal statesman to weigh a cause by its violence! "From the moment Mr. Hobhouse's speech was delivered," Mrs. Pethick Lawrence told the jury this June, "women began to feel that self-sacrifice was futile, that nothing could touch the hearts or conscience of legislators but . . . damage to property."

VII.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst has taken her motto from Blake:

> "If the sun and moon should doubt,
> They'd immediately go out."

She combines the spiritual assurance and practical genius of a St. Catherine of Siena with the determination of a hustler and the logic of a Bachelor of Laws. There is, perhaps, something of Manchester in her machine-like rigidity. But it gives her the invaluable quality of decision. And never was this quality exhibited more finely than in her handling (from her Paris exile) of the problem of bringing out the *Suffragette* when printer after printer was warned off by the Government. Her refusal to let the Labour Party print it was a master-stroke.

Inferior to her mother as an orator, despite her vivacity and charm, and only occasionally touching the same high

note of religious simplicity, she seems to have carried away the graver and greater figure by her cocksureness. It is the young generation kicking at the door. "When should the Government give us the vote?" "To-day!" That is the note of Christabel. That the Government would risk an internal crisis that might overthrow the still unstable results of many sessions, that the Irish and Labour Parties are only pursuing the same single-eyed system as herself, does not diminish her resentment at not being served first. There is nothing she despises so much as the M.P., she has told us, nor is Parliament a career she would ever contemplate. That sounds like a touch of masculine inconsequence, the one breach in the relentlessness of the female logic.

In the internal conduct of the W.S.P.U., this relentlessness has been as marked as in the external. With the transition to militancy went also a transition to military law, and the organisation ceased to elect its officers. Autocracy was found the best means of promoting democracy. Of the original pioneers of the movement, only the working women have remained with the Pankhursts. Mrs. Despard founded the Freedom League, Miss Billington has become a critic. And not only were women sacrificed the moment their opinion ran counter to Christabel's, even the greatest friends in the House of Commons went unheeded, though it might have been thought they understood the machine better. Nay, even the two Emmelines were parted on the policy of arson.

The Pethick Lawrences had been travelling in Canada, had seen fresh horizons, and, removed from the Pankhurst hypnosis, had readjusted their perspective. The split occurred at an unfortunate moment for Mrs. Pankhurst, when the cause was already overclouded, and the return of the Pethick Lawrences was the one patch of blue, and a mighty audience waited in the Albert Hall to welcome them home. It was only a few minutes before the meeting that sinister rumours began to circulate—the colour seemed to go out of the emblazoned banners. It was Mrs. Pankhurst's formidable task to explain that she had ruthlessly shed the beloved Treasurer, that the very organ of the movement, *Votes for Women*, would be replaced by a raw new paper. The little woman stood alone on the

platform, bereft even of Christabel. Never had she shown such greatness. A few simple sentences, crystalline in sound as in form, and the vast audience was hers again. In a few weeks the *Suffragette* had cut out the Pethick Lawrence paper as the official organ. But never a word of recrimination has come from either side. Neither party has spoken of the other except in terms of regard. It is an episode for which you will find no parallel in male factions.

VIII.

Hari-kari, the one resource of the Suffragettes, turns out to be their strongest weapon. Englishmen are not so brutish that they can bear the sight of martyred innocence. The heroic suicide of a lady of wealth and station on the public doorstep of the Derby is worth a wilderness of fires, and the cross that was borne before her body at the great funeral was a more victorious symbol than the hammer. Militancy is only successful in so far as it brings suffering to the militants. If this were a real war, could one say the greater their casualties the nearer their triumph? In war you menace the enemy with death. Mrs. Pankhurst is menacing the enemy with her own death. Even allowing the Government merely the wisdom of knowing that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, the fact that she is not allowed to die, even though Ministers are at their wits' ends to keep her and the law alive together, is a comforting reassurance of human progress. Four years ago Mrs. Pankhurst said in the dock: "Our words have always been—be patient, exercise self-restraint, show our so-called superiors that the criticism of women being hysterical is not true, use no violence, offer yourselves to the violence of others." Militancy was born out of despair of constitutionalism: out of despair of militancy, Mrs. Pankhurst has come back to the teaching of Corinthians. Crime is now merely a cover for her hunger-strike. Her utter selflessness, the unbreakable energy of that frail body under the Cat-and-Mouse Bill (aptly compared to the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages, whose iron spikes slowly squeezed out the life of the victim), the noble eloquence which moved the prosecuting Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, to tears—these are beginning to tell even on the

clergy, always the last to recognise religion in its contemporary vesture. Even bishops have demanded the death of the Cat-and-Mouse Bill, that bungle of benevolence and barbarism devised in a panic to save the forms of Law, and carried finally through the House of Lords—whose function, according to Asquith, is to "impose delay"—in sixty seconds. But the Bill has been killed without prayers in aid. The prisoners have torn up their licences or sold them by auction—Mrs. Pankhurst's fetched a hundred pounds. Some have escaped, some have refused to quit the cell. Mrs. Pankhurst—a convict under three years' hard labour—left England, like her fellow-politicians, when the House rose: to recuperate for a lecture campaign in America. The suppressed *Suffragette* has a larger circulation than ever. The officials of the W.S.P.U., so recently condemned to long terms of durance, are at their desks in Kingsway, calmly pursuing the "criminal" routine of the office. "There is no coercive measure within the imagination of either men or devils," writes the *Suffragette*, "that the women of this Union cannot withstand, if not living, then dead." Yes, the Government lies paralysed and humiliated.

It is magnificent, but it is not the vote.*

IX.

Podsnaps, posing as open-minded, prattle that women ought to have the vote—excepting the Suffragettes, who have clearly shown themselves unfitted. The contrary is the more rational course. Every militant has earned a hundred votes. The weakness of the argument from martyrdom lies precisely in its irrelevance to the other women, the stodgy indifferentists or the angry Antis. But to impose freedom on those who would rather be slaves, like to impose insurance on those who would rather be feckless, is the task of Liberal statesmanship. To repudiate the task, to deny freedom even to those who demand it, is the negation of Liberalism. That some Conservatives, too, favour Female Suffrage only shows how overdue it is. Even the Anti-Suffrage Society of Mrs.

* Since this was written the Law has pounced afresh, but I leave the picture unchanged because it is so sure to come true again.

Humphry Ward demands municipal office for women. The vast transformations already effected in women's social, economic, and educational status call, in fact, for a correlative political revolution. To imagine it is "Votes for Women" that menaces the old order is to take the branch for the root. There is no anti-Suffragist M.P.—the Prime Minister not excluded—whose wife or daughter does not spout from political platforms. Not even Christabel Pankhurst is a keener politician than Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The errors of political novices adventuring in unmapped territory but offering their life for their cause will seem small to posterity in comparison with the Liberal Leader's sin against Liberalism. That the protagonist of the people, the historic overthrower of the Lords, should be the evil genius of the woman's movement, is a tragic paradox. Mr. Asquith is a statesman of grave and lofty conceptions and otherwise unblemished honesty, but his latest pose that there is little to be said on one side or the other is more amazing than his ancient antagonism. That was self-stultifying, but dignified; this is unpardonable frivolity. A recent cartoon in the *Suffragette* represents Justice as saying to him: "Why not give them the vote, and release me from tasks that are an outrage on my name?" And Mr. Asquith replies: "Now, enough of that, my woman, I've suspected all along you were on their side." If he did not suspect it all along, he suspects it now. And the public at large suspects it, and is more ready to receive Women's Suffrage than many a project which politicians palm off upon it. That Women's Suffrage will pass over the body of Mr. Asquith is one of the few certainties of the near future.

Art in America

By Aleister Crowley

"Nay, start not at the word! America!"
—SHELLEY.

HISTORY offers no parallel with the situation of Art in America. In the very flower-tide of English literature out go the Pilgrim Fathers with the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and John Bunyan, into a country whose natural beauties and whose natural rigours seem as if they would force art from out the veriest savages. The history of American development, one might hastily assert, offers every inducement to art in every form.

And yet the result is relative sterility. If we except Poe and Whitman in literature, Whistler and Sargent in painting, these remarks on Art in America seem likely to be as few as those on Snakes in Ireland.

Do we find anything that even aspires to be of the first rank? Poe is not in any sense a local bard: he is, of course, universal; yet he seems almost anti-local; most of his stories are drawn from the Old World, or might just as well have happened there. Whistler and Sargent never worked in America at all. The astounding inspiration of much of American scenery, ranging from the cliffs of Yosemite and Niagara to the plains of Texas and the Mississippi, fails to inspire the native. I have at my tongue's tip a dozen superb nature-pictures of their country —God's country! no empty boasting that!—and every one of them was written by an Irishman or a Scot.

Why could not Whistler have painted in the Yellowstone? The nearest he ever got to it was Valparaiso.

I think the truth of the matter lies in this, that where life is so abundant only the eldest souls can even begin to turn themselves to that quintessentialising of it which is the secret of art, and that such souls, overwhelmed by its immensity, or lacking in the youth of genius, have failed.

Even of those whom we may claim as at least candidates for election to the Elysian fields, we must remark that their output is infinitesimal. In prose, it is true, Poe managed to sustain himself in æther well enough, and *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* (too little known here) is a greater achievement than any of the shorter stories. But you can pack away his poetry into a hat-box. "The Raven" is, to my mind, a much over-rated piece; "The Bells" is as bad as Southey's "How the water comes down at Lodore." What remains? "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," "For Annie," "Al Aaraaf" (more or less), "Israfel," and three or four pieces which are barely more than stanzas.

All very exquisite, all lacking body, and all monotones in a single key.

I say this, although I consider Poe to have been one of the greatest men of his century. The thought in "Eureka," "Monos and Una," and one or two other essays, is profound and lofty. But there is little breadth in the depths. His philosophy is based not on a study of all human thought, but on odd books which drifted his way. He tried to make bricks without straw, and it was bad for his pyramid.

His book-learning, too, slight as it was, was too much valued. He is always hinting at his own scholarship. He was "cultured," though with enough real genius to laugh at the "frog-pond" of cultured Boston.

Of American culture, I have one perfect sample. Travelling from Nagasaki to Hong Kong, two mature maidens from Massachusetts discovered that I sometimes wrote, and "took me up." "And who," I asked, "is your favourite poet?"

A warm flush overspread each sallow cheek as the two thin mouths exclaimed "Rossetti!" "And which" (I tactlessly pursued) "which of his poems do you like the best?"

This remark closed the conversation. They had put the name Rossetti down in a note-book; and right there "culture" ended.

This I found characteristic of many American women. I have seen American girls in Italy laboriously writing down the names of more painters than I shall ever know, without any further comment than the dates at which they painted.

To ask a single question on the broadest lines was to court silence; in fact, it became the most useful method in my daily life and conversation.

The national American game is Poker; and as "calling," in artistic Jack-pots, costs nothing, it is a safe rule never to lay down your hand.

It is the same even with children. I once talked with a boy of thirteen years old, as bright and intelligent as I ever met. He knew no Latin or any modern language; he did not know where Berlin was; he knew the names of only eight of the States in his own country, although he was getting "a quarter" for every one he could name; he knew no arithmetic beyond the first four rules, and those he knew badly; his history was confined to George Washington and James G. Blaine, to the exclusion of such insignificant characters as Napoleon; and his other mental bunkers were equally empty of coal. He had excellent machinery; nothing for it to work with.

Now, one might expect a boy of this type—a type almost universal in America—to develop into an artist. He lived in Salt Lake City, but spent most of his year in California and Honolulu. Having nothing else to feed on, one would expect him to feed on his surroundings; and I cannot conceive of anything much more sublime. The Mormon adventure is one of the most romantic in the world's history; the ghastly grandeur of Utah is an epitome of death as Oahu and the Golden Gate are of life. The finest island in the world; the third finest harbour in the world; the most wonderful valley in the world; and the most admirable climate in the world; one of the most intoxicatingly varied populations in the world—what comes of it?

What do we know of the whole splendour of the people and the place? Just exactly what Robert Louis Stevenson has to tell us: "only that and nothing more!"*

This brings me back with a jerk to Edgar Allan Poe. He lives in a land whose every breath is lyric exaltation, and the only nature-poetry he gives us concerns Venice (in the "Assignation") and "the dark lake of Auber in the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," which is no more

* Lloyd Osbourne, however, is responsible for much of the best of my favourite novel *The Wrecker*.

American than Battersea Bridge. The only other picture that rises to my mind is "The House of Usher," which sounds more like Germany or Norfolk.

Whitman is almost equally unconvincing as far as scenery goes. The secret of all Nature-poetry is *the interpretation of every phenomenon as a direct dealing of God with the soul*, and Whitman rarely reaches to be more than a recorder or reflector of Nature. It stirs him at times to big thoughts, but hardly ever in that intimate manner, that sense of necessity, which we see in Keats, Coleridge, and even Wordsworth.

And yet he does something better than all this. He gets, as none other ever got it, the sense of vast open space and the vigorous autochthon rejoicing in his strength —man made one with the biggest kind of Nature.

Most of Poe's best scenery is pure imagination; for example, the matter of ice-lands in *Arthur Gordon Pym*; of the realists Mark Twain is the only one worth a moment's consideration. The Mississippi really seems to have impressed him; but it is only in rare moods, and these poetic moods are by no means his best. I find it difficult to refrain from shouting for joy at the immensity of those swirling waters. I understand Beethoven roaring at the sunrise. But Mark Twain at his best is a profaner of these sublimities; the shallow criticism is usually uppermost in his mind. Indeed, one wonders whether his deeper passages were not written just to show us that he could do it. With the obvious result that he shows us that he couldn't.

In fact, if we are to take the loftiness of the habitual plane of thought to be the first qualification of a great artist, Poe and Whitman stand alone.

Of these Poe, philosophy and all, is little more than "Thoughts on Death," a limitation as bad as that of Degas or Gustave Moreau. There is more deep and more varied thought in a single sonnet of Baudelaire. Poe lives principally by the vividness of his imagery and the excellence of his style. But Europe, in the same century, can name in literature alone fifty artists with superior vision and equal execution.

As to Whitman, I confess that I praise him with an exceeding bad grace. I am cursed with a public school and university education, though luckily I was born with

enough native sense to shirk the soulless ritual of it so far as might be, and its bad influence has been corrected by years of wandering in the wilds. How the "scholar" can pretend to admire Whitman one can only explain by theories highly discreditable to the scholar. But, however we may despise the scholar, there are yet natural laws of rhythm. I do not argue that we know them all; on the contrary, I expect every new artist to declare new laws. But I deny that Whitman did so.

As an artist, he appears to me incomparably deficient. There is not one line whose music is retained by memory; I simply fail to understand the people who talk of his "subtle rhythm." I am deaf to it. And though his thought is so finely pantheistic, now and again, what point is there in the quotations from the catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores which make up three-quarters of his work? A great mind, perhaps; it seems to me as if that mind had been overwhelmed by the immensity of its material. He obtained such mystic rapture from every object that he could do nothing but scribble down its name!

He has been most praised, too, and has probably achieved most fame, by the perfectly gratuitous coarseness of his phrase whenever that phrase becomes articulate.

It is rather like Satan rebuking sin; but I think that the passage in *A Woman Waits for Me* ending with the words "accumulated within me" is revolting and beastly.

Quite right, someone will say, that pure beastliness should find expression; the point of view is as well worth recording as any other. Whitman has no doubt expressed the gross animal instinct which growls in man, and I think no man before Whitman ever consciously expressed it to himself. But is it art? Is there any merit in this expression? Is there melody, or fitness of any kind, in it? Why is this more poetic than the remarks expressed in even simpler (and therefore better) language on the walls of our "Vespasiennes"?

What said Blake? "Everything that lives is holy"; "the lust of the goat is the Glory of God";—true as truth itself.

But "truth is beauty," too; and the truth of life is not beautiful like the truth of Art, because Art selects the essential truth, the truth that is common to all, the "thing-

in-itself," and declares that truth in fitting language. Whitman's language is occasionally not fitting; it is filthy; it has no link with eternal truth such as is given by beauty of expression, by style, which manifests the internal harmony of the universe.

We should not tolerate such language even in a newspaper, even in a modern 'drawing-room whose conversation is confined to enlightened comment upon the works of Professor Von Krafft-Ebing; but we must praise it, must we, "because Whitman saw the great vision of the Universal Unity"? Every artist sees this vision; every truly religious person sees this vision; many of them have deemed it most fitting to express this vision by symbolising it as Sex; but not one has made the indecent gesture. In India many millions worship the Shivalingam; it is represented over and over again in every temple in every material and every size; but there is never anything to shock or to disgust. It is not a question of morality —Whitman's morals are in all respects admirably clean— but of decency; and Whitman's indecencies—I have not quoted the worst—seem to me as pointless and inane as those of a crew of drunken sailors in a Limehouse bar. Even in the cleaner poems, the "Song of Myself," the "Song of the Open Road," one gets this conviction of the domination of mind by matter which is to me the supreme horror. That and the monstrous egoism of the man, the bombast and crudity alike of thought and utterance, leave me with the feeling that I did well indeed to close my Whitman after a conscientious perusal, never to open it again, at least with the idea of obtaining anything of worth.

I think that the real ground of his reputation lies in the very uncouthness of his form, and in the fact that one said: "Here is an American voice in tune with the most advanced voices of Europe." Max Nordau, too, in classing him with the great men whom his spite prompted him to spit upon from an altitude about a million miles beneath their boots, gave him an altogether false importance.

In Art a man's views count for nothing. It is a curious paradox that a man can only write if he is so white-hot over something that his work pours through him, not from him; and yet it is not of the least importance what that something is.

I agree with Walter Pater; but I know that Bunyan, with whom I disagree, was first-rate, and Pater second-rate.

What does it matter whether anyone *is* right? If he *does* right, it will last.

This tirade is, however, to be taken as from the point of view of the purely literary mind. It is easy enough for the university-trained European to avoid the blunders which shock purists in Walt Whitman, and we consequently obtain a quite false idea that such European work is "good."

From the philosophical, and even more from the human view, Whitman is an artist supreme in so far as he mirrors the spirit of his time and country. He has the childish petulance and bombast and enthusiasm, the gross, naked lust and the ultra-refined delicacy, the essential rough vigour, the hurry, the conceit, the egoism, the astounding incompetence and the still more astounding capacity, the Jingoism, even the cant, of the American-as-he-is-in-himself, the Yank *an sich*. I find meaning even in the strings of names; I understand how, in a country so new and generous, the mere crying of the names of things fills the soul with ecstasy—the ecstasy of poetry. Whitman says "lint, bandages, iodoform" as the Greeks said "Thalassa! Thalassa!"* and thereby conjures a vision of all the heroism and suffering of the War of Secession. That war was never sung as we understand song. But there is many a heart to thrill at "O tan-faced prairie boy." Two "lines" which are not lines! Yet the superhuman rapture of an unexpected love in the open air—not beyond the experience, I hope, of those who live there!—is given, naked and gorgeous beyond all royal pomp, in those two lines that are not lines.

All this America is crude, formless, hurried, crowded. There is little real music, even of the simpler lyric sort, in the Americans. "Culture" is a pose; even common education sits ill on him. We must not expect his literature to follow our lines. His literature is to come. We shall know when it does—it will be stupendous, it will be gigantic and elemental beyond all our experience. It will not keep our rules. It can only come with a settlement of some

* All language is hieroglyphic, from the blessed word Mesopotamia downwards. When I was a child my favourite Bible readings were the genealogies with the far-resounding names.

of the main social and political problems; but when it does, we shall, I believe, clearly recognise Walt Whitman as the fountain and origin of it all.

I am well aware that I am thus placing on the highest of all possible pinnacles a man whom I detest and despise; but I deliberately do so. A Balaam come to judgment!

Whitman is America. He is the real thing, the spirit of the new continent made word. Not the voice of imported culture, or of any other thing inessential. He is raw, untutored, tameless, crude, the America of the War. I have lived on the prairie myself, and I recognise the note.

The claims of Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier and the rest are more easily dealt with. Emerson's ruggedness saves him from the barber's-assistant fate of the others. In some ways Emerson is quite the greatest of the Americans. His outlook is wide, and his thought profound; but his speech (as far as the poetry is concerned) is very imperfect, and (as far as the prose is concerned) too perfect, while the quantity of his best work is quite negligible if we think of Carlyle, or Nietzsche. Nor do the Essays rank with Bacon or Montaigne.

Longfellow is merely the polite professor; he has little learning, even for an undergraduate, and he has never penetrated a single μ into the varnish of any 'drawing-room idea. Smooth, shallow optimism, a faith even more frock-coated and silk-hatted than Tennyson's, a style absolutely wooden.

Said Poe, having printed a long passage of "Evangeline" as prose: "There is good, respectable prose, and no one will ever again run the danger of mistaking it for poetry."

There are one or two lyrics, good second-class: for example:

> "The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night
> As a feather is wafted downward
> From an eagle in its flight."

That is fairly fine poetry. It is simple; the image is clear and coherent, as well as beautiful; and the infinite purpose of the Universe is suggested by the introduction of the eagle. But there is not much else of this calibre;

most of Longfellow is pop-gun loaded with pop-corn. Bryant is, on the whole, even more spectacled than Longfellow; and Whittier is little better than Moody and Sankey.

If most of these people had lived in England, should we have had a quarter as much fuss made about them? But in the desert which Childe Roland crossed "a burr had been a treasure-trove."

Of Bryant the bes quotations which Poe (who was trying to extol him) can find are this sort of thing:

> "And what if cheerful shouts at noon
> Come, from the village sent,
> Or songs of maids beneath the moon
> With fairy laughter blent?
> And what if, in the evening light,
> Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
> Of my low monument?

Echo answers "what?"

A sonnet beginning

> "Ay, thou art for the grave,"

ends

> "We will trust in God to see thee yet again."

After this we wonder if Poe was not smiling softly to himself in concluding his appreciation:

"He is married (Mrs. Bryant still living), has two daughters (one of them Mrs. Parke Godwin), and is residing for the present at Vice-Chancellor McCown's, near the junction of Warren and Church Streets."

Walter Savage Landor was an exile in Italy, and in any case I find it difficult to read him. How he came to conquer Swinburne one cannot imagine, unless one knows all about Swinburne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving are difficult to rank in the first class. The sentimentality of the one and the obviousness of the other are enough to bar them from the Immortals. And Hawthorne at least was caught red-handed in a very open plagiary. In their time and place, however, they stood for a good deal of good. They did excellent work of its kind. R.I.P.

Of others who had their measure of fame some seventy years ago, there are some surprisingly facile writers.

Amelia Welby has these excellent lines. I cannot quote better from any English writer:

"And softly through the forest bars
Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float even in, like wingèd stars,
Amid the purpling glooms."

and keeps it up, more or less, for nearly fifty lines.

But this is a very solitary swallow.

May I be pardoned a note of flippancy in dealing with the rank and file? Their names are forgotten even by their umquhile flatterers. I revive them because one or two of them were most richly endowed by Mr. Robert Ross' favourite 10th Muse—the "Muse of Bad Poetry."

Seba Smith, for instance, became immortal on this:

"But bravely to the river's brink
I led my warrior train,
And face to face each glance they sent
We sent it back again.
Their werowance looked stern at me,
And I looked stern at him."

Of the Channings, one need only remark that the uncle was a pedant, and the nephew an ignoramus.

Kentucky, however, produced a very fine few lines from the pen of a Mr. William Wallace.

He saw:

"A swathe of purple, gold and amethyst
And luminous, behind the billowing mist
Something that looked to my young eyes like God."

Of course, one might object to mixing purple and amethyst; but the last two lines are first-class. Only—only—only—there it seems to stop. He never wrote anything else.

Anna Lewis talks about "Rapine and Vice" disporting "on Glory's gilded tomb" and "the dark inscrutable decrees of Fate," and we pass rapidly to the Reverend Joel T. Headley, who wrote the most comic account of the Crucifixion that has ever been penned. It is impossible to transcribe it, unless in a professedly religious journal, without risking the ire of Mr. Joseph McCabe and the other supporters of the Laws against Blasphemy.

George P. Morris, of whom I know little but that he

is dead, appears to have been the original of Frederick E. Weatherley and Mr. Clifton Bingham.

There seems also to have been a Robert M. Bird, who would have imitated Sir Walter Scott well enough if his mind had not so constantly wandered.

And there was undoubtedly one Cornelius Mathews, who burst his poetic gun the very first time he fired it.

W. G. Simms was at one time exceedingly popular as a writer of short stories; they resemble those of Poe, but lack alike his genius and his style. Still, they were good enough to alarm the older writer, and perhaps it is a pity that they are now only to be found in the national collections.

Ambrose Bierce has at least one magnificent short story to his credit.

James Russell Lowell is better known in England than any of the last dozen I have mentioned; but his work is altogether without merit. It is the worst Journalese, and the man was hardly better than a political hack. His success is worth no more than that of a new kind of pole-cat might be.

The only touch of true satire that I recall is the excellent

> "I dew believe in Freedom's cause,
> As fur away as Paris is."

Henry James, good or bad, is too important and too *sub judice* to discuss in this brief appreciation of the literary stars that spangle Old Glory.

Another writer well-known in England is Fennimore Cooper. He, again, succeeded chiefly by the novelty of his themes; his method is stilted, and after all he is only boyhood's friend. That I still like him only proves—what everybody knows—that I have never grown up.

But I do like him, and, if pressed, will maintain against the world that his pictures of the manners of an extinct race may be one day the most trustworthy data that posterity can command. (But what has that to do with Art?)

There are some dozens of others, Sprague, Dana, Hulleck, Willis, Hoyt, Hunt, Authon, Bush, Cheever, Mowatt, Francis, English, Stephens, Cranch, Dyckink, Aldrich, Kirkland, Fuller, Epes Sargent, W. W. Lord, Sedgwick, Clark, Walsh, Child, Hewitt Hoffman, Ward,

Richard Adams Locke, Wilmer, Kettell, Brainard, Hirst, Drake, and the prince of them all, Rufus Dawes, author of "Geraldine" with its immortal climax:

> "He laid her gently down, of sense bereft,
> And sank his picture on her bosom's snow,
> And close beside these lines in blood he left:
> Farewell for ever, Geraldine, I go
> Another woman's victim—dare I tell?
> 'Tis Alice—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!"

Of all these there is not one whose name is to-day familiar to any American of whom I have inquired, though W. W. Lord made a big bid for fame—of a sort—by his impudence in publishing

> "And the agèd beldames napping,
> Dreamed of gently rapping, rapping,
> With a hammer gently tapping,
> Tapping on an infant's skull."

Ward is best known by his

> "Bees buzzed, and wrens that thronged the rushes
> Poured round incessant twittering gushes."

and the inimitable

> "Oh, curl in smiles that mouth again,
> And wipe that weeper dry!"

I momentarily forget—the world will remember—who wrote:

> "His sinuous path, by blazes, wound
> Amongst trunks grouped in myriads round."

But it matters nothing. The conclusion of the whole matter is that English is rare—one gets constantly "done" for "did," "took" for "taken," and the like—music rarer still, imagery and thought alike almost never stirring from the commonplace unless to fall into the abyss of the absurd.

I have not exhausted the list of claimants to literary fame; but Mark Twain's "James Ragsdale McClintock," whoever he was, is not really very much worse than the rest.

I have a prize specimen of my own, but (for all I know) he is still living, while this article is principally concerned with the dead, and, besides, I have endeavoured elsewhere to divert the discerning public very greatly with him in an article entirely devoted to so rare a bird.

We can then fold our wings sadly over our faces when

we contemplate the past (in this article I avoid dealing with the present) of American literature.

It must, however, be remembered that it dates back very few years indeed. There are no American contemporaries of even Shelley. Why should there have been? They were too busy as pioneers. The only bright spot is the humour; and of course humour is the most perishable of all commodities. American humour, especially, depends almost entirely on local realism; and the railway changes that.

When we turn to Art, it is an even blanker prospect. After Whistler and Sargent, the former not even really an American, and both exiles from America by adoption, there is literally nobody at all till we strike the geological stratum of Penrhyn Stanlaws (whose name is Adamson, and whose birthplace Dundee!) and Charles Dana Gibson, of whose parentage one neither knows nor wishes to know anything.

One may reproach me with forgetting Alexander Harrison, who once painted two quite passable pictures, by accident, at the age of 32 to 33, "The Wave" and "In Arcady." The former of these is actually the first purely marine picture ever painted, and one may consequently class the artist with the immortals for historical importance. But of course he has always lived and worked in France, and he has never added a third passable picture to the former two.

Turn to music: I do not know of anything, except McDowell's work, which even pretends to be ambitious, or to have any real connection with anything beyond musical comedy and dollars.

The only American sculptor that I know of is a Lithuanian living in Paris.

No American actress has made any mark on serious acting, but that question is beside the point. Nearly all actors are Jews, in America as elsewhere. Only one really great singer has hailed from Columbia, and one incomparable dancer. I speak of Jenny Lind and Isadora Duncan.

Even the national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," is little better than a parody of "God Save the King"; and I have heard the Imperial Japanese Band at a State festival perform "After the Ball" under the impression

that it was the National Anthem of their guests of the evening.

It may be remarked in passing that America has only produced one really great man of science—Simon Newcomb. The boasted inventions of the Americans do not exist.* What they invent is "notions" based on the discoveries of others. Edison is merely an organiser and adapter of scientific brains. The telephone itself was due to Bell, an Englishman. I cannot think of any one scientific discovery of the first importance which was made in the United States. In Europe we had Kelvin, Helmholtz, Hertz, Haeckel, Darwin, Young, Lister, Pasteur—the pen runs on, one could fill a page from memory. I studied chemistry, physics, and biology pretty thoroughly at one time; I do not recall any American name in the text-books. Such men as we know are people like Tesla and Lowell, who are not even serious. We must absolve America from Tesla, however, as he is but a recently imported product. In medicine the only name that occurs is Weir-Mitchell, and all that he did was to point out that over-worked people had better stay in bed. Of course, there is an enormous amount of work of second-rate importance; but none of the first rank.

As to philosophy, we have even less material for our criticism. The earliest figure in American philosophical literature of any notoriety is George Starkey, the alchemist. There is, however, nothing very distinctive about him; it needs an expert to tell him from Fludd, Ripley, or Sendivogius.

After him, no name awakes in memory until Emerson, and Emerson did nothing particularly new; William James is the only name that occurs to me with anything like a feeling of respect.†

A sorry story!

And why is it? Why is it that with everything in favour of new birth, of "variation," we find so very little born? Consider the astounding avidity with which the American

* It must be understood that the author is expressing purely personal opinions, for which, editorially, we are nowise responsible.—Ed.

† That feeling is, however, very strong; I think "Varieties of Religious Experience" one of the most important books ever published. But why did the good man waste such a lot of time on Mrs. Piper? Automatic writing will never open the Gates of Immortality.

swallows every kind of idea, the rage for literature, the subsidising of Art, the passion for music. Consider even the new blood that pours into the States to the tune of two millions a year from every art-producing country in Europe: and wonder grows, and grows.

Americans say that the immigrants are the scum of Europe. Perhaps, but they beat the native out of most of his money and power in no time. Isn't there a touching song about the "poor exile of Erin" who in a fortnight became "Alderman Mike inthrojuicing a bill"?

There is, firstly, the question of the critical faculty. This is curiously infantine in nearly all Americans. A man will determine to study philosophy. To whom does he go? To Kant? To Hume? To Aristotle? Dear me, no! he is quite happy with Fra Elbertus, with his sham Kelmscott Press and his platitudes, or with Swami Vivekananda, that burliest of Babus. It never strikes him to refer to the Upanishads, from which Vivekananda derived all that is of value in his work.

He is satisfied with any good machine-made stuff; he really thinks that Swinburne was "the English Ella Wheeler Wilcox." When it comes to criticism of "old masters," he rarely looks at them with the eyes that God has given him; he looks through the spectacles of a guide-book.

Not that the English are not equally incapable in this respect; but they appear less ignorant, because they are fixed in traditional opinions which are (on the whole) right. The American cannot stay there; he is restless; he wants to know—and this will ultimately save him—but as yet he has only learnt to know *viâ* Baedeker, and the moment he is off the track he is hopelessly lost.

The Englishman would be as bad, but he knows the danger, and confines himself to the remark that Shakespeare was a great poet. Show him the Futurists, and he holds out a confiding hand to any professional or amateur leg-puller that may be about.

The "ministry of all the talents" of Art—Leader, Marcus Stone, Poynter, Leighton, Sidney Cooper, and so on—do well enough in England; anything like genius is suspect, as Beardsley found. But the American cannot distinguish between Goya and Gerald Kelly; and if he prefers Leader

to the others, it is because he remembers "some scandal about a swan." No artist has any advantage with an American; he is perfectly fair, and if he were not also perfectly ignorant, he would make an ideal critic. As a matter of fact, I have sometimes met Americans whose native good sense made them finely appreciative of good work. But they are too often "put off their game" by the comments of "cultured" posers, usually of that Press which has discovered that "woman is the market," and thought it best to write down to the assumed level of woman's intellect.

Now, as Wilde urged, criticism is the foundation of creation; at least, it is the negative side of creation. And so, with no power of selection from the enormous mass of material at his disposal, he is entirely incompetent to do much more than copy the people he admires. In England we find people imitating Keats, or Swinburne, or Tennyson; in America they can sometimes be found doing their best to produce replicas of Anthony Hope!

The second point for our consideration is that of climate. I am sometimes tempted to believe that climate is the only thing that matters. Now New York, for example, is in the latitude of Madrid, and can be a great deal hotter than Madrid. The people consequently tend to behave like the Madrileños. However, the old Puritan conscience is in absolute antipathy to the lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily frame of mind. So the people "get a move on" and restlessly rage throughout the day—and get nothing done. "Festina lente" and "More haste, less speed" ought to be painted up at every street corner in New York.

Of course, this condition of things does not obtain in every town or in the country.

Toronto makes a Sunday in a Scotch village seem like a hashish dream!

In short, there is every variety of life and every variety of scene, and every variety of climate and surroundings.

How is it that every variety is barren? One might not expect a Goethe or a Rodin; there is—outside the cities, where any work is impossible owing to the jolting—a sort of isolation from the pulse of the world which might (conceivably—though I don't see why it should) inhibit the manifestation of that cosmic sense which is

the principal asset of the artist; but at least America might have produced a Herrick or a Burns. The continent is epic in mass, lyric in detail, dramatic in motion, dithyrambic in rest—and nothing comes of it. Is it because there is no settled order of things, no standard acquiesced in for centuries? Sometimes I think it must be that. Archimedes must have a fulcrum for his lever. In Europe the overturning of the dynasties has usually been the signal for an outburst of every kind of art. Here, however, there is in a sense nothing to overturn. People drift from Methodism to Zionism through Theosophy, Christian Science and Nut-foodism, without a single wavelet over their mental gunwale. If you tell a man that black is white, he gets thoughtful, and says: "Yes, stranger, I guess that is so."

Nothing is a shock; nothing shatters a great citadel in the soul. Hence no fireworks when the fortress falls, which it does at the blast of no ram's horn, but at the rattling of dried peas in an ass's skull!

If this is not a satisfactory explanation, one must fall back upon the old platitudes about America being a "very *young* country." It is true: there is so much to do that no one has time to reflect. Poetry is born in the stillness of the soul; boredom is one of its chief stimuli.

The actual life of America is anything but favourable to art production; and there is such exuberance of vitality that there is no need of its concentration. America, too, is a great place for mute inglorious Miltons; a thousand poets might write masterpieces, and we never hear of it. The commercialism of the country is too rampant.

And yet (in conclusion!) the record of America is not bad. Giant inducements, no doubt, but also giant obstacles, and this—deeper and higher than all—that, take one thing with another, man is not equal to his circumstances. Art comes when man has understood his milieu, mastered his life.

There is one poet who has spent most of his life among mountains. He has sung a good deal of the hills of Cumberland, written a little of the Alps, made a poem or so on the mountains of Mexico, an allusion here and there to the Himalayas, though he spent more time in the last than the first, and the impression was a thousandfold more

intense. The Himalayas are too big for anyone to sing, and America is all Himalayas of one kind or another.

No doubt, when immigration stops, when the negro problem, and the Japanese problem, and the labour problem, and the political problem, and all the rest of the problems are solved, when a class arises which has time to reflect upon life instead of living it, American art will lead the world.

Until then, the theme is likely to continue to overwhelm the artist. Whitman alone has risen to the height of destiny; and Whitman was baulked by his own mind. He was Being without Form, as Poe was Form without Being; and creation is the marriage of these twain.

The Captive

By Oliver Sandys

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THE *chota* Ranee—little in stature and little in the eyes of her lord because she had not borne unto him a child—slid her small-boned hand between the bars of Shahanshah's royal prison-house. Shahanshah stopped in his endless, restless walk to lick her brown fingers with his rough tongue. She rubbed his ear. He purred.

The *chota* Ranee called to one of her eunuchs:

"Place him on a leash and give him to me. I would play with him."

So she led Shahanshah by a silken cord to her apartments, he padding gracefully at her heels.

"Lie down, thou."

Shahanshah, accustomed to the tones of her voice, stretched himself on the matting and blinked topaz eyes at her. The little Queen tickled his neck. He liked that, rolled on his back, all four paws in the air, playful, half tiger, half cub. His own dam would not have known him. He was as a great white cat; for the little Queen had had him bleached to suit her fancy.

Shahanshah had not been born in captivity, but he was a baby when he was brought to the palace. The *chota* Ranee had fed him by hand from a baby's feeding-bottle. He was her baby, her pet and her plaything. She liked him better than her life-sized clockwork doll that said "papa" and "mama" in English; better than the jig-saw puzzle given to her by an English lady; better than the plastic substance introduced to her by an English child, which could be moulded into Buddhas or pigs at will; better than her necklace of uncut stones, which comprised a pigeon's-blood ruby as large as an Indian fowl's egg.

Shahanshah was alive, something to love, still infantile in her eyes, though growing tiger every day.

While she caressed him the *chota* Ranee crooned.

"Shahanshah! *Piya*—beloved! Shall I tell thee a woman's secret? Thou art a little tiger, but upon thee I have poured out all the love that was in my heart for the child denied me. I have held thy little furry body in arms that ached to rock a *butcha* until the ache has grown less. Now I kiss thee under thy soft chin—so! run my finger against thy bottom row of tiny teeth. Alas, how sharp they are becoming, Shahanshah! See now, I place thy *panja* against my cheek. Ah, if thou didst but know thy strength, thy claws could tear it like a ribbon. Soft as my cheek are thy pads, *pritam*! Now hearken while I tell thee a tale.

"An impudent hare in the presence of a tigress addressed her thus: 'O tigress, of me every year there are many young ones, but of thee during the whole of thy life there are but two or three.' The tigress, because of her mightiness made answer gently: 'What thou sayest is true. But mock not. Of me, indeed, there may be only one young one in all my life, but that one is a tiger!'

"So, Shahanshah, see thou, thy strength is so great that Nature ordains that thy mother, like a woman, shall not multiply too freely. Else would tigers and men overflow the earth.

"Is it possible I may have done thee a wrong in making thee captive, *larla*? Wouldst thou reproach me? Lash thy tail then, that I may know thou art displeased. I have robbed thee of a jungle home, but I have given thee a palace. Thou hast not to seek thy food. It is brought to thee on a lordly dish. Little tiger, dost thou miss the hunt, the kill? Why—then thou shalt know it!"

The *chota* Ranee jumped to her feet. She clapped her hands, summoning a eunuch.

"At mid-day, Shahanshah's feeding-hour, set a live kid in his *kathar*. Let him kill and eat."

The eunuch answered with hesitation, for the little Queen had more authority in her little finger than the two other Ranees in the whole of their indolent bodies.

"*Unchai*—highness! It is not good to give aught but dead meat to a tiger in captivity, for warm blood to a wild beast is as intoxicating as *bang* to men."

The *chota* Ranee stamped her little foot, setting all the golden *jhunjhuni* bells on it a-tinkling.

"Do as I bid, *kutta*!"

So Shahanshah was led back again to his cage.

At mid-day the bars were slidden back, and a young kid thrust in. At sight of Shahanshah it froze to stone. It could not move. Now Shahanshah was hungry. He had been expecting his usual meal of red dead meat. He looked at the kid indifferently, uncomprehendingly, until he saw the fear in the pretty animal's eyes. He trotted up to it, smelt it, lifted a giant paw and drew it across the kid's back, speculatively. The kid screamed with a terror that was almost human in tone, and struggled. Shahanshah's claws unsheathed. Shahanshah drew blood, tasted it and found it good. His mighty jaws widened, closed and killed. . . . Shahanshah gorged himself to repletion. Afterwards he lay down at full contented stretch. His jaws and whiskers were stained. His forepaws bore a ruddy tint. He slept. Presently his paws twitched in dream-motion, his muscles contracted, his body heaved. Shahanshah had race-dreams that day.

He dreamt that his cage had no bars and that he stalked prey in the moonlight. Low-stretched and swift, all his nerves tingling with the fever of the chase, a thousand new and earthy odours in his nostrils, he struck and killed. Now he was among great trees, and the soil soft under foot; then on stony, shelving ground that led to flowing water, where he drank his fill. Further on he found himself amidst tall grasses meeting overhead, a forest within a forest. He dreamt with fierce vividness that he fought with others of his kind for the favours of a young, slim tigress, who lay lashing her tail, watching the fray, licking herself. In his dream he conquered, and head erect approached her. She purred at him, playfully smote him. He bit her lovingly, and with the taste of her fur in his mouth awoke—with his teeth fastened on the iron bars of his cage.

Shahanshah gave a whimper that grew into a roar, and the restless walk to and fro, back and forth, began. He roared again, calling back his dream. The little Queen, stirring in her afternoon sleep, murmured to herself: "Peradventure the live meat hath given Shahanshah indigestion!"

Shahanshah refused dead meat next day.

"His stomach is still full," said the little Queen when she was told. "Tempt him again at even."

At even he turned his eyes from the sight of food, yet roared hungrily. For two days he refused to eat.

The little Queen again came to the cage and put her hand through the bars.

"What ails thee, Shahanshah?" she asked. "I love thee. Thou must not fast and die."

Shahanshah smelt at her finger, and licked and licked until his rough tongue almost laid the flesh bare . . . and fear came into the Ranee's eyes. She withdrew her hand quickly. Shahanshah glared at her, and raised his voice, crying aloud to the four walls of his prison for live meat and a mate. The cage was shaken by the volume of harsh sound. He dug his claws into the woodwork, bit at it. Still he refused dead meat.

The more keen his hunger the more his dreams recurred, only they were waking visions now. Always of stalking, killing, fighting, loving. Stronger than his desire for food was the craving to make real that memory of the sinuous, teasing, yielding mate. Another two days he starved and his flanks grew lean. He listened not to the tender tones of the *chota* Ranee's voice; nor was he led on a silken leash to her apartments.

"The tiger that has tasted warm blood craves for more," the eunuch said. "Night and day he roars. Hear him now, *Hazrat*. Shall I give him live meat?"

"Nay, wait till he is hungrier, and then give him meat that has been slain," shuddered the little Queen.

She came and looked at him and went away and came again. Like a mother when she sees her son on the threshold of manhood and knows he hungers for the unknown, did the *chota* Ranee feel about Shahanshah. And the thought hurt, as it hurts all mothers—hurt her more because she was lonelier than most. But she knew that if she would regain the once-docile Shahanshah she must let him starve till he took kindly to his food again. She could not know his dreams. That it was the mating season had no significance for her. She hardly ever saw her lord now.

So, for four days Shahanshah starved. On the fourth night, waking as usual from his dreams to pace and pace

and roar, he stopped in a frenzy of captivity and shook and clawed and bit at his bars, hurling himself against the iron door. It had been carelessly latched by the attendant, and it flew open.

For one second Shahanshah stood stupidly looking through the black void, his flaming eyes reflecting a far-off beam of light that stabbed the darkness. The next, he bounded forward, crept through the courtyard into the palace gardens and stopped, sniffing the air, scenting the outer world.

He heard cries, saw the flare of torches. He leapt to cover and crouched there, ready to spring and tear and fight for freedom if the torch-light found him out.

For hours he lay in ambush while the search went on, his heart pounding against his ribs, motionless all of him, except for tail that lashed from side to side. He could not still it.

At last the cries grew fainter, and the torches specks of light in the distance as they faded away. The lights of the palace went out. Shahanshah arose.

In the palace, at that moment, the little Queen heard a roar, and caught in it the triumphant note of freedom, and another, fierce, a call, a cry, and a demand in one.

"That is Shahanshah," she said, and wept, and stretched out slender arms into the darkness.

By daybreak Shahanshah had put leagues between himself and the palace. Instinct took him from the habitation of man straight to the jungle depths. It was all as in his dream, ay, and more! With great leaps he bounded through the jungle tracks, sharpened his claws on the bark of trees, became intoxicated with the ecstasy of freedom and the sense of space. Here was no pacing back and forth, but on and ever on! He caught and killed, and ate, making up for the four drear days of abstinence; and killed again, not for food, but for the very joy of killing. Then came the need for rest.

Again instinct helped him. He sought for high and rocky ground, found it, and in a cavity chose his lair. Before he crouched he sniffed the upper scent. It brought him trace of something intimate, the essence of his own kind. He nosed it in serene enjoyment, in ardent anticipation of intercourse to come. He slept, not heavily as in his cage,

but with sharpened senses, so that in the muted hours of early dawn his twitching ears detected the drumming of a deep purr in his proximity.

He awoke refreshed, keenly alive to the new sensation of unhampered freedom. A new-born caution sent him stealthily forth into the light of day. Alert, creeping sinuously, he nosed the rocks around. A gregarious instinct led him on. Presently the earth fumed pungent to his nostrils. Following the scent he turned a corner of the rock and from a cleft there, framed in the blackness of the opening, was met by amber eyes as steadfast as his own. Shahanshah purred a greeting. None came from the cleft. He drew again behind the rock and waited.

Without warning or a sound to tell of their approach, four tawny shapes, beautifully striped, came into view. They halted, eyed him askance, and changed direction.

Shahanshah padded after and caught up with the rearmost. The four stood at bay. One, the largest and oldest, blinked at him disparagingly.

Halting speech—the language of the untamed, soundless to other ears than theirs—came to Shahanshah.

"I am a little tiger," he said, and advanced in friendly fashion.

The big tiger instantly drew back. Shahanshah did not understand. Were his own kind afraid of him? Why did they shun him?

The big tiger addressed the other three. "This a tiger? Look upon him. He is neither spotted like Naga, the leopard, nor striped and the colour of the jungle like ourselves. Our eyes have not seen another like him. Behold, he is the colour of Man, who points with a stick whence comes fire and death. He is not of us!"

He turned and, the others with him, left Shahanshah alone among the rocks.

Then Shahanshah realised, knowing not why, that he was white, and that they had bright skins the colour of their eyes, striped vividly with black. And because of this difference they would have none of him.

Yet they were his kindred. He knew it. By sense of smell, by union of thought, by inner consciousness, he was sure of it. Nevertheless they avoided him. He was an outcast. The ban of the jungle was upon him. Akin to

no other animal by reason of his colour, he was shunned by all, feared by some.

And Shahanshah knew the meaning of a loneliness more terrible than the loneliness of captivity. . . . At night he stalked his prey alone. He fed alone. Alone he sought his lair. No mate would share the outcast's solitude. The colour of his skin forbade it. And this was tragedy; for it is a law of the jungle that each and every animal shall mate in due season, and the female bear her kind.

Freedom and food alone could not satisfy Shahanshah. Nature ever impelled him in unceasing, unavailing search for a mate until the season waned and left him only liberty and loneliness.

Then came the great Change. Shahanshah began to shed his coat, and beneath the old fur that hung in patches there showed a tawny yellow barred with black. He rolled among the jungle-growth, rubbed his lean flanks against the rocks, aiding the nature-process. In time he outwardly became as others of his kind, but fiercer, stronger, because of husbanded strength and youth. No longer was he shunned. In him the young tigers saw a rival now. Long and desperate would the fighting be when, in the next mating season, tigers paired afresh.

In that season Shahanshah won his place in the jungle by claw and fang, and knew the taste of victory, and later the sweetness of companionship, of hunting in couple, sharing food by night and resting-place by day. His was the fulness of life now. He was very tender with his mate. Like himself she was young; and they romped as kittens do, with nuzzling of wet noses, the nibbling of fur, the make-believe of snarl and snap and the play of fight.

One day Shahanshah, hunting alone, heard the cry of an animal in distress. Stalking it by sound, he came upon it, and with surprise found himself regarding a tame buffalo-calf. The quarry was new to him. One of its feet was tethered to the ground; the bower by which it stood, a thing of branch and leaf, differed from the forest growth. The strange picture puzzled Shahanshah, but it did not trouble him. Here was meat; his for the taking. He crouched and sprang, struck fair, and then something fell, and he and the calf were both engulfed.

The trap—for such it was—closed down, firm and un-

yielding. Fiercely Shahanshah struggled, furiously he roared. Pinned by a heavy log across his loins, he bit and rent in vain, and spent himself. His strength lapsed, his roars of rage and pain grew weak; but they had reached his mate. She answered, and sped swiftly to the call.

But ere she reached him another was upon the scene. To Shahanshah in his agony there came the acrid scent of Man, and then the sight of Man. Fear seized him—a new fear born of freedom. It inspired him to one last desperate struggle to break forth.

In the midst of it he suddenly desisted. From the bushes facing him a pair of yellow eyes were gazing into his, marvelling at his exertions. He knew them for his mate's and raised a plaintive cry for help. She moved. So did the Man from his *machan* in the tree. His arms were raised, and in his hands something long and black whose rounded mouth gaped on the tigress for a brief moment. The next, it spurted red; a deafening crash broke upon the ear, and Shahanshah saw his mate leap high and fall without a sound.

The man was joined by others. The jungle echoed to their voices, jubilant yet harsh. Listening, Shahanshah trembled, unaware that the one who had slain his mate was lord of the *chota* Ranee of his whelp-hood; knowing nothing of the Rajah's promise to secure for her a living tiger to replace the long-lost Shahanshah.

He was taken from the trap, bound with cords, strung up in netting and carried off. His mate's limp body, too, was strung upon a pole. He saw . . . and hated Man.

The *chota* Ranee, little in stature—but no longer little in the eyes of her lord since she had borne him a man-child—stood with that child in her arms outside the royal prison-house of Shahanshah. In her ignorance, because his coat had altered, she called him by another name. It was feeding time, and soon he would be given dead meat.

"Look, son of mine!" said the Ranee. "Yonder is a tiger! *Bagh*—say '*bagh*.' We do not care for him now, wherefore we shall make a gift of him to the English menagerie in the Khootan Gardens. There, when thou canst walk on these two little feet, *humara baba*, thou shalt be taken to see him in his new cage, and thou shalt learn to

read the English words printed there: 'WAHSHI. Presented to the Khootan Menagerie by the Rajah of Khootan and Gālimundi.'"

She hugged the baby closer to her.

"Long ago, before thou lay beneath my heart, here in this cage I had a soft, tame pet. All white I caused him to be made. His name was Shahanshah, and I loved him a very little. He was young and gentle. But come, this Wahshi is a great wild beast, and I am tired of him."

She turned and carried the child into the zenana, where the other Ranees dwelt. They loved to play with him. They had no son, only girl-children; and the little Queen could be generous now because her arms were full.

Shahanshah ate his dole of dead meat ravenously. He was not given overmuch, because his coat was beautiful and the sheen of it could only be retained in captivity at the expense of hunger. He had a sufficiency, that was all.

At noonday he drowsed with half-shut eyes. Later, when he slept more deeply, he dreamt.

He dreamt he stalked his prey by moonlight with his mate. He dreamt of the homecoming, of the restful lair beneath the rocks, unknown of Man. He dreamt of the playful hours when they romped, with nuzzling of wet noses, the make-believe of snarl and snap, the play of fight; of the taste of soft fur in his mouth—and awoke with his teeth gritting on the iron bars of his cage. . . .

Wherefore Wahshi, who is Shahanshah, to-day looks out from his narrow prison-cell in the Khootan Menagerie, glares banefully at the two-footed thing that comes to gaze at him, and roars his hate of Man.

Railway Disasters and Dividends

By Rowland Kenney

THE alarming frequency of railway collisions during the past few weeks has roused unprecedented interest in the Press and amongst members of the travelling public. And not only has the interest of the public been roused, but certain features of recent accidents have led newspaper readers to ask themselves whether every precaution for the safeguarding of human life is being taken by the companies. Nearly four years ago, when I pointed out in the Press that the railways of this country were run in such a manner that the members of the travelling community would be horrified if they knew how often they had come within an ace of disaster, one of my own friends laughed outright and accused me of indulging in sensationalism. But he would not accuse me of sensationalism to-day if I repeated that statement. Like thousands of other members of the travelling public, he has had too much evidence of the truth of my contention thrust upon him, and, in addition, he has read a descriptive term of part of the force that controls his destiny, and has grasped what that descriptive term means. He now knows the term "the human element" in industry, and understands its relation to his own safety and comfort.

I venture to assert that if only public interest can be kept upon that phrase "the human element" for any length of time, some drastic change will have to be made in the manipulation of rail traffic in the United Kingdom. For this reason: In the past, when an accident occurred for which a railway employee was responsible, it was put down to carelessness, the man was punished, the public generally regarded him as an incompetent bungler who had foisted himself upon the companies, and there the matter ended. Now the public sees further than that. Evidence has accumulated to prove two things in this con-

nection: It has proved that there is a limit to human endurance—that continual vigilance is almost an impossibility under modern industrial conditions; and it has further proved that mechanical devices for safeguarding life and limb on British railways have either not been forthcoming or have not been taken advantage of to the fullest extent.

The heads of the points of an inquiry into railway accidents can thus be reduced to two. Take the human element first. An engine-driver to-day has not merely great responsibilities, but he has endless worries and difficulties connected with what might be termed external obstacles. There is general fog, which is a great strain on drivers even when fogmen are on duty. When it comes on suddenly it is more than a strain; it is a serious danger until fogmen are placed. Snow, sleet, hail, and rain blank the glasses of the cab and prevent or hinder the effective use of the naked eyes. Dust and dirt, from the high-boilered and low-chimneyed locomotives especially; strong sunlight; the glare of the fire—all these are dangerous nuisances. Another serious risk arises when steam and smoke from the chimney envelop the cabs. This difficulty has been greatly accentuated by modern high-boiler and low-chimney engines. High boilers require the cab to be raised to enable the driver to see over them, and to raise the cab is to bring the cab-windows nearer to the chimney-top. For instance, the Mallerstang signalman at the Aisgill inquiry is reported to have said that the second locomotive, when passing his signal-box, was pouring out steam and smoke like a volcano, and he wondered if this had prevented the signal being seen. A few months ago the Bromford Bridge signal control-wires were frozen to the ground. The signalman there stated that he had known frost to freeze signals in both positions, at clear and at danger. The list of dangers and risks of this kind could be continued, and, in most cases, illustrations given from accidents that have occurred.

We know that the driver of the second express at Aisgill missed his signal, and I have said that this frequently happens. It may happen from a variety of causes. Safety demands that signals must be a quarter of a mile apart, but trains now run at sixty miles an hour, so that

at a distance of a quarter of a mile an express driver may have four signals a minute. Further than that, on a fast, long run he passes "clear" signals so regularly and at such a speed that after a time there is a tendency to read them all as clear. It is only by a repeated effort of will and a mind clear of other worries and troubles that he can watch them all. How serious is the danger to the public from this failure of the human element may be gathered from the following list giving some of the accidents that have occurred during the past year. At Lombardstown, in Ireland, on August 5th, 1912, a driver ran past signals at danger. He said that he did not see the distant signal because the light was out, and the head-light of another train clashed with the home signal light. At Vauxhall, on August 29th, 1912, the driver read the signals of the line he was not on as relating to his own. "He is a man with an excellent record," reported the Board of Trade inspecting officer. The signals were misread at Ditton on the 17th of September, 1912, and the Board of Trade officer reported: "This is not surprising, for I do not think it is possible for a man to remember the lay-out of every junction and station on a line over which he has taken a train only ten times in four years." At Wavertree, on December 11th, 1912, a driver read the wrong signals as his. On January 13th, 1913, the distant signal wires were frozen at Bromford Bridge; the signal was visible through a slight fog, but a denser bank of fog obscured the home signal. On the same day an express driver ran past signals at danger at Hurlford. On March 28th, 1913, at Marylebone, a driver ran past danger signals. At Crewe, in June, 1913, a driver was confused as to which signals were meant for him. In August, 1913, at Yeovil, a driver with two home signals at "clear" forgot to look out for the starting signal. The Board of Trade report on the Tottenham accident on August 29th is not yet to hand, but probably it was due to the driver's failure to get his signals. The newspapers reported that the accident occurred in a dense fog which came on "very suddenly." Surely such a list of disasters for one year is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that the strain on drivers is too great. Suppose that each of these cases had resulted in a similar holocaust to that at Aisgill, is it conceivable

that the same disregard to recommended precautions would continue to be tolerated?

Even in matters which are of little importance—compared to the much-needed general revolutionising of present methods—British railway administration has lamentably failed. The administration is too diffused, there are too many companies; there is seldom any national organised effort; with the result that one company refuses to take certain steps because it would not "pay" unless all companies did the same. In spite of the protests from certain railway officials, there is little doubt but that electric light should be substituted for gas as a train illuminant, but the change is only being proceeded with where the cost will be slight. The construction of coaches designed to resist the worst effects from the force of a collision and, if a collision should take place, give passengers every facility for escape, is not receiving the attention it deserves. Contrast the British companies in this respect with the Prussian State Railways. Some years ago the Prussian State Railways Administration conducted a series of experiments with regard to danger from fire, and as a result of those experiments hatchets, ropes, and other life-saving apparatus were placed in the wall of every corridor coach. The coaches were also constructed so that when turned over it was possible for imprisoned passengers to make their way out. It is a well-known fact that on many express corridor coaches in this country there are but two doors, one at each end; that, owing to first-class passengers objecting to the passage of third-class passengers through their coaches, these doors are sometimes locked; that the windows are too small to afford an egress for imprisoned passengers in case of a wreck; and frequently the trains are so packed that corridors are jammed with luggage and passengers. If an accident occurred to such coaches it would be impossible for the passengers to do anything except trample each other to death.

Now I must leave these minor matters and consider the larger question of safeguards. The strain upon the men to-day is such that "the human element" can no longer be entirely trusted in the matter of giving and taking signals. Obviously, then, what is required is a mechanical device, or mechanical devices,

for preventing accidents when danger signals are missed. You will notice that there are two persons concerned: there is the signalman who gives a signal, and the driver who takes it—or, as we have seen, occasionally misses it. In the first case, effective automatic (all-electric) signalling would eliminate accidents due to wrong signals being given if it were universally applied. In the second case, effective cab signals would prevent a driver from missing his signals. Had these two devices been in use in the United Kingdom during the past year, such accidents as I have already mentioned would not have occurred.

In 1908 the American Interstate Commerce Commission reported 10,803 miles of road, containing 18,511 miles of track, protected by automatic block signals, the great majority "all-electric," and 47,815 miles not so protected. Since then the automatic system has been rapidly extended, and the Union Pacific regards the system as such an excellent asset that it advertises the fact in this country that it has expended six million dollars in five years on the installation of automatic block signals. It is now stated that where installed the automatic system has eliminated "signalmen's wrecks" in the United States.

One of the objections made by British railway officials to the demand for universal automatic signals is that the system is only successful in America in sparsely-populated districts with infrequent services. The facts are the other way about. The system is extending from heavy traffic districts to outlying and sparsely-populated districts. As a matter of fact, the system is in operation on the London underground railways, and is remarkably successful. The *Mechanical World* reported on May 13th of this year that "The reliability of automatic signalling is clearly evidenced by the fact that some four and a half million movements of the signals on the Aldgate-Praed Street section (of the Metropolitan Railway) take place in a month, and the average number of failures is not more than a dozen in such a period, mostly of an unimportant nature, and *all on the side of safety*." At busy junctions at their busiest hour continuance of manual signalling makes the necessary quick dispatch of trains impossible, and leads to serious breaches of the rules. Whereas under the automatic system, as reported in the *Engineer* over two years ago, a

maximum of forty-two trains in the hour—a record number —were worked on the Hampstead Tube Railway. Purely as a matter of business, the present block signalling system will ultimately be superseded by automatics. This does not mean an entirely new method will have to be adopted. Automatic signalling based on track circuiting adheres without deviation to the block system. It secures, along with all requisite protection as to open switch-points, leading to or from any section, or block, or siding, that the presence of any rolling stock would give and maintain the danger signals guarding that particular section.

In the cases I have given of drivers missing signals it is shown that a number were due to the men mistaking other signals for their own. Under a system of cab signals the only one a driver would receive would be his own. It is obviously impossible to go into all the technical details of such devices as I am now dealing with, but some little explanation of the method by which they are worked is necessary. In any complete system of cab signalling, the signals are both audible and visible. There are clearly differentiated steam whistles which are given when a slow-down or danger-stop or clear is signalled. These audible ones are the most important. They compel attention at once, and do not require that close observation of signals inherent in the present block system. The visible ones are miniature semaphores, or coloured discs, or groups of coloured lights, or other satisfactory ways can be arranged. They may be displayed in two or three places in the cab, so that, wherever the driver's position, his attention is bound to be arrested by them. In the event of a driver failing to notice even these signals, the train-stop can be employed to set the air-brakes, or close the steam throttle of the engine—or both, and so stop the train.

The control of cab signals practically resolves itself into a problem of electricity, and, this being so, the following conditions must be fulfilled by any system before it can be regarded as reliable. Any failure or defect of electric current must be so attended by the signal "danger," that the "clear" signal can never be given in error; and the means of completing the circuit (loco and relay or signal box) must be such that any injury thereto which would prevent the giving of an intended "danger" or

"clear" signal would be attended by the "danger" signal only. In other words, any failure of the device must never register "clear" when "danger" is intended, so that a driver will not blunder into trouble as he so frequently does now. The same conditions must be observed in any train-stop that is to be regarded as effective; but I believe that, in both cases, these rigorous demands can now be met by an existing device.

Only last year the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States reported that "railroads should be given to understand that the automatic train-stop must be developed as rapidly as possible," and "railroads ought to *experiment unitedly* with the automatic train-stop until a device of practicability for general use shall be available."

At Hawes Junction after the accident at Christmas, 1910, track-circuiting was recommended. After an inquiry into the causes of an accident at Caledonian Road on the Piccadilly Tube a year ago, Colonel Yorke reported that, "with proper attention and maintenance, automatic signalling, combined with train-stops, may be regarded at the present time as the safest system that can be adopted on the underground electric railways of London; and, in fact, as the only one whereby the dense traffic on those railways could be conducted." An accident occurred at Farringdon Street not long ago. Owing to a coupling breaking on a goods train the train parted in two. The first portion proceeded on its journey, and, the engine having duly depressed the electric treadle, this allowed the signalman to "clear" the line and accept a Great Northern passenger train, which ran into the wagons and van. In his report on this accident the inspecting officer of the Board of Trade stated that as electric treadles cannot detect divisions in trains some better method is necessary, and he "therefore *recommended track-circuiting, and hopes the company will instal it.*" In his report on the Dalmuir accident the same officer, Major Pringle, concludes "that some additional precaution is needed in the interests of general safety, more particularly in the dark hours and in unfavourable atmospheric conditions, and that *complete protection can be obtained at all times* by the control afforded by the use of track-circuiting in station and junction yards."

I think the position may be summarised in this way:

Owing to speeding-up, the human element in the railway industry occasionally fails at a crucial moment. In some cases the resultant damage is slight; in others the result is too terrible to contemplate. There are safeguards at present in existence which would minimise risks from human failures to a surprising degree, and no one can doubt but that, if inventors were given the slightest encouragement, mechanical devices for lessening risks would be more plentiful and infinitely more serviceable in a very short time. But the companies neither care to adopt existing appliances, nor encourage inventors to design new ones. Can anyone believe, in face of the wonders of mechanical invention in other directions, that the ingenuity of man cannot provide the necessary devices for practically eliminating the most serious of railway dangers? It is unthinkable. Commenting upon the Liverpool disaster, a "prominent railway expert" is reported by the *Daily Mail* to have said: "The whole matter is one of cost. . . . The question as to the introduction of new appliances is therefore decided according to this consideration: How many lives is the new apparatus going to save, and is the saving worth the cost involved? The dividends of the shareholders are the first consideration of a railway, and it is only when the confidence of the travelling public is shaken by some great accident that the necessity for additional safeguards is recognised as imperative."

Nearly all the inventive genius that has been expended in the railway industry, as in most other industries, has gone to the increasing of profits, the lessening of the cost of production, the provision of machines to do the work of human hands. The inventor has known all along that he would be more welcome in the office of a railway official when he could bring some device for reducing the company's expenditure. Safety appliances must increase expenditure, and consequently safety appliances do not attract the attention of inventors to the same degree as do appliances for reducing cost and increasing facilities for the transportation of goods and passengers. There is a natural tendency on the part of inventors to leave safety appliances alone.

So we are thrown back on to the Board of Trade—which is almost impotent. That is the most staggering fact

in the whole story. The common view is that the Board of Trade inquiries into railway accidents are conducted with a view to discovering causes and imposing remedies upon the companies. Anyone who takes the trouble to read a number of Board of Trade reports, must come to the conclusion that the common view is an erroneous one. How many people imagine, for instance, that the Board of Trade's power to compel railway companies to adopt safeguards is almost negligible? It can "recommend" that certain things should be done, but it cannot say that they "shall" be done. Automatic signalling based on track-circuiting has been established as a secure defence against signalmen's errors since 1895; in 1910 our Board of Trade had so far progressed that it recommended the introduction of track-circuiting at Hawes Junction—one of two thousand dangerous places—and in 1913 it "*hopes* the company will instal it."

And the reason for this state of things? The reason is plain enough. A railway director's business is to make, and continually to increase, dividends for railway shareholders. There are only two ways of increasing dividends; one is by doing more business—handling more traffic; the other is by economy. The traffic increases week by week; that part can be left to the general expansion of industrial activity; but the economy is a matter for official scheming, and in time, men, and materials it is being pushed to the verge of lunacy. I see some correspondents to the Press are asking for a third man on the footplate to relieve the engine-driver of some of the strain. And (apart from the fact that, in my opinion, the proposal is utterly impracticable and almost foolish) these simple souls seem to believe that such an idea is one that the companies can have no real solid objection to. Why, the ideas of railway directors run in a quite opposite direction. They are chiefly concerned to *reduce* the number of their working staffs, or, at any rate, gradually put two men's work on to the shoulders of one man. The Liverpool signalman stated before the Board of Trade inspector at the inquiry into the causes of the collision that, in spite of rules to the contrary, he had allowed the telephone boy to work the block instruments, because he "could not work the box otherwise." The increase in the number of men is never commensurate with the increase in

the amount of traffic. In some cases, in spite of increased traffic, there is an actual decrease in the number of men employed.

And, I must repeat it, the Board of Trade is almost impotent. There is but one way out. Public opinion vigorously expressed will move even railway directors; nothing else will. That is what the matter comes to. War between the public and the companies. Just as railwaymen have to fight for higher wages and better conditions of labour, so will the public have to fight for safeguards. If no other means offer themselves, then the public will have to join with the railway employees and insist upon having a word as to how far their lives are to be risked in the interests of railway dividends. Parliament does next to nothing—unless it is asked to pass a Bill giving the companies greater advantages over the traders and the general public, then Parliament acts. Ask Parliament to compel the companies to instal the devices I have mentioned, or give them a fair trial, and the influence of the Railway Companies' Association, the thirty-odd railway directors who are members of the House of Commons, and the forty-odd railway directors who are members of the House of Lords, will be brought to bear, and every effort negatived. If the members of the travelling public are not prepared to help themselves, there is no help for them. There, however, the matter lies: Railway shareholders want dividends, railway directors must make dividends. How much longer is the public prepared to continue to let dividend-making interfere with the provision of adequate safeguards against accidents to human life and limb?

Editorial Amenities

By the Editor

"DEAR SIR,

"Look here, can't you drop your politics for one month, and tell us something that we don't know? The politicians are golfing or making speeches. Give Marconi, George, Germany, Ireland, and the Women a rest. They need it. So do we. Your *Review* claims to be distinctive. Prove it. Numbers of us would be so grateful. Let's have something about your own business, something human, in place of the pococurantic 'we,' who to-day is the advertisement manager. The 'furious bottom' of English politics will get on quite well without you. Most literary men tell us all about themselves in print. Suppose you try. O! and one word more, don't, for God's sake, mention the Kaiser or battleships or Socialism or 'epochal' (your favourite word) events of any sort or kind. And don't please ever again make Irishmen drop their h's:* they never do.

"I am, Sir, &c."

WHO would not be an editor and receive pleasant letters, such as the above? A genial fellow evidently, and I confess I rather like him, with his phrase about the "furious bottom of English politics," worthy that almost of the brilliancy of Mr. Garvin, the most dazzling of all our editors. I've nothing to do, of course—all the *work* is done by Norman Douglas, who is sub-editor, and I have only to sit in a revolving chair for a few hours during a few afternoons in the week, receive homage from the great men of letters and smiles from the many beautiful English women who have copy for publication, take most of the money and all the kudos, and disport myself generally as if I was a second Delane or the Lord Northcliffe presiding at an all-advertisers' board meeting.

I was drowned once, and just before losing consciousness I remember thinking how curiously agreeable the sensation was. I don't take ether, but I fancy those who do feel very much as I did when, recalling a painful line about *in gurgite vasto*, I commended my spirit to destiny. Unfortunately I have been drowning ever since.

* This refers to the editorial of October, "Leave them 'orses alone."

In the agonising stage which precedes the delirium of the climax. For I was revived. Clearly it was written that I was to read—reams, nay, miles, of manuscript, legible and illegible, novels, plays, stories, essays, poetry and poetastry, disquisitions, sermons, reminiscences, and articles all guaranteed by each one and individual author to be the equal to the best of the Elizabethans, good "sellers" all of them, which demanded immediate payment and publicity. To drown or not to drown. Try it. I wish they had left my mortal clay alone when they found me, at peace with the world. But they wouldn't, such is human perversity. People never will leave other folk alone. I might at any rate have left a reputation, now—now I am only an editor.

I am no man's friend, for I am a mere go-between: a dispenser. I've nothing to sell, except the stuff which belongs by copyright law to the author. I am merely a vehicle, a middleman, a d——d buyer—non-human. Even a bookmaker has his ups and downs; he may take all the cash one day at a meeting and lose it at the next: or say thirty per cent. of it. But I have nothing to lose, bar my job, and nothing to gain save the keeping of it. What has a man to gain if he lose his soul? A man who does not sell cannot have a soul; for we are all sellers of something or of somebody, as in turn we can all be sold. But no man can sell me. I have no goods of my own, they all belong to the writers or to the literary agents who "do" me. I am undone always. Always there is something wrong, someone is offended, someone threatens, and even when I turn out a really good number the proceeds all go to the proprietor or the capitalist company limited.

The "able" editor! Tenebrific old Scot—you never are able. You are not supposed to be able. No one wants you to be. Your office is compromise, your expression rejection. Think of it. Rejection as the chief virtue of your career, and I who would receive all men with open arms and give every Robinson of a writer a thousand a year! Always to say no, always to be ready to face the literary world in that spirit and to apologise all the time with some hackneyed phrase about "want of space" or "not to our liking," as if the art you dealt in was eucalyptus or butterscotch. A withering veto to be sure. There is no

vanity in your negation, for it is not yourself that you deny, but others; some poor fellow who you know is writing the real thing, but will not conform to your behests; some man or woman who has something to say ahead of the times and cannot find a hearing; some fierce gospeller of the truth who sends you with your typist to the Devil.

Sometimes you break out, even editors have moments of aberration, and you are inspired to action. You publish. You pay. Feverishly you await the "mercy" of the morrow—the great London Press is silent. You have overstepped the traces. Only the provincial newspapers have anything intelligent to say on your behalf. In the Capitol——

"You will be banned, old chap," says your most favoured writer jocularly.

"They don't like it down at Hunter's," remarks another.

"Old Sir Peter says he cannot write for you again," chirps a third. Then the telephone bell rings, summoning you to the library of your head Director.

"Don't do it again, dear boy."

You are saved. Thank Heaven for the five per cent. dividend last year. It was a close thing. Dozens of aspiring editors had spotted the *gaffe*, and the Chairman, you know, is very "thick" with young Spooner, who once wrote him a mellifluous sonnet on his baronetcy. You have a wife—and kids. "*Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass.*" The classics be "blowed."

"D——n that literary gent!" He nearly got you the sack.

"Live dangerously."

Let them!

"Live smugly." Such is the cognizance of our tribe. Like Stiggins . . . .

"A lady to see you, Sir, says it's 'most important.'" How can you? You have to go all through that article of Simpson's at the last moment because in his revise he has become libellous, and the "sub" is away, and the typist has flue, and there are forty-five manuscripts which have never received attention, and——

"Say I'm out of town and shan't be back till Monday," but at that moment the lady herself walks in.

She is "seriously annoyed." No other editor ever

treated her as you did, and she has pretty ankles and lines. The preliminaries take twenty minutes, then the office-boy walks in with the orthodox visiting card of the Duchess of Pimlico. You feel with this lady it won't work. Your visitor is not really annoyed at all. She wants to talk. Finally she wants to see the Duchess.

"I met her once at a bazaar," she explains. And you are positively relieved when the most irascible of all living literary men stalks in with his hat on.

"Look here," he begins. "Can't that office-boy of yours open the door properly? It's bad enough to have that colon left out in my paper. Haven't you got a sub? And what the deuce do you print the muck of that fellow Wilton for? He can't write for toffee. Do you really think he . . . . ?"

"I'm not here to criticise our writers, Sir George," you venture.

"Then why the Hell don't you get some chap who can?" shouts back this redoubtable man of letters. "My washerwoman could write that truck."

Going home that night, you buy a nice Teddy-bear for the little girl. It is all, you feel, you are fit for after a bad day at the office. Subscriptions had begun to fall out because you had not blue-pencilled your "star" storyteller, who is a man you really do feel tempted to believe in. Then Lady Amelius had written to one of the Directors' wives, complaining of the trend of your "maleficent" poetry. A parson, too, had given it as his opinion that your organ was "blasphemous." One or two suspicious-looking women had been seen lurking about the building, presumably because of that rotten paper on the suffrage you printed. A wild man with long hair had called, with threats to "do you in." Altogether an unpleasant day, and it being the cook's night out, there is only cold meat for supper.

"I wish you'd dine with me to-night." The message comes from Hughes, the great writer. Of course, you gladly accept. He does you well, mixes the drinks, offers you—"No, not those, they are only Brazilians. Try these now"—and very good they are. You begin to air your views on contemporary literature, but somehow the chap with a workman's collar and pegtop trousers who came

in late seems to be pulling your leg. All the same, you were invited. You broke bread with England's leading literary artist, and Mrs. Bretherton was very pleasant to you. The next morning, before opening the letters, you remark what a "jolly dinner" you had over-night with "old Hughes"; but when you have opened the correspondence you realise why. And his price is awful. There is no other word for it. You light the big Havannah he insisted you should take away with you. Its size is majestic. Instinctively you remember how "old Hughes" approved of your criticism of Johnny Kew's last book of stories, that pat on the back he gave you in the hall—before the others. But it is an awful price, an outrageous figure, even for the biggest man's "throw off," and you see that at once after a few cursory glances at the stuff which the public will swallow as you swallowed his dinner. A great man truly! The cigar is really deuced good. "We'll economise on the rest," you pronounce.

"What fun it must be to be an editor! Do you know my daughter . . . . ?" and in the rhapsody goes into one of the next numbers. Resist the Hon. Maudie *plus* her daughter! "*Ah, mais non.*" We are human, we editors, after all. We eat porridge, dance Tangos, and go to the same tailors as the most successful of playwrights; and we can go to the dogs as well. We are to be seen everywhere, in boxes at the opera, at luncheons with Cabinet Ministers, in the clubs, in boudoirs, and at all tea-parties that matter. We count. We can be counted on the fingers of the hands. In our way, tit for tat, we are important and portentous personages. But at the "fierce bottom" of facts, what are we? The fixers-on of other people's stamps. We are used because we are useful. We are the assessors of fame and ambition, altruists: poor b—— altruists.

We are wanted for ourselves nowhere. On the *cinquecento* couch in Milady's privacy we sit and sip her tea, which is the privilege for the traffic of her manuscript. We dine with Ministers and the aristocracy, with the Gods of pen and capital, and, at times, we feel ourselves to be as wise and as mighty as they are. At times, for humanity on the whole is kindly. But generally we know why we are there. We are wanted—professionally. The manner

of man that we are—who cares, since we are not permitted to care ourselves? Our business is the other chap. We open the oysters. That is all. The pearls within the shell are not our pearls. We own nothing, least of all ourselves. We only represent—an institution, a policy, a doctrine. To all literary men we are gall and anathema. We are wined, flattered, and slobbered over, like a chorus lady up the river. And the moment we fall from our estate we have no longer any identity whatever.

You take up a line—no woman was ever more misunderstood than you will be. Spratt, who is the Achitophel of the literary world, has persuaded you to publish his big attack on Vercingetorix or the neural system, and what is the result? *The Tablet* accuses you of anti-Semitism. The barking weeklies cite the old tag about *quousque tandem.* A correspondent writes to inquire whether he is to understand that you definitely associate your publication with that "blasted old fuss-box" Spratt, because, if so, he must reluctantly beg you not to send him the Review any longer. Miss Perkins asks you whether you have become a Theosophist. Your only titled relation tells your wife that if this sort of thing continues she cannot "really ask us down to meet the Gordon-Gordons," who you have been trying to know for months. St. Luke of the *Strategy Gazette* publishes an anonymous article invoking all the denominations to "unite" in the interest of "Public Morality." A rising lady journalist suggests the stomach pump. Mr. *Punch* artlessly hints that you never got out of the lower school at Eton. The *other* literary gentlemen meet and talk it over in their multifarious côteries, caves, taverns and tabernacles, and decide that you are an "ass." Only one voice speaks to the point, a Nottingham journalist, who indicates that the editor is not "responsible" for the opinions of his contributors and that it may be just as well if people read the article instead of shrieking about it, for the whole thing was obviously satire.

Satire. You jump at it, write a letter to *The Times*, and once more you are saved. You invite the Nottingham gentleman to contribute. At the Press Club you are congratulated.

"How much did you pay for it?"

How much! Always a buyer, though you had been

ready to sell your soul to publish the thing. Again you have learnt your lesson.

Next month you are in trouble too. There was an adverse notice of Lady Gwendolen's novel.

"DEAR MR. ——,

"I am not surprised that your reviewer saw fit to poke fun at my novel, *The Splendid Incarnation*, because for a long time past it has been increasingly evident to me and my many literary friends that your *Review* stands for a purpose which is scarcely compatible with what, in polite society, we call 'good form.' And though I never read criticisms myself or even the newspapers, I yet feel it incumbent upon me in the interest of the State and social dignity to take some notice of the cowardly attack published in your organ, and I hereby inform you that I have instructed my publisher in future on no account to send you any of my works, seeing that they are not likely to meet with your appreciation. It grieves me to have to write to you thus, for I know and like your brother well, and if my decision will in any way help to turn you from the misdirected course you are now pursuing, believe me, I shall be amply rewarded for the aspersions you have cast upon me.

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"LADY GWENDOLEN ——."

Enter the reviewer. You expostulate. The infernal fellow in knickerbockers smiles and lights his pipe.

"After all, Lady Gwendolen, you know . . . ."

"But you gave me the book to review. I reviewed it. Honestly, it is a beastly rotten concoction—unreal, sentimental, mere money-making balderdash. You always tell me to be sincere. I was. Tell her to go to H——"

"But there is no such place," you explain feebly.

"Ho! Ho!" shouts the reviewer gleefully. "Just you get out and say that now, if you want to disturb the Libraries. Tell Lady Gwendolen that. She'll write her next on the theme and get all the money, while you get . . . ."

"Miss Boot, Sir," and for the moment you imagine you have got it.

She has an enormous picture hat, sits down in an ellipse on the arm of the sofa chair—which makes you think of last summer at Trouville.

Evidently the reviewer is interested. He shoves up that bunch of hair over the left temple into æsthetic disarray and stares moodily at the Piranesi hanging over the mantelpiece. The pair make an excellent pose. Miss Boot

shifts her angle, showing a very dainty pair of legs, and her lower lip seems to fall.

"I have come," she lisps (there is a little catch in the voice), "to ask whether you would publish an essay I have written on, on, well, it's called *the superb futility of Love*, only . . . ."

"Only," you repeat, trying to avert your eyes from those filigree stockings.

"Only, I'm unknown." Her laugh is frank and tonic.

"From what Vicarage?" interrupts the reviewer, swinging hastily round.

"Oh! how very funny now. My father was Rural Dean of ——. Do you know him?"

"I believe I 'toed' him once at Cambridge," returns the reviewer.

"Don't mind that man," you put in, feeling you are falling out of it. "He's a wag, he is. *Do* have a cup of tea now?"

She lets her eyelids drop while you fumble and put in the sugar, and shortly after it is done. You take the thing home with you, the manuscript that is. And two months later she is printed.

Anonymously.

The article has its points. It is direct, she says what she means. Even the reviewer subsequently admits that. You paid her five pounds more than you pay usually because she is so helpless and—"conducive." A couple of weeks later there is a big row.

The Eternal Feminine swears it is written by a man.

The Briton asserts it is "fimetic rot."

The Weekly Bobtail thinks the editor ought to be "locked up."

Sir Robert —— suggests asking a question in the House.

The respectable dailies enjoy it immensely, but say nothing.

St. Luke wants to know if there still is a "British Constitution" in the land.

The young men at the Libraries blush if a customer asks for it.

Your wife informs you she was "cut" that afternoon by her best friend in Rotten Row.

The Eye-Gouger protests in the name of political sanity.

Finally, "The Society for the Suppression of Week-Ends" comes out with a letter in *The Illustrated Unconquerable*, declaring that the author is no less a person than the editor, whose "infamous style is notorious."

The advertisers won't advertise. People begin to say you drink. A man you meet in Fleet Street asks you if the Review is "really" coming to an end. Lady Picktown-Newstead, who had invited you down for the Sunday, mysteriously contracts a migraine. "In business," your City friend tells you, "there is a golden rule. When in doubt, don't"—and all the time you were going about under the hallucination that it was "doing" that had made the British Empire. Finally, you lose all patience.

You invite the author to dine privately. You tell her about the rumpus, beseech her to reveal the authorship—to take some step to help the Review, which has now become boycotted in all houses where unmarried daughters are still kept.

"But I can't," she protests, sucking her *crème-de-menthe*. "I really can't."

"Women can do everything," you rejoin. "The Review—that is what matters. In this world the individual must sacrifice himself for the whole. People say the editor wrote the article. That is all they ever do say. It is not fair. The Review is a platform." You grow excited, exhort, plead. With the coffee you come round and sit by her side. You take her little hand and press it—it is like warm milk. You remind her of Napoleon and of how he faced the battalions with all his dyspepsia; then, in a moment of intoxication you crush her to your bosom, like a real novelist, and kiss her.

You do really—in such emergencies. Straight.

The kiss has its effect.

"Listen," she says softly, when lips are unfolded again.

"Yes, dear?"

"I never wrote it."

I once stayed upon a lonely farm in the extreme north-east of Prussia, one of the bleakest stretches in Europe. But the sea was visible far away over the thick granite wall which circled the property, and at night the pines were

delicious. For two weeks I rarely spoke, and the only human being I ever saw was the brother of the farmer's wife, who was a "looney." He was perfectly harmless, and all day long, from sunrise to sunset, he leant against the granite wall in front of my window, shifting his feet with his gaze from time to time, but always in the same attitude of meditation and almost on the same spot. For fourteen years, they told me, he had so stood, day in day out, and at the top of the wall, just by his side, the big black watchdog lay, like a sentinel waiting on his master. The looney interested me. He and his big black dog were inseparable, and though he seldom spoke to it, the dog evidently divined his every thought and intention.

One evening—there was a beautiful sunset—I determined to question him.

"Don't you get tired," I said, "of leaning always against that wall?"

"No," returned the looney. "It is my wall."

"I know, but it is mine, too, while I sit upon it," I rejoined. "What I mean is, don't you sometimes want to have a change, to get away from your wall?"

"No," said the looney simply.

"But look!" I exclaimed, "look at that sunset and the sea over there! Don't you ever feel you would like to see some of the great things in the world, to know what is beyond?"

The looney apparently took no notice of my question. Just when I had begun to think he was not going to reply, he turned round upon me lazily.

"*Beyond!* I can imagine all that."

The looney's wall is our armchair. What is beyond is not for us. But we editors, too, can imagine things. Perhaps that is why we are such pleasant fellows.

The Fugitive

A HAPPY chance took me to the last night of Mr. Galsworthy's play, *The Fugitive*. The last night! We critics are generally bored enough at first nights; moreover, it was a failure, and several noted authorities had pronounced against it. "I don't see the point of a nasty play," my friend had said at dinner. A bumper of Tokay (the real stuff too) got him into the Theatre frame of mind, so that we were fairly cheery when the curtain rose and disclosed a young wife who has fallen out of love with an entirely amiable but entirely uninteresting husband, a woman of the modern "beating-her-wings" type, and she does not know what to do. How should she? The product of our civilisation, she has been taught nothing, except to play the piano a little, to think and say the "right" thing; in which condition she married—some five years later to find herself out. In this she was helped.

The rest makes the four-act play, which comes to this: She is in love, of course, with a literary gentleman, who is as misunderstood by the great public as she is by her husband, but who, none the less, has a fine sincerity and sense of honour and is very scrupulously "platonic." He says to her, "Break out of your prison," and finally she does break out.

Now, a man can break out of his environment; it is very difficult for a woman. The husband is a good fellow, human, a Public School boy, and the usual things incidental to the Law are put in operation—vindictive and punitive. The woman works in a shop, the literary gentleman is "shadowed," but they don't meet, because she does not feel he really loves her, until—one day she comes into his room and quite simply she stays there.

The machinery of the Law now gets to work, but just before the divorce she learns that *The Watchdog* newspaper on principle never allows any member of its staff to get into the Divorce Court, and that if the decree is granted

he, her lover, will lose his whole means of subsistence, which amounts to £150 a year.

Perhaps, too, she realises that he has only taken her in from a sense of honour and not because he loves her. Anyhow, he will be ruined. She sees this quite clearly, and again becomes a fugitive.

A hunted man can always take to the road, a woman can only take to the streets. She refuses her husband's alimony, refuses to take when she gives nothing, for, like a man, she has a sense of pride and honour too. After all, "a woman can only give what she has," runs a French song; she decides to give that.

But it is too disgusting for her. In the restaurant where she starts out on the "gay" life, she feels she can never become the woman of lust and barter, and she flees again. But this time it is out of this world. With the aid of a little poison, she puts an end to her earthly wanderings.

The sentiment of this drama is essentially English, and shows up in a purely impartial way some of the difficulties of marriage, the terrible vindictiveness of the Law, the hideous problem which presents itself to a woman who, having no means of her own, defies the conventions of society, whether for love or principle or honesty. The supreme merit of the play is the astounding objectivity of its presentation.

There is no caricature, no theatrical personality, no "third" act *à la* Pinero or Bernstein, no "clou," absolutely no compromise. In this sense *The Fugitive* is unquestionably a remarkable work—the work of an artist. So subtle is the delineation of the characters that it is impossible to say on whose side Mr. Galsworthy himself stands: for the wife who, it must be admitted, is her own enemy because, in a world of compromise and convention, the uncompromising must inevitably suffer; for the husband, who has done no wrong and, like hundreds of husbands, is a thoroughly decent chap; for the literary gentleman, who is ready to sacrifice himself for the liberty of a woman. We do not know. These people all live there on the stage. We know them. We can sympathise with any one of them or with all of them. The play cannot be called propaganda. It is life—that unique thing in English drama, a truthful presentation of facts.

There are certain weaknesses, no doubt. The literary gentleman must be regarded as rather odd, and his position becomes invidious even to culpability. He advises this woman to "break out," yet it is not clear that he wants her, that he has any solution to offer her, or that he is conscious of the grave responsibility which must fall upon him, if she acts upon his advice. And when finally he does live with her, to all appearances he is profoundly miserable. There are crimes enough committed in the name of Liberty. Somehow the writer's attitude seems to verge perilously near to stupidity. Women—no, the books will tell us about women. Here we have one of the "physiological psychology" type of Sir Almroth Wright. Without money, unless she has creative abilities, what can a woman brought up in an atmosphere of unreality and superficialities hope to do at grip with life and its disillusions? It is a baffling problem, and we wish that good-looking young author had not been quite so epicene.

The subject opens up manifold threads of argument and controversy, which cannot be followed here. As a play it is singularly interesting, suggestive, stimulating, and in many ways is the truest thing Mr. Galsworthy has written. Of course it failed. After dinner the public wants entertainment, "Utah Girls," "Film Girls"; it wants to giggle and feel it has been amused. Most of us know of some woman placed in very similar circumstances—we don't wish to be reminded of it. Had Brieux written *The Fugitive*, we might have "stuck" it for a bit, but from Galsworthy, no. Nevertheless, that the play was produced even is an event. In the provinces, whither it is going, it will probably command much attention. To intellectually impoverished London it must be held sufficient for the time that some thousands of people did see it, did sit out an honest play of contemporary manners in the welter of dramatic commercialism. Suffragette leaflets fell from the heights during the acts, and that, too, is an omen. Of what? Don't ask me. I'm only a critic. I have to live up to a standard, which is one definition also of a gentleman. They tell us he is going too. Very likely. The fugitive woman in our civilisation, so finely drawn by Galsworthy, will remain and probably be with us always.

S. O.

Books of the Month

DIPLOMATIC HISTORY

LORD LYONS. By LORD NEWTON. Edward Arnold. 2 vols. 30s.

To Lord Lyons history probably owes it that England and America were not at war about the year 1861. We don't realise that now. Indeed, it is difficult to throw ourselves back to those days, but such, however, is the case, and had not England had the good fortune to be represented in America at the time by a man of remarkable cool-headedness, diplomatic conscientiousness, tact, reserve, and sagacity, it is almost certain that the *Trent* affair would have led to hostilities, and the history of the two nations might have been changed.

The lives of ambassadors, except such autobiographies by witty men, such as the late Sir Drummond Wolf, are apt to be rather dull and uninteresting. This work by Lord Newton is of a very different nature. To begin with, Lord Newton himself served under Lord Lyons at the Paris Embassy, and has had the entire and very important correspondence during the whole of Lord Lyons's ambassadorial career placed at his disposal, which he has reproduced verbatim, in many cases furnishing new and highly instructive sidelights on the very important events of the years dating from the American trouble with England during the course of the Civil War; the political situation in France during the closing years of the second Empire; the policy of France during the third Republic; the war scare of 1875; the Egyptian Expedition and Anglo-French relations generally. But there are no indiscretions, no *chroniques scandaleuses*, because, as before said, Lord Lyons, who was never married, was the most reserved man in the world, of whom it was written in his police dossier at Paris that "he was a man about whom no sort of vice was known."

There are many things that call for attention in these volumes, but particularly interesting is the account given of the critical relations between England and America in 1861. They show quite clearly that it was largely due to the Prince Consort's modification of the despatch sent to Washington that Mr. Seward was eventually able to induce the American Government to release the prisoners who had been arrested under the blockading restrictions then imposed. Opinion at the time rose to war pitch on both sides. English naval preparations were made, and the Americans broke out in unstinted abuse of all English policy and method. Alone, one may say, Lord Lyons kept cool; never once did he even express a private opinion on the question; and so he was able informally to persuade Mr. Seward that refusal to release the prisoners would inevitably produce war, and prepare a golden bridge for the American retreat which subsequently followed, fortunately at the eleventh hour. Some idea of the tense feeling in America may be gathered from the prayer offered by a reverend gentleman in the Senate which ended thus:—"Oh, God, give to this our nation honesty, unity, and courage; bring this unnatural rebellion to a speedy end; and then prepare us to assert upon a broader scale and with a vaster force, the inalienable rights and responsibilities of man; through Jesus Christ. Amen." In later years Lord Lyons frequently expressed the opinion that if there had then been telegraphic communication across the Atlantic, it would have been impossible to avert war; and when one remembers the *Maine* incident which led to the war with Spain, one cannot help thinking that his estimate was right.

The first volume throws a quite unusual amount of light on our American relations, and perhaps nothing is more characteristic of Lord Lyons than the fact that during his five years' residence in the United

States he had "never taken a drink or made a speech." We find Lord Clarendon writing in 1870 that it was desirable that Canada should propose to be "*independent and to annex itself*," and that this view was held by Lord Stanley, and probably by nearly all the mid-Victorian statesmen who held at the time Talleyrand's opinion that "colonies were like fruit, which fell off when they ripened."

Then we come to Lord Lyons's tenancy of the Embassy at Paris and to the great events which led to the Franco-Prussian War. Here again we are at once struck with the extremely interesting nature of the correspondence published. We find as late as 1867 Lord Stanley, then ruler of the Foreign Office, officially writing Bismarck without a "c," who he considers "will not be able to hold power from the state of his health." Ye Gods! fancy the ghastly ignorance of our then Foreign Minister three years before Sedan. Bismarck sickly, who would eat 2 lbs. of caviare and drink three quarts of beer at eleven o'clock in the morning! But then, diplomatic prescience is a very rare thing, and later on we find Lord Derby officially writing to Lord Lyons to say that the acquisitions of the Suez Canal shares, then proposed to us, would be "a bad thing financially," and indeed the bargain was ultimately made with Lord Derby's express disapproval. Here, again, we find the grand failure of Bismarck's statesmanship. Bismarck stupidly thought that England and France could never be friends, and as his whole policy was to embroil England and France over Egypt, we find Bismarck sending a message of congratulation on the policy adopted by England which "met with the support of the German Government." There can be no doubt that had Bismarck not been so blind, so taken up perhaps by the *idée fixe* of the French revenge, he could easily have procured the shares allotted to England, and had he done so Egypt would ere now most certainly have been a German Protectorate, and the great German colonising policy would have been a very different thing from what it is to-day. He didn't. In the same way we find Lord Salisbury hailing the conclusion of the Austro-German Alliance of 1879 as "glad tidings of great joy," just as we find a little later, when Lord Lyons refused the Foreign Office, a characteristic letter from Lord Rosebery—"I am not surprised that you did not care about my succession. It is a weary post." Perhaps no other man in the world would have refused it except Lord Lyons. Perhaps no other man in the world would have stigmatised it as a "weary post" except Lord Rosebery.

There is another very important matter which has some topical interest, namely, the efforts made in 1870, just before the war, to bring about disarmament, especially to induce Prussia to reduce her military strength. This is even funnier than Mr. Churchill's holiday proposal the other day. M. Ollivier favoured the proposal which was one of Lord Clarendon's ideas. It seems to show an utter want of appreciation of the real situation; certainly an utter want of understanding of Bismarck, whose whole policy and purpose it was to unite Germany by blood and iron, as subsequently he succeeded in doing. His answer was characteristic, and is a very important document. Subsequently, Bismarck remarked in private that had not Lord Clarendon died there would never have been a Franco-German War. The history of this fatuous proposal on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War is little known, and should be studied by all interested in politics. At the time the British expenditure upon armaments amounted to twenty-four millions and a quarter, whereas the Prussian contribution towards the military expenditure of the North German Federation represented a little over seven millions. And yet we apparently seriously supposed that we had the political right to preach economy to the aspiring German hegemony, which was the aim of Bismarck and Moltke and Roon, as it had been of Fichte and Stein and Jahn and List, father of Pan-Germanism, and who-not before them.

There is an interesting letter from Lord Lyons to Lord Granville, July 10th, 1870, in which he says "the French think they have got the start of Prussia this time in forwardness of preparation," as also that they thought the Germans were less likely to rally to the cause of Prussia for

the issue involved. Even as late as July 12th Lord Granville actually believed that Prussia did not really want war, just as in recent years the German Foreign Office scouted the idea of war between Russia and Japan on the very morning that the Japanese torpedo-boats holed the Russian warships in the harbour of Port Arthur. As a matter of fact, English politicians, statesmen, and diplomatists were so profoundly ignorant of the German aims and of the men behind them, because they underrated and ignored their capacities, just as later, in our own case, we ignored the potentialities of the Boers. History seems to teach nothing, and we find at the outbreak of hostilities the Paris diplomatists chiefly excited over the question of illuminations in the event of the French victories. The accommodating Austrian Ambassador took a leading part in advocating rejoicings—poor man! he little realised the *débâcle* that was to come. So the diplomatists had their little Mafekings in 1870 in anticipation of Bismarck's overthrow.

We can say no more here, but these volumes rank with the historical work on Lord Granville by Lord Fitzmaurice, and form an absolutely invaluable guide to the inner diplomatic history of the stirring years between '60 and the Austrian-German Consolidation. Lord Newton is to be congratulated on the compilation of an admirably clear and important work.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE PEREGRINE FALCON AT THE EYRIE. By FRANCIS HEATHERLEY. Country Life. 5*s*.

Lovers of birds will be delighted with this wonderful study of the peregrine falcon's domestic life. The information contained in a monograph like this testifies to a patience and resourcefulness of the highest order on the part of the observer; while the illustrative photographs are among the best of their kind. But the book has a wider appeal. It is symptomatic of a gradual change for the better in our attitude towards the wild creatures of earth and air—it points towards the decline of the old-fashioned slaughtering naturalist and egg-collector. Dr. Heatherley has dedicated his pages *To all egg-collectors in the hope that some day they will realise that the shell is not the most important part of a bird's egg*. And so be it.

THE OCCULT ARTS. By J. W. FRINGS. Rider. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

In twelve chapters Mr. Frings discourses of the Occult Arts—of Astrology, Palmistry, Omens and Oracles, Hypnotism, and the rest of them. There are a great many people to whom this book, which is seriously intended, will appeal; and the "Conclusion" is plainly the result of much thought. A preface by Sir Oliver Lodge would have improved the volume, as a fitting testimonial to the author's zeal in exploring this borderland, this fringe of the world of non-reason.

THE RENAISSANCE. By ARTHUR COUNT GOBINEAU. Edited by DR. OSCAR LEVY. Heinemann. 10*s*. net.

CESARE BORGIA. By W. H. WOODWARD. Chapman and Hall. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Every now and then—but none too often—there appears a book of which the critic can honestly say this: that it is the business of every civilised person, whatever his creed or position in life may be, to make himself acquainted with it. Gobineau's *Renaissance* is such a book: a book to read and to cherish. It has been translated five times into German, but this is the first English rendering: an efficient one, by Mr. Paul V. Cohn, and prefaced, moreover, by one of Dr. Oscar Levy's stimulating and incisive forewords. These dialogues, written many years ago, are the product of an independent thinker and man of the world. They are amazingly fresh and deep and daring; they open up new vistas

to the mind and burst in upon our miasma of hypocritical conventionalities like a breath of clean spring air.

Altogether, this revived interest in the great men of the Renaissance is a good sign. Whoever wishes to delve deeper into the character of one of them will find much to please and interest him in Professor Woodward's biography of Cesare Borgia, that *uomo terribile*—that grand exponent of the spirit of his day. The author has performed his task uncommonly well; his volume is a model of careful scholarship, research, and balanced judgment.

PEDAGOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By MARIA MONTESSORI. Heinemann. 14*s.* net.

This is a book to be studied by educationists and all who have the welfare of humanity at heart. It endeavours to get at the root of the matter, to elucidate those organic laws which underlie and control our intellectual and moral development. In other words, the authoress returns to the sound principle of the old Greeks who held that ethics are merely a department of physiology. From this point of view, chapters like that on "The Biological History of the Pupil" are profoundly interesting reading. For until we learn to know and respect the structural conditions of our body, all talk about the systematic mental improvement of the race is the idlest of nonsense. There are numerous illustrations, some of them not very successful.

THE DESIRABLE ALIEN. By VIOLET HUNT. Chatto and Windus. 6*s.*

With a preface and two additional chapters of literary nugæ by Ford Madox Hueffer, *The Desirable Alien*, annotated by explanatory and contradictory notes, again by Mr. Hueffer, makes a pretty appeal to those who know nothing of Germany, or fondly imagine it to be all sausages and beer, or all military uniforms and fortifications—which, of course, as the author informs us, "it isn't," and we believe her with the ineluctable suburban ignorance of Campden Hill or Mayfair. The joke of the book is good. Whenever the author gets too dogmatic, Mr. Hueffer comes in with a scientific note utterly repudiating the statement and setting her right in firm language, but not always. For there are omissions of tutelary care, though here Violet Hunt is blameless. For instance, she alludes to the number of fine officer fellows at Bad Nauheim who are suffering from "Polo hearts." *Donnerwetter!* Germans don't play "Polo"—there must be some mistake here. And again the author gets wrong in the matter of hearts when she gravely assures us that the students of Marburg University are quite unconcerned with Venus. "No woman born could take him by storm." *Donnerwetter, Nocheinmal!* Hi! where is Mr. Editor? I was at Marburg University. How I should like to relate the Venustian escapades of the students to the author, the delightful *Frauen, Frauenzimmer*, and *Weiberstücke* we—— But no, I dare not; after all, it may be a joke, though when the editor tells us there are no storks in Germany, he must have been—— But I had forgot. Bad Nauheim is the place for people with hearts—I have often dined there with "Lotte," who was a seamstress. This book is a book of love. Happy author! Dear old Giessen to have inspired such a charming volume.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. Martin Secker. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

This judicial and admirably written book is no less remarkable for its sureness of touch than for its philosophic aloofness. It breathes through every page a serene and undogmatic culture, and though it is quite easy to disagree with much that Mr. Scott-James says, it is not quite easy always to understand what his final conclusions are. This examination of the foundations of modern literature (for that is what it amounts to) is perhaps not a work of great imagination or profundity, but it is, certainly, a work of distinction and reserve. Mr. Scott-James falls neither

into the errors nor the splendours of enthusiasm. There is something of Matthew Arnold in Mr. Scott-James, in his idea of the relationship between literature and life, in the unromantic justness of his manner, and in the careful modulation of his style. But, of course, it is not a comparison that can be carried too far.

The author divides his book into three sections: "Literature and Art," "Literature and Modern Life," "Literature and Men." Most people will turn to the last section just because that contains his criticisms of individuals. There are short essays on such men as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Synge, Francis Thompson, and so on—essays that, for the most part, may possibly disappoint their admirers and their detractors alike. For there is little of the popular essayist in Mr. Scott-James, either in his praise or his blame.

But, though most people will read the last section before the others, it is the first which is the most striking. Here Mr. Scott-James propounds, with delicate precision, his theories of art as exemplified in the literature of our time. Some of these short chapters are the best in the whole book.

A splendid literary honesty is reflected in these pages of Mr. Scott-James, who not only sets himself a high standard of judgment, but actually lives up to it. There are not many writers nowadays who have the moral courage to do this, and that is essentially the great quality of this writer's work.

THE FAIRIES—HERE AND NOW. By S. R. LITTLEWOOD. Methuen. 2*s.* 6*d.*

There is no deception about Mr. Littlewood's *The Fairies—Here and Now*. It professes only to represent "the sincere conclusions of an average educated English mind," and, with a modesty which is only gradually discovered not to be excessive, disclaims erudition, fancy, and speculative thought. Surely, exclaims Mr. Littlewood, it is the ordinary man that matters. But this is not quite true. If an ordinary man is to write, he must either have a way with words or he must be honestly aware of his deficiency and capable of contenting himself with plain statements; and in either case he will not be an ordinary man. Mr. Littlewood has neither the gift nor the knowledge that he has it not. He is thus the perfect ordinary man. Hence his claim that he matters. Unfortunately for him, there is no trade union of ordinary men, compelling ordinary men to buy the works and nothing but the works of ordinary men. His one hope should be the superficial resemblance which he bears to extraordinary men. He is obscure. He is elliptical. He uses asterisks. He darts hither and thither. And he attacks great things. As Samuel Butler could not abide Virgil and Æschylus, so Mr. Littlewood cannot abide mysticism, saying that all "those portentous 'isms' . . . are nearly all of them, despite the awe in which they are held, just so many feeble and ineffectual efforts at the old guesswork method of argument which science, strictly so-called, has thrown over." The fairies have already taken their revenge. From cover to cover of this book they are not once seen, heard, or overheard. Mr. Littlewood, plainly speaking, does not believe in them, and the fairies, having less respect than he has for ordinary man, were at no pains to contradict him, since it would mean appearing in vulgar and tedious company.

FEMINISM

LOVE AND LOVERS. By ORME BALFOUR. Werner Laurie.

THE SOUL OF A SUFFRAGETTE. By W. L. COURTNEY. Chapman and Hall.

We are out for love nowadays. Here are two more volumes to attract us. Mr. Courtney writes from the mellow sentimental outlook of the kindly essayist; Mr. Balfour plunges into the thing more or less scientifically; and where the former breathes atmosphere, the other uses a dissecting-knife. Both to considerable effect. Mr. Balfour's book is really

a sensible, helpful contribution to the subject. He understands his matter. He knows something of women. He is not afraid to say what he does know and does think, and the result is admirable. In the confused battle about love in contemporary England, this book may be singled out among many. Especially the women who seem to think love is a new thing should read this little analysis. No doubt they will refuse to believe. But that won't be Mr. Balfour's fault. Mr. Courtney they will find probably more soothing, because with him there is only presentation. Women love to keep up the fiction that "no man ever understood a woman." Those who think so had better read Mr. Courtney and Mr. Balfour, who give many worldly-wise percepts to young lovers and novitiates, and many counsels of perfection.

THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE. By SIR ALMROTH E. WRIGHT. Constable. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

As was expected, Sir Almroth Wright comes forth in this little volume as the doughty champion of Man and the old Roman Patriarchy. In these days it is a welcome contribution to the subject from one who is not afraid of his opinions, and says what he has to say with virility, in the midst of much epicene twaddle about the sexes. Here, at any rate, is a full man's judgment, based on experience which must command attention. For it is no layman's work. It is a professional, a scientific opinion, and, as such, is as like as not to meet with the volley of abuse usually levelled at expert opinion in this country. This is not the place to enter into the matter, or to criticise the author, who is fully entitled to his say. When he writes about the "physiological psychology" of women, he speaks with the responsibility of a trained scientist. Those who lack his experience are hardly qualified to enter into serious controversy. What he lays down as axiomatic of women and the position of women in the State is not new; it is the attitude generally of all the great States in history from the Egyptians downwards. In this respect the author is slightly disappointing. Most of his arguments have been stated over and over again, and we had looked forward to a more professional train of thought in elaboration of the letter which elicited such a storm of abuse from the ladies at the time. Here we can only advise people who are interested to see for themselves what a notable physician has to say. They will find that refreshing fruit—straight thinking and straight speaking.

FICTION

THE PERFECT WIFE. By JOSEPH KEATING. Heinemann. 6*s.*

Roddy Carlish in a weak moment kissed Hattie—"an old pal"—in the billiard-room, and unfortunately his wife Julie—the Perfect Wife—was a witness of "the sustained, unmitigated kiss." Hattie is a siren, but then Julie is "a brilliant miracle." She has black hair, and "it took all the hairpins in the whole world to imprison it in a fashionable heap about her head." Also "she held her fan clasped by her two hands—two hands that were only flowers growing out from the wrists of arms as perfect as a baby's legs." How could Carlish inflict pain on so lovely a wife? Alas! in his confusion he cannot explain satisfactorily "the sustained, unmitigated kiss." The indignant Julie will now have none of him. So he leaves for India, and she institutes divorce proceedings. After the lapse of several months Carlish returns, determined to clear his character and to regain his wife. The good fellow has been sadly misunderstood. But his wife refuses to see him. She forbids him the house. One evening after midnight, when her maid has completed her toilet for the night, Julie, in *déshabille*, opens her wardrobe door in search of a dressing-gown, and out steps her husband "in blameless evening clothes." The poor fellow has spent two hours in that wardrobe. Yet Julie remains cruel. She stigmatises his defence as "rotten," and refuses to credit his

trip to India. He was, she declares, all the time in town with Hattie. It is a tremendous bedroom scene, and divorce proceedings are nearer than ever. Eventually, owing to the zeal of Mibbs—Julie's sister—matters are cleared up, and Roddy Carlish regains his "Perfect Wife." Mr. Keating writes often with great energy, and the book will probably amuse many readers.

THE DARK FLOWER. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 6*s*.

Mark Lennan, the hero of Mr. Galsworthy's latest book, is a very emotional person, and most of the ladies whom he meets are also very emotional. Naturally there are complications. On three love-tangles Mr. Galsworthy has lavished all the fine and delicate resources of his literary craft. He describes and analyses many tender and desperate emotions with a skill worthy of Paul Bourget. The book is divided into three parts, entitled "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn." Each part deals with a love-episode in the hero's career.

In "Spring," Mark Lennan, a boy of nineteen, falls in love with his tutor's wife—an Austrian lady of thirty-five with "ice-green eyes." She is ready to run away with him, but in the end wisely abandons the field to the sunny Sylvia, realising that youth is for youth.

In "Summer," we find Lennan enamoured of a pretty woman unhappily wedded. Her position excites all the chivalry of the hero and the author. Lennan is without humour, and so is the lady. They live in a rare atmosphere of exquisite emotions, which Mr. Galsworthy conveys to us in exquisite prose. The result is a little cloying. Prolonged sentiment is oppressive, like the flowers of the syringa. However, a terrible tragedy on the river clears the air and liberates the hero.

In "Autumn" we find Mark Lennan—a man of forty-five, with a horror of advancing age—married to Sylvia. Though a sculptor of capacity, no work satisfies him. He is childless. He wants youth or something that will give him the illusion of youth. He finds that "something" in Nell, a girl with "slow, grey, mesmeric eyes"—the illegitimate daughter of his old schoolfellow, Johnny Dromore. Nell fascinates and is fascinated. Lennan feels the pangs of a lover and the perplexities of a husband. Finally, taxed by his disconsolate wife, he confesses his feelings, and flies to Italy with her to avoid further catastrophe. Mr. Galsworthy is always an artist. There are admirable scenes in the book and lovely gleams of landscape. The author's verbal felicity never deserts him. With a few masterly strokes he gives us Cramier, the odious husband, and Johnny Dromore, the Turf devotee of the "goggling eyes." We hear the "flat, cosy, confidential voice" of the Colonel's wife. The monotony of the work is due to the theme and the author's temperament. Mr. Galsworthy, in his "fastidious chivalry," is too apt to see women as "helpless" and "pathetic," and to forget that they are sometimes minxes.

DIANA AND TWO SYMPHONIES. By FRANCIS TOYE. Heinemann. 6*s*.

Diana and Two Symphonies is the story of a marriage that was very nearly wrecked on the rock of a misunderstanding. The heroine, Diana, began wedded life as the wife of a diplomatist, but was left a widow whilst still in the early twenties, and married, a few years later, a bohemian (and apparently gifted) composer called Geoffrey Radclyffe. The first marriage had been one of friendship, but this second one was a marriage of love. And all the disaster arose, not from waning love on either side, but from a mere doltish incapacity on Geoffrey's part to realise that his wife was not only a goddess but a practical woman who wanted to share his life in a sympathetic manner. He remains exquisitely blind to all the tragedy of her feelings, whilst she, abandoning herself to despair, carries on two dangerous flirtations. In the end she flees, all by herself—only to be followed by the doting and bewildered Geoffrey. All comes right in the flood of their mutual, though delayed, understanding.

It is a tale which skims over the surface of life with happy ease. The

writing is simple and undistinguished, the psychology quite elementary, and the whole plot conventionally unoriginal. The character of Diana is, of course, the centre of the drama, and there is a certain charm about the little minx. Her love and her kisses become her naturally, and need not offend the moralist. For she is an innocent and genuine person, and one can hardly take her tragic attitudes very deeply. If not Geoffrey, then certainly somebody else would soon have wiped away her tears with caresses.

BENDISH. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

Like Heine, Byron seems doomed to be the butt of the Philistine. Though nearly a century has passed since the poet laid down his life for Greece, he still is to be recognised as the bogey-man of English self-righteousness, a name to frighten naughty boys with, to serve as warning to the modern clerk, to swing like a robber on the gibbet by the wayside, food for carrion and the multitude. Dick Turpin has long been a national hero, but Byron, he, of course, is the very Devil. We knew that for sure. But we were hardly prepared to find Mr. Maurice Hewlett perpetuating the tale, as here in *Bendish* the poet is revealed to us with his black locks and sultry looks, his gay inconsequence in the full-dress villainy of Drury Lane melodramatics. Even that we could pass from a fellow artist. What Mr. Hewlett has done is far more serious and flagititious. He has made Byron an utter scoundrel. On what authority we know not, but here is Byron vainly trying to seduce Shelley's wife, and, failing that, deliberately seeking to injure the poet, who, enraged at his friend's duplicity, comes over to England and fights Byron, and gets wounded in the duel. This by all the gods is a bit too thick. There is no evidence that Shelley fought Byron, as there is none that Byron sought to injure Shelley's reputation. To use fiction to such purpose is an immoral act. The figures are so clearly indicated that no doubt can exist about them. The Philistine will read, recognise the Duke, Byron, and the rest—and believe implicitly. To us, the thing is extraordinary. Most vehemently we protest in the name of historical truth and for the dignity of art generally. *Bendish* is an arbitrary perversion of fact, a travesty of one of the greatest of all English names. We say unhesitatingly that this fictional attempt to blacken Byron's name is an artistic sin utterly unworthy of the author's own splendid record.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING. By EDWIN PUGH. Chapman and Hall. 6*s*.

Mr. Pugh confections for us a rather jolly farce with a slightly sentimental flavour. Impersonation, that basis on which nearly all farces are founded, is given a novel twist. The rightful heir to property requests someone to impersonate him, as the thought of having to sustain the honours and dignities of a title and large estates wearies his independent Bohemian soul. A professional ne'er-do-well takes up the task, and the humour and gaiety of the book come out in the chapters when the supposed heir from Australia receives visits from his old friends from places with names like Wooloomooloo. His comical attempt to reconcile his unacquaintance with them and his desire to preserve his impersonation make really amusing reading. The sentimental portion of the book we do not take very seriously—obviously one is not meant to. Mr. Pugh's *Pudding* is well made and digestible. The recipe is an old and trusted one, and, if we remember aright, he has used it on several previous occasions to turn out "puddings" of a similar kind to the present one. It is a stock dish, made of homely ingredients, but the cook has cunning, and will always find a number of ready appetites for his provisions.

THE SEQUENCE, 1905–1912. By ELINOR GLYN. Duckworth. 6*s*. net.

This is a simple tale. Guinevere, at the age of seventeen, is forced into a loveless marriage with a stern soldier twice, or possibly thrice, her age. She is an old-fashioned, refined, and misunderstood female with "a demure air and a rebellious gleam in her eyes"—she lives in a state of

trembling sensibility and in abject terror of her grumpy male. So far good. But he, the husband, is a less probable creature; his harshness is rather overdone; he calls her a "hateful iceberg" and "the coldest bit of womankind I've come across." Ladies do not like being called icebergs. Such remarks are always rude, and sometimes possibly incorrect. Guinevere, pondering sadly over them, comes to the conclusion that she has been caught by the wrong man. She has her son, of course—a bewilderingly beautiful lad, who might have given her some interest in life; but what's the use of a son, if he resembles the wrong man, his father? So she goes on pondering.

She is always pondering and dissecting her feelings; she belongs to that analysing type of female who sometimes drives one nearly crazy. Such being the case, it stands to reason that she keeps a diary—a diary wherein she chronicles minutely all the incidents of her adultery with the right man, Sir Hugh Dremont. He was bound to turn up sooner or later; and here he is. All the women are after Sir Hugh. He is "so utterly unapproachable, cynical, and attractive," so *soigné*; above all, so infernally rich. But he likes Guinevere best. It is consoling to learn that in this hazardous adventure both lovers are equipped with efficient aides-de-camp; the heroine has her sister Letitia, a wordly-wise go-between (to put it mildly), and as to Sir Hugh—is there not a discreetly-silent butler. William, who always keeps his weather-eye open, and supervises their amorous encounters in Richmond Park and elsewhere? For the rest, Sir Hugh is an old hand at captivating the sex; he has the true sporting instinct in such matters; he is in no hurry to land his fish—not he!—and if the attractive picture facing p. 128 be a likeness of his lady-love Guinevere, we can only congratulate the gentleman on his masterly self-restraint. But, do what we may, things will come to a head. On p. 46 the pair are beginning to be naughty; on p. 60 Guinevere learns from her sensible sister the proper definition of what stupid people call sin; on p. 99 she discovers that "one is not always master of oneself in supreme moments" (a great step forward); on p. 127 Hugh's voice gets suspiciously hoarse (*tremolo agitato, con molto sentimento*); on p. 143 "I must," says he, "I will hold you in my arms"; on p. 152 he kisses her lips. Thank God, he has got as far as the lips, at last; up to this point, it was only her hand, gloved or *au naturel*. And soon enough, he gets still further. . . .

This is the climax, and so far there has been no great hitch; the narrative has slipped along with an Elinor-glibness all its own. But here we are now, at the end of the romance, and in the middle of the book. Rather awkward, this. The publisher, naturally enough, is shrieking for another 170 pages of *Sequence*; what's to be done? Well, since you cannot have a husband knocking about when another fellow is in the house, the old General is conveniently despatched to some queer foreign country; and to fill up the gap, other unlikely things happen which do not interest us profoundly. It is the grossest of padding, but this much is certain: readers who cannot extract their money's worth of illicit love out of this story must be hard to please. It simply reeks of sex. Amazing, how this writer can pack her pages with suggested improprieties and yet, save on p. 246, say nothing that is not more or less presentable. She is truly an adept at "Dublin tenders." But we like the aristocratic ladies best. This is how they talk:—

"I do think you should have shown up, Ermyntrude," Lady Majoribanks announced. "We must play the game now, with the Radicals coming in, or we shall lose our influence. I am all for making these creatures pay for their footing among us, but you should have given them some return. . . ."

And the way they swop lovers is enough to make their social inferiors burst with envy. Even the happily-married Letitia has her charming *friend*, Lord Alfred—but only for a season. As to Guinevere, the effects of her love-intrigue are these: firstly, everybody, even the family physician, notices how enormously her looks and health are improved under the

hygienic influence of Sir Hugh's personality; and, secondly, from being an idealistic simpleton, she is transformed into a prudent lady. How love for a man not her husband will sharpen a woman's wits!

Then the old brute returns home and the game is up. The lovers, driven to desperation by his odious presence, begin praying to God to help them. Funny. Whenever people make fools of themselves, they always try to get God to pull them out of their scrapes. And, by Jove! sometimes they succeed. This is exactly what happens to Hugh and Guinevere. By a combination of unexpected happenings, by a veritable Russian salad of drownings, murders, and other catastrophes all tending, providentially, to one end, the lovers are at last legally united. For our part, we candidly confess that we are grateful to Providence for this consummation—thunderingly grateful. Let it not be forgotten that we have been on the sexual rack from 1905 to 1912. Whether the lovers remained truly grateful—that is quite another matter. Legitimate wedlock, after so many years of moonlight amours, may well have seemed a trifle dull. One likes to think otherwise, of course; but perhaps—perhaps they got slightly bored with each other, after all. One fears they may have relapsed into the habits of all their friends and relatives; that they may have discovered, as other people have done, that when you have a "recrudescence of worldly desires" there is something to be said for Letitia's swopping system.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By T. H. S. ESCOTT. John Lane. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Escott knew Trollope, and his chief excuse, not amounting to a justification, for writing *Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Literary Originals* is that the novelist once gave him some memoranda which he understood at the time might be used in a biography. The result is a biography and bibliography covering three hundred and fifty pages. One whole page is given to the story of how, in Ireland, Trollope was once very nearly compelled to do without pumps at a ball, but not quite. It is not the only page of the kind; for Mr. Escott's style is one that depends on the multiplication and confusion of words, and is not seldom as unprofitable as it is difficult to read. Nor is his judgment unimpeachable, or even invariably sober. For example, in speaking of the association of Trollope and J. E. Millais, he calls the artist "an active, if not the chief, partner in the creation of the novelist's characters." Nevertheless, the book has been built of bricks, and the bricks do not lack straw. Mr. Escott knows the man, the books, and the times. Readers who know less but are not entirely ignorant will find him almost as rich in fruit as in leaves, and may even, by using the book as mere material, endow it with the vitality which it lacks and regard it as really being the good book of which it contains the elements. He has been lucky in confining his illustrations to a portrait and two photographs of Harting Grange, and even these two are neither attractive nor valuable.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

No encyclopædia, great or small, has yet been designed to satisfy everybody. Nor ever will be. There are always persons to complain, for instance, that the good Bishop BENNO is accorded only two lines, whereas POLYMETHYLENES—"a series of synthetic hydrocarbons to some of which the terpenes are allied"—gets a whole paragraph; or that the all-important Polymethylenes get only a single paragraph, wheras PALÆOBOTANY (what's Palæobotany?) gets three of them all to itself. Such is human nature. But this new illustrated encyclopædia comes as near perfection, for its size, as may well be possible; it is clearly printed, crammed with information, and, as regards matter, thoroughly up to date. Decidedly the book to take to a desert island.

LORD LISTER: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By G. T. WRENCH, M.D. Fisher Unwin. 15*s.* net.

To peruse this volume is a fine antidote against that curious modern disease, that resentment against science and relapse into animistic lines of thought, which, somehow or other, has infected us of late. Perhaps it is a reactionary symptom, for clear thinking always hurts and tempts us—even after all we admittedly owe to science—to take refuge in the fogs of mysticism. Be that as it may, Dr. Wrench has given us an absorbing piece of work. Were documentary evidence not actually in existence, the condition of affairs in hospitals in pre-Lister days—how short a time ago!—would be described as a revolting and incredible nightmare. Even now the significance of Lister's discovery and what it has done to alleviate pain and misery throughout the world is almost beyond our appreciation. We think, therefore, that the author has acted wisely in lifting a corner of the veil and allowing us a slight glimpse into those old horrors. The book is a noble monument to one of the greatest of mankind.

MEDWIN'S REVISED LIFE OF SHELLEY. Edited by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B. Milford. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

The publication of this new edition of *Medwin's Life of Shelley* has clearly been a labour of love to Mr. Buxton Forman. Few admirers of the poet will be disposed to contest his statement that there was room for this volume; since, whatever we may think of Medwin's attainments, this "perfect idiot" certainly contrived to amass into his pages a wealth of information which is of perennial value to those who followed the romantic career of his hero. Mr. Forman has annotated the whole in a surpassingly conscientious fashion; he gives us some appendices of fresh and interesting matter as well as four capital illustrations.

THE LIFE OF HENRY LABOUCHERE. By ALGAR LABOUCHERE THOROLD. Constable and Co. 18*s.* net.

It cannot be said that in his present biographer "Labby" has found his Boswell. Perhaps he was scarcely worthy of one. Yet he was more interesting as a personality than as a politician. Somebody with a real gift for character-drawing might make a fascinating picture of this strange little man who touched life at so many sides, and always so lightly and gaily. He was a bundle of contradictions. He had the *finesse*, the wit, the audacity, the mocking irreverence of those eighteenth-century Paris *salons* in which one fancies he would have found himself at home; but he had also much of the hustling vulgarity of the coarser elements in Fleet Street, the Stock Exchange, the theatres, the Parliamentary lobbies, in the late Victorian days. He was habitually indolent, though at times he could exhibit a quite feverish energy; he was a professional cynic and one of the kindest of men; he spent much of his time, and made a great deal of his money, by circulating flouts and jeers at the society in which he found most of his friends; he laughed at the "prizes" of party politics, and was yet desperately ambitious to obtain them for himself; and he went through life with the reputation of having no convictions at all, whereas he had a more coherent body of opinions than almost any of his political rivals or associates. Above all, he was an artist in life, which he regarded as an entrancing game for a spectator with a sense of humour and a turn for spiteful epigram.

But to do justice to these subtle traits a somewhat more dexterous hand was needed than that of his present biographer. Mr. Thorold has missed his chance of contributing a great portrait-study to our literature. He has, however, provided the political historian of the past thirty years with some valuable material. He has added a chapter to the complex story of the relations between Radicalism and Liberalism in the nineteenth century. There has been no moment during the last hundred years in which the "Whigs" and the Progressives were not openly or secretly at variance. Labouchere was a man of the extreme Left; but he differed from the rest

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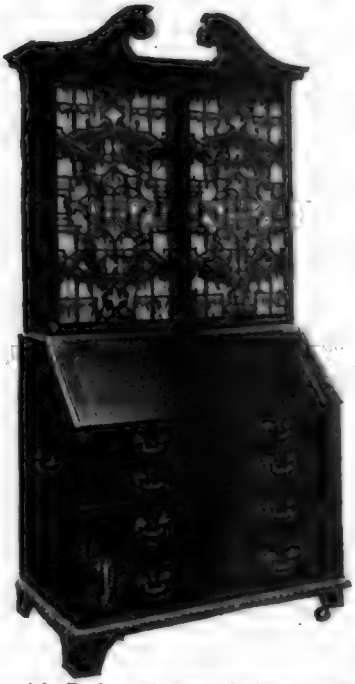

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Choses à la Mode

BY

MADAME SIMONE A. PUGET.

Madame Puget is in direct touch with the leaders and creators of Parisian fashion; her indications, therefore, may be accepted as the *earliest* and most authoritative pronouncement of what will be *le dernier cri de la mode* in the autumn and coming winter. The supplements are written in Paris and illustrated from actual models; they are not, therefore, mere repetition of what is already known to the creators of London fashions.

I shall try to tell the consecutive manners of adorning herself which compose the daily poem of a young fashionable Parisian.

Shall we watch her since the moment she is awake, unclosing lazily her eyelids?

To breakfast in bed, leaning upon her pile of small linen cushions, she wears a short, easy little coat, with wide open sleeves. If she is chilly she may have it made of white swan, which is so becoming in bed and nicely warm. If the room is not cold, she will wear an embroidered muslin little vest, trimmed with lace and ribbons matching those of the pillows and of the sheet.

The Japanese kimono is the most convenient shape.

As she hates to be seen with disordered hair, she pushes her head into the bottom of a little bonnet in embroidered linen, tight with a large satin ribbon.

Any fancy is allowed about those bonnets; some are copied on the peasants' caps in white linen edged with a plain *ruche*; some fluffy ones are adorned with a wool flower; others still have got the shape of the Dutchmen bonnets, with an embroidered coif, and a starched brim. Again, other bonnets are only composed of bits of shining silk—of different bright colours; one enrolls them round the hair, and their colour is *assortie* to the gown the little lady will wear when she gets up.

Like other women, she is fond of lounging from one room to the other, polishing her nails and setting her knicknacks in order. For this purpose she will hide her nightdress into a comfortable soft morning gown in wadded silk, or in the warm stuff called *zénana*. It is cut low round the neck with a large, pucked, turned-down tulle *volant*, playing a pointed effect in the back. The same *volant* comes beyond the sleeves, cut like in the monks' frocks.

If one wishes a more dressy gown, which can be worn for lunch, the same shape may be composed in velvet; for instance, in grey velvet, with a square collar-pelerine made of fur: grey fox or white swan. A movement of drapery is caught, behind, under a large *pli Watteau*.

The little lady's feet are nestled in velvet *mules* painted with little red and green roses, or in white swan slippers bound round the bare ankle and leg with black velvet strings.

* * * * * * * *

Her *toilette* is now half done; studying herself in her looking-glass, she feels rather satisfied with the waves of her hair and the shining of her nails. She has to choose the hat she is going to wear for her morning walk. It is sure to be a tiny black velvet one, with narrow brims turned up rather comically. Two long blades of Paradise-bird spring out of it, one pointing to the sky and the other turned downwards.

The little lady ties carefully her veil—the fashionable new veil, which is such a success that three days after its first appearance every woman had got her own in Paris, and that, in spite of this vulgarisation, it has remained *the* success.

It is made of fine hexagonal meshes, with a single embroidered black velvet spot, which plays the effect of a *mouche*.

The little woman, ready by the top, is still in . . . stockings—as she follows the mode excluding the petticoats. She chooses now her late *tailleur* of navy-blue *duvetyn*.

The up-to-date jackets are long, with folds widening the silhouette from the waist till the knees. They are flat in front and behind, with some fulness plucked on both sides. Some are made in the style of the military vests of the *Grande-Armée* strictly buttoned, with basques on the sides, and a high fur collar; others look like long Russian blouses, others still like Hungarian *dolmans*.

The little lady's navy-blue jacket is straight in front, and widens on both sides in a sort of short skirt. The sleeves are adorned with a thick *coton* yellow and blue embroidery round the wrist. The same embroidery plays some *revers* effects on the vest, and a small *putois* fur collar turns down in the back, from one shoulder to the other. The armholes are very low, between shoulder and elbow, leaving the vest quite loose.

As well as the tailor costume had to be strict and close-fitting, formerly—it has now to look as if it had been cut on a *mannequin* one full size bigger than yourself.

Since how long did women claim about the absence of pockets?

The numerous little *chichis*, which are, of course, absolutely necessary to a *coquette* person, were rattling in an ever-puffed-up bag—I mean the white-powder box for the nose and chin, the pink-powder box for the cheeks and earlaps, the lips' *bâton de rouge*, the pencil, the note-book, the looking-glass, the tiny dagger, the small scent-bottle, the atomal handkerchief, perhaps a cigarette-case and its *briquet*, the romantic medallion of the beloved, and the material purse—at least.

In the new costumes the whole luggage will find its place as pockets are renovated, several big pockets on each vest, obviously indicated by apparent seams which delineate their various shapes. The skirts are not much larger from below than last year, so that the silhouette keeps its shrunk appearance round the ankles. Women seem to get accustomed to be restrained, and not to wish any release.

But the skirts have got queer lines, generally draperies on one side, or a deep fold behind. Some are made of several fragments of tissue, pucked *volants* climbing one over the other—the line is no more easily unravelled.

In the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne the little lady meets other *duvetyn* costumes looking rather like her own. But although the general aspect is the same, each show a peculiar detail of trimming, or fur collar, which reveals the taste of the wearer.

There is a peculiar state of mind which every woman has got at least twice a year—that is in early October and April, when one believes one's hat and one's dress look foolishly old-fashioned among the procession of new attires one has got to meet. The feminine eyes get on peeping more keenly, registering, criticising, gathering every detail of every silhouette that passes by, in order to select a profitable new idea for their next dressing.

* * * * * * * *

The little lady comes back at home with all kinds of projects. First of all she cannot help ringing up her hairdresser—to order a cute little *accroche-cœur*.

Since some days she hesitated—she thought the fashion rather eccentric. But the queerest fashions are swiftly transformed in seductive temptations when eyes get accustomed to them. Several most elegant women she met wore one on their left cheek, a naughty interrogative curl which accentuated the expression of the face.

It is a double frenzy; every woman in Paris dotes upon the *veil-with-the-mouche* and the *accroche-cœur*.

After lunch, at cigarette's time, the little lady feels tired. She yields to the soft cushion's call, and wishes a quiet rest on the *complice* sofa, before she starts again to dress for tea.

The tailor-made costume is abandoned; with a sigh of comfort she wraps herself up in the tea-gown she likes best.

It is a long tunic of black Chantilly lace covering a sheath of pink silk muslin. The underpart of the bodice is made of two bits of pink muslin, doubled on account of its transparency. The *décolleté* is re-covered with Chantilly lace set flat on the skin; at the bottom of the neck a narrow roll of grey fur—is it fox, mole, or rabbit? The sleeve has got a new attractive cutting; it is open, up to the shoulder, leaving the arm bare, and falling loosely behind it. A roll of grey fur hems it in its full length. Every movement waves the sleeves like wounded wings.

The tunic is fastened round the waist with a pink velvet scarf, tight behind in a large Japanese knot. Beneath, the tunic widens in a pucked effect, down to the knees. The lower part is a pleated *volant* of Chantilly hemmed with grey fur.
The luxury of tea-gowns gives room to any fancy. Regarding the colours, yellow seems to be much appreciated, trimmed with dark fur, or yellow fox.
Fur-trimmings are either dark on light garments, and light on dark ones,—or in the same tonality.
The colours which have the greatest vogue are the scales of red and yellow; an autumnal fallen-leaf red colour Mr. Paul Bourget's heroines would choose for their "rapture" dress when they creep along Versailles' woods for the last breaching *rendezvous*.

The whole scale of yellow is very fashionable. There are some lovely tea-gowns, quite easy to make at home, composed of yellow muslin pleated mechanically—the kind which is called *plissé-soleil*. The bodice is a plain drapery going from one shoulder to the other, the sleeves being long veils hanging behind each arm. The pleated muslin is tied in some Scotch-striped taffetas, turning in spiral from the waist to the hips.
Shall I tell you which colour you should wear to captivate those you wish to?
If you are fair, even rather stout, have a white costume, all white; your *cendré* hair will get unusual brightness and your complexion will appear still more lacteous amidst the pale symphony.
If your hair is as auburn as those of Winterhalter's portraits, you

can wear any new yellow tints, from brown unto coffee-and-milk.
Black is beautifully becoming to some women, and makes others look shabby—it is a question of personal type and not of hair's colour.
Pale colours generally suit a white skin better, while dark and shining tones fit a *mat* complexion.
They say blue, and its derivatives, mauve, *lilas*, grey, have a keen influence on men of art and of letters.
Athletic, strong people are swayed by vermilions and chromes.
As for nervous, depressed, or quickly excitable ones, the orange colour is supposed to be the most suitable.

* * * * * * * *

Five o'clock; time has come to go and meet some friends in one of the fashionable tea-rooms surrounding the Rue de la Paix. Very many velvet costumes are to be seen in the hall. A new detail is the high fastening of the jackets, vests, and cloaks. The last year perfidious cutting, which was so inductive to sore throats, is almost forgotten. The dresses have generally got round the neck a small roll of fur in the Russian style. For dressy costumes the fur-roll ends in a little point in the middle of the bottom of the neck. The *décolleté* is neither wide on upper coats. Beneath, the blouses are made of translucent muslin, very *flou* kimono hemmed with a slope of the skirt's tissue.
We shall soon see again the trimmings which used to hem the underpart of the skirts some years ago. They were called *balayeuses*. Made of lace, or of light pleated silk, they will add a fluffy lightsomeness to the dark *toilettes*.
With dressy afternoon dresses lace and tulle trimmings will never be worn white, but faintly coloured with tea.
When the trimmings will be made of pale colours like mauve, pink, blue, or yellow, a charming refinement will be to wear the shoes' heels of the same colour.
The little lady obtains a great success with her black silk velvet dress, trimmed with sable. The *ruches* that show in the collar's opening are made of tulle coloured with saffron. And of saffron leather are made also her black velvet square shoes' heels.
It is not as useful to possess many dresses as to take the trouble to collect materials to create one or two elegant *ensembles*. The same may be said for hats—one must examine the new fashions to be able to select what suits to each peculiar type—instead of following blindly the mode. The best is to settle for oneself a fundamental dressing principle, and to diversify it, following to each late fashion.
In my next *chronique* I shall continue the journey-dressing of a Parisian, by her dinner, ball, and theatre dresses.

SIMONE A. PUGET.

Paris, 20th October, 1913.

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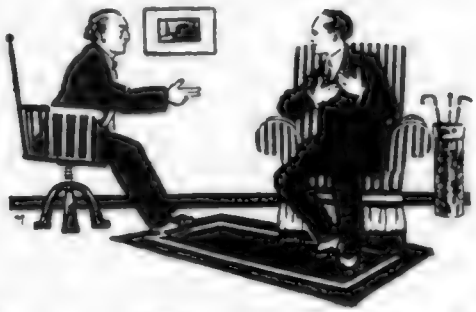

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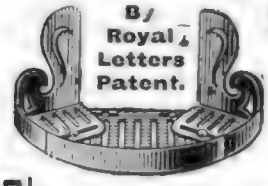

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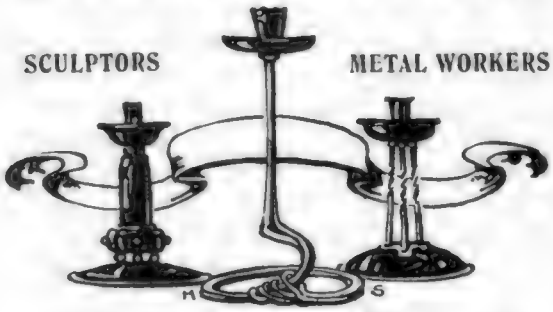

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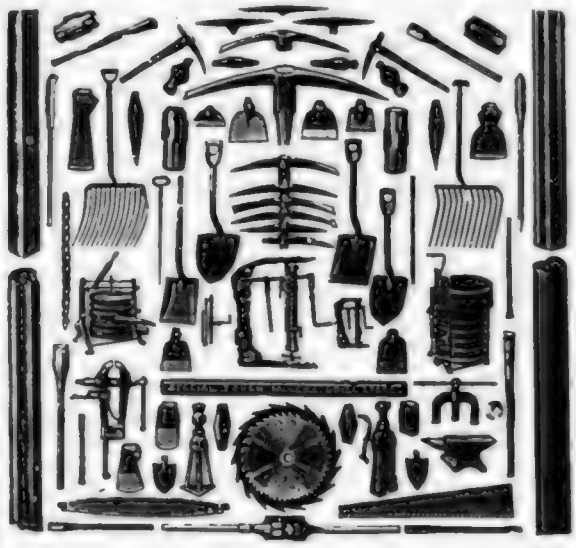

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of his party not so much in his violence as in his logic. The conclusions over which they hesitated he quite calmly faced; he believed in the Goddess of Reason (it was the only divinity he acknowledged), whereas they, like most Englishmen, were *au fond* sentimental and religious. So while his fellow-Radicals were talking about extending the franchise and curtailing the powers of the Peers, Labouchere was looking out for a "real Radical" leader who would make a clean sweep of the House of Lords, the Church, the land system, and probably also of the Crown, the Army, the dependent Empire, and the other things which seemed to him mere cumbrous superfluities inherited from an obsolete past. And there was a time when he imagined that he had found this leader—in Mr. Chamberlain!

This, as it now appears, was the reason why, in 1885 and 1886, Labouchere threw himself with passionate ardour into the Irish imbroglio. He was in the very thick of the tangled series of intrigues which gradually straightened themselves out into the definite acceptance of Home Rule by one great English party and of Unionism by the other. Labouchere knew everybody, and was, more or less, everybody's confidant. Mr. Chamberlain, Parnell, Healy, Lord Randolph Churchill, were all ready to make use of his services and to accept him as a serviceable intermediary. What may seem more surprising, in the light of his later record, they really trusted him. They thought he was quite honest, and so at this time he was, in his own fashion. He had no personal ends to gain; but he was sincerely anxious to relieve the House of Commons of the Irish incubus, and then to combine all the democratic and progressive forces in the effort to overthrow the "Whigs," whom he disliked much more than the Conservatives.

This was logical enough; but English politicians and the English people are not, fortunately, ruled by this kind of clear thinking, and "grandiose" revolutions are by no means to their taste. Labouchere, with his Gallic temperament, did not understand the cautious regard for expediency and tradition which he sneered at as Whiggish, but which is really innate in all English parties. Nor could he sympathise with the English respect for purely ethical considerations. "He had," says his biographer, "no passionate love of virtue, public or private"; and in his cynical candour he often revealed his contempt for what he deemed the unction and sanctimoniousness which pervaded English public life. Hence his oft-quoted remark about Mr. Gladstone with the ace of trumps up his sleeve and a firm belief that the Almighty had put it there. Hence, too, when he found that even his own friends would not take him as a serious politician he became a mere *farceur* in affairs, laughing at all causes, and indulging a whimsical fancy for making mischief. Considering his genuine ability and his extraordinary intellectual acuteness, he did much less than might have been expected of him. But he probably enjoyed himself a great deal more in his versatile independence than if he had been sobered by the responsibilities of the Cabinet or an Embassy.

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This is not so much a book on the land question as a "collection of evidence" to prove the urgent necessity for land reform. In response to an appeal which appeared in the Press from Mrs. Cobden Unwin, a number of interested individuals submitted statements of their difficulties, and enumerated their experiences of the various foolish or iniquitious phases of this very topical subject of social and political discussion. Most of the letters are of value to the land reform enthusiast, and not a few are arresting from the directness and simplicity of their appeal. There is, for instance, the case of the old man of Merton: Twenty-eight years ago he rented a cottage at 2*s.* 6*d.* per week. "By increments of 6*d.* his rent was raised to 8*s.* 6*d.* In 1908 the landlord intimated that a further 6*d.* would be added." The facts were published in a local paper, however, and "the rent remains at 8*s.* 6*d.* to this date, September, 1912." The

theories of the various schools of land reformers are considered, and fair and impartial statements of their theories presented, but Mrs. Unwin does not seem to come to very definite conclusions on the matter. "The root of the evil lies in the fact that whether by inheritance from feudal ancestors, by purchase, by war lords, or cotton lords, State pensioners or political millionaires, the land is in the grip of privilege and of the few, and we look for the coming statesman—Tory, Liberal, or Socialist—who will free it from the land monopolist and plutocrat."

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This is a decidedly well written, entertaining, and valuable book. In his 500 pages Mr. Enock has surveyed, with learned deftness, the whole of South America, of Central America, and of Mexico. His book teems with information and with statistics. But it is of more value than a mere report, for it is full of descriptions and judgments which are both shrewd and happy. As to his facts, they are of the latest and the most informative; but he is in error in stating (p. 393) that Mexico City, in point of population, comes next to Buenos Aires amongst the Latin-American capitals. Rio de Janeiro, with its 800,000 inhabitants, ranks next after Buenos Aires. And surely he is wrong when, in talking of the Panama Canal, "the total cost of which was finally estimated at £75,000,000," he continues, "the interest upon which and the annual cost of operation constitute, it is estimated, a charge of £600,000 per annum." Surely £6,000,000 would have been nearer the mark.

Mr. Enock is already well known for his books on South America, and this work should consolidate his reputation. For he appears familiar with the whole continent and with the real conditions of life and government. The worst of such a book is that, with its rows of statistics, it will soon grow out of date. For nothing is more hopelessly dead than useless information. Such a book as this serves its purpose, of course, but what we would prefer to see would be another Waterton or Bates or, indeed, another Bryce. For the work of the imaginative writer lives by virtue of its own achievement, and not alone in the reflection of its usefulness.

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criticism is necessarily disarmed; for what is one to say of a book of feminine talk, illustrated with comic cuts and photographs of the author, all larded over with the most ingenuous enthusiasm and *naïveté*, Nor has Mrs. Tweedie been to America for nothing. She has learned the art of advertisement, and her book is very cleverly written for both sides of the pond and for a fat circulation among the two peoples. She tells the American what we do at afternoon tea-parties, she tells us what the Americans do. She tells us what frocks to wear in America, she tells the Americans—a great many things about themselves which possibly some of them will not appreciate. On the whole, though books about America are becoming rather a glut upon the market, this whole-hearted outpouring of a woman's mind upon American life, people, and institutions, has very considerable merit—the merit of a natural intuitive observation coupled with the perception of a trained and very far-travelled mind. And we do learn a good deal about the domestic life out there, and we do feel that Mrs. Tweedie is able to form very accurate judgments and sum up her impressions in a way which is distinctly informative and correct. She had nobody with her in her 5,000 miles of travel—not even a maid to "hook up her dress," but she got through, and here it all is in that anacoluthonic, staccato manner of hers which, if it is not Ruskinian in style, is at any rate effective.

WITH THE RUSSIAN PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Macmillan. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE HOLY LAND. By ROBERT HICHENS. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s.* net.

Mr. Graham possesses an enviably enthusiastic temperament. It is not everybody who cares to trudge along the stony tracks of Palestine with a horde of unwashed Muscovite moujiks; who can enjoy the trip, as evidently he did; and then write a charming book about it. In fact, seeking Jesus, at Jerusalem or elsewhere, is not everybody's business. To perform this feat in the approved Russian fashion, an ordinary person must strip off what he has painfully donned—the layers of many centuries of decent European culture; he must be able to sing and prance about in all the frantic nudity of primitive emotionalism; he must deliberately make himself half-blind, sealing up the orifices of his intellect and lowering his mental standard to the childishly-ferocious level of his fellow-pilgrims.

Mr. Graham can do all this in fine style.

He gives one the impression of not realising that these perambulating masses of Slavonic filth and fanaticism are a veritable menace to ordered civilised life—a power for incalculable evil, ready, at the bidding of any inspired idiot who cares to direct their pious activities, to rend to pieces our carefully accumulated arts and sciences and all that makes existence endurable to those who stand above their own brutish condition; that the murderers of Hypatia were of this school; that the fantastic ritual case now pending before the Russian tribunal is merely another aspect of the spirit which prompts the pilgrimages of these inflammable lovers of Jesus. What Mr. Graham really thinks—who can tell? Perhaps he is smiling in his sleeve all the time. But his pilgrim sympathies, real or assumed, may well prove infectious to certain simple souls. He would almost persuade us that the interests of Russia are best served by citizens like that seventy-five-year-old Abraham, an exemplary Christian loafer, who has done the pilgrimage twenty times and is not "holy" enough. "For nine months of the year he tramps through Russia, and the other three he is in the Holy Land or on the pilgrim boat." He is entirely dependent on other people for his money, clothing, and food—the apotheosis of the beggar! At Jerusalem the old fraud prays vigorously. It's so picturesque.

Mr. Hichens has also done, and (like the rest of us) been amply "done" by, the Holy Land, as his entertaining volume proves. Compared with Mr. Graham, however, he travelled in princely splendour. Both of them witnessed the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem, and Mr. Hichens has

some fine pages to describe the portentous buffoonery which is enacted at this season in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Jerusalem, so far as the Christians are concerned, is universally acknowledged to be the abode of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Where the tourist is cheered by the pleasing spectacle of Turkish soldiers, with fixed bayonets, keeping order and preventing the multitudinous Christian sects from tearing each others' eyes and hair out—there, one would think, is not exactly the place to stumble upon the Prince of Peace. And Mr. Hichens, as a matter of fact, does not tell us whether his search was rewarded; or whether, indeed, he sought at all. For, being more open-eyed than a Russian pilgrim, he had the misfortune to espy, *en route*, a frolicsome little pagan deity lurking among the slumberous reeds of Galilee; and memories of that disquieting encounter may have tinged with an earthly complexion his sojourn in the Holy City and incapacitated him for Mr. Graham's spiritual quest after bigger game. But the other traveller, although he tells us that "in the press of all the nations in Jerusalem at Easter it was perhaps difficult to find Jesus," was pre-eminently successful. He found Jesus; and that, again, is not everybody's business. Alleluia! Mr. Graham is a lucky man. That is the reward of studying with a heartfelt devotion what he sagely calls the "Gospel of Stupidity." *Let him become a fool, that he may be wise.*

And yet, even unbelievers are liable to queer pieces of luck. We have all heard—have we not?—of that affectionate Russian habit of embracing you on Easter Day in the public thoroughfare, and pouring forth from vodka-perfumed throat the golden greeting: "Christ is risen!"—to which you must promptly respond: "Yes; He is risen!" Well, they say that on one Easter morning the Emperor—not the present one—was fired with the national religious ardour, and determined to embrace the first person he met in the streets of all his myriads of loving subjects. He stepped out of doors, and there, at his very elbow, stood a man—to wit, a palace sentry. "Christ is risen!" said his Majesty, kissing the humble soldier in an access of brotherly love, and expecting, of course, the traditional answer. "You be damned for a liar!" replied the sentry, unmoved. He happened to be a Jew. Needless to add (inasmuch as all this occurred in Russia) that the fellow was created a field-marshal on the spot. Which shows that if Mr. Graham found Jesus in Jerusalem, certain unbelievers may find compensations for their perverse opinions elsewhere, if only they have the courage to express them with sufficient emphasis.

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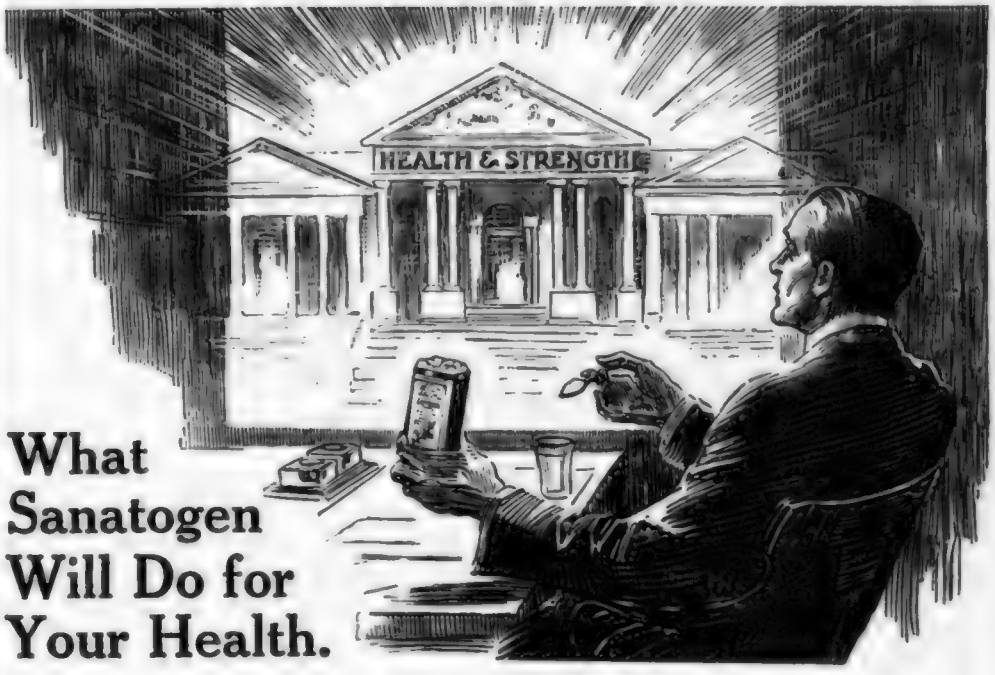

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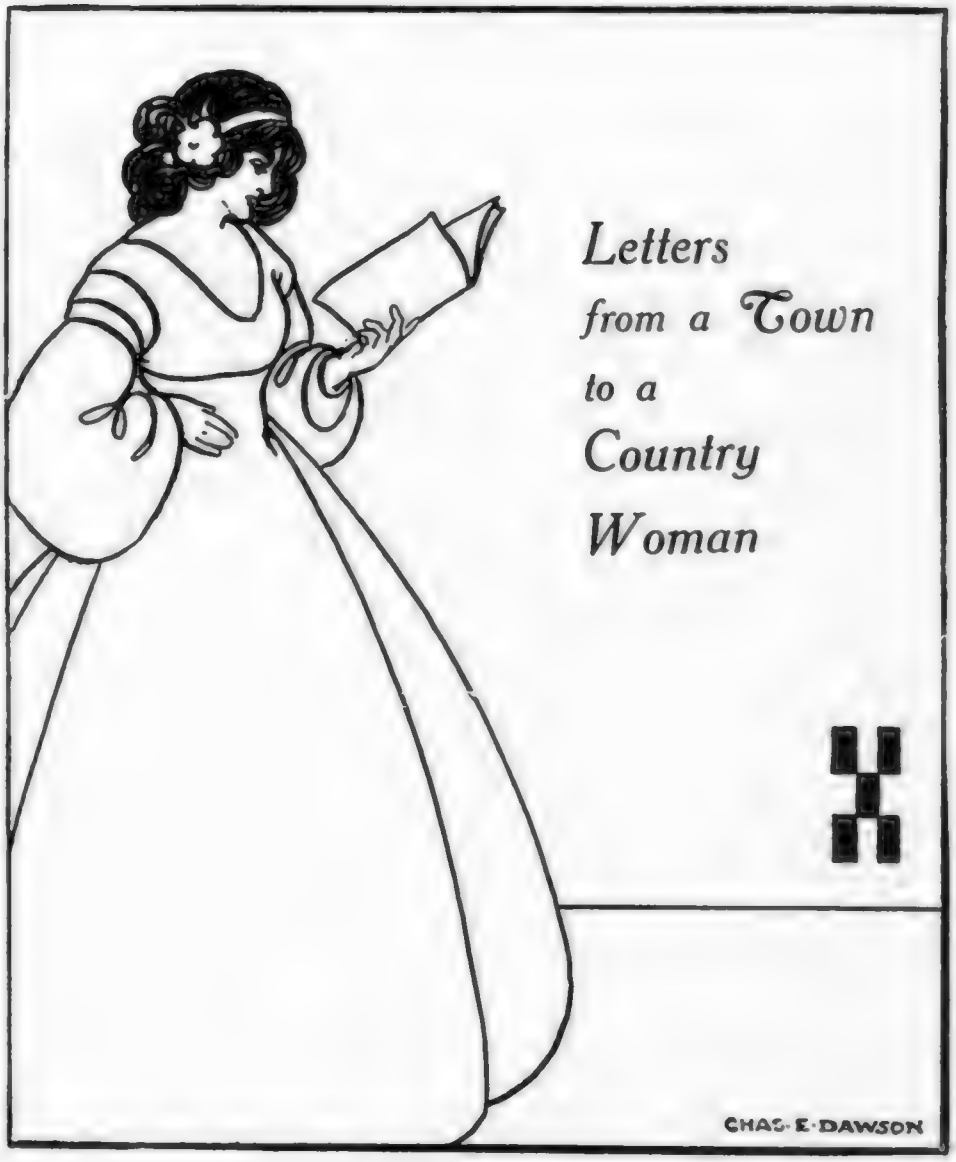

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

With the advent of the all too short Winter Season a great feature is being made of furnishing and household exhibitions *de luxe*. These are arousing the utmost interest amongst all classes, for the great value of these displays lies in the fact that they provide a means for introducing all manner of household novelties of practical use which otherwise are never brought to the immediate notice of householders. Indeed, so warmly has the idea been adopted that one of the big shops has instituted a display of similar novelties, which is the most interesting feature of Shopland at the present moment.

A New Type of Plate Warmer

¶ Amongst the many novelties here on view is a delightful and very practical plate warmer that has been specially designed for use in houses where, owing to the fact that the kitchens are far removed from the dining-room, or to the modern method of cooking on an oil or gas stove, hot plates are anything but an easy matter to obtain. This new plate warmer puts an end to all such difficulties, for consisting of a simple japanned box fitted underneath with an economical charcoal heater, it not only makes the plates hot in half an hour, but keeps them at an even and comfortable temperature for several hours without the slightest fear of them cracking or becoming discoloured with the heat. Amongst its several advantages, the new plate warmer is easy to work, and light enough to be carried from room to room, while it may be set down on any polished or parquet floor without the slightest fear of injury from the heating apparatus.

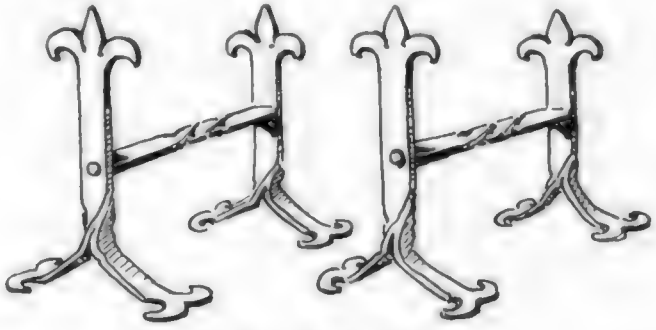
New Unfadable Velvet Curtains

¶ Another novelty that will appeal to numerous householders who are considering the question of winter renovations are some exceedingly beautiful and quite inexpensive winter curtains, made of unfadable velveteen that has all the appearance of the richest silk velvet. These are obtainable in a very great variety of beautiful colours, and are trimmed with exquisite borders of

appliqued tapestry designs, that have all the effect of antique needlework. These curtains may be bought all ready made up for hanging, or the velvet can be bought by the yard, and owing to the enormous range of light and dark shades they are suitable for drawing rooms, or dining rooms, while for use as *portière* curtains or for hangings for a big lounge, hall, or library, they are absolutely without equal.

To Revolutionise the Tea-table

¶ A new teapot that automatically separates the liquid from the tea leaves five minutes after the latter have been infused, is another ingenious invention that has but recently made its appearance. Needless to say, this will make a direct appeal to all who suffer from indigestion, and to those who are alive to the dangers of tannin poisoning. The new teapot is so simple to work and so proof against getting out of order that it is no more trouble than the old unhealthy type that has been in use for so long, while the



Fire Dogs, **15/6**

fact that it is made in several kinds of decorative china, and sold at prices well within the reach of all buyers, is enough to make it revolutionise the tea-tables of the future, quite apart from the fact that it is supported by the entire tea-trade on account of the fact that besides making tea on hygienic principles, it brings forth the flavour and aroma of every kind of tea far better than any other utensil used hitherto.

No More Knife Cleaning

¶ Housekeepers looking out for labour-saving contrivances that are practical and useful in the best sense of the word will find that nothing really competes in practical value with the new table knives that entirely do away with every kind of knife cleaning, knife machines, and knife powder of every sort. These are, moreover, far more ornamental than the old-fashioned type of cutlery, the blades being made of steel incorporated with silver plate, so that they require no more cleaning than their washing in hot soda or soap and water, just as ordinary forks and spoons are washed.

So cleverly is the silver plate blended with the steel that the knives can be sharpened on an ordinary steel without fear of the plate wearing off, and there is no reason why they should not be kept every whit as sharp as the ordinary steel variety. Great as is the advantage of using the new cutlery in private houses and flats where one or two female servants are kept, the saving of labour, time, and money is even more apparent in big institutions, hotels, restaurants and clubs, where the knife cleaning alone often entails the services of an extra man-servant.

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¶ Bargain hunters will likewise be delighted with the opportunity for rich finds presented by a large consignment of real Persian rugs of great beauty, which this firm has just bought in such large quantities from Persia that they are selling them at really low prices. These are all genuine pieces, and amongst the great stacks displayed for buyers to select from, the astute purchaser with an eye for colour and a little knowledge of Persian floor covering, may easily hit upon some rare bargain in these lovely soft coloured rugs, which are woven in patterns handed down from one generation to another; while a large collection of Persian

strips sold in pairs for stair carpets or wall hangings to be found here are amongst the most interesting of their kind to be found in England to-day.

The Carpeting of Old Historic Houses

¶ Arranged in galleries with a fine framework of Moorish carving that is alone worthy of a visit of inspection, one finds here the richest and rarest collection of genuine antique Persian and Chinese carpets obtainable outside our National Museums. Amongst the gems of this collection which is of particular interest to connoisseurs and to those who are furnishing old historic houses are two absolutely unique old Persian mats, which in fineness of texture, richness of colouring, and elaborate design, are connoisseur's pieces in the best sense of the word. These can vie

BRASS CANDLESTICK, 7/6

with any of their kind to be seen in museums in any part of Europe, and are the work of a Persian artist craftsman of ancient days, who spent his lifetime producing the scene.

Christmas Gifts for those Abroad

¶ From carpets to furniture is no very far cry, and those who are looking out for artistic, strong, and durable chairs, tables, hall stands, &c., cannot do better than turn their attention to some ultra-picturesque cane furniture, which is far stronger and far more durable than any other kind, being made of strong natural cane, constructed and woven in such a way that it is practically indestructible, as instead of plaits and beading being nailed on, it is woven in with the rest of the furniture. This new furniture is extremely comfortable and delightful for indoor or outdoor use, while the fact that it is made of natural cane instead of the bleached or painted variety, entirely does away with that staring whiteness or shabby effect of painted cane. Besides chairs and tables the new furniture is made up into hall stands, standard

lamps, tea stands, bed tables, newspaper racks, flower stands, log baskets, and fancy baskets of all kinds, all of which are carried out on artistic lines. For use at home and abroad the new furniture is without rival, and being specially constructed to suit all climates it stands in high favour for Christmas and wedding gifts that have to be sent abroad.

A Substitute for Silver

¶ There is no doubt that the vogue for silver ornaments is slowly but surely dying out, and their place being taken by more artistic articles that call for far less cleaning and attention than the more precious metal. In view of this fact attention is drawn to some delightfully artistic hand-beaten bronze bowls suitable for holding flowers or fruit of every kind. These are made in all manner of picturesque shapes and various different sizes, and are anything but costly. Already they are standing high in popular favour for wedding gifts, and there is every indication that they will be far and away the most popular type of Christmas gift during the coming season.

A Good Brand

¶ Writing of household matters reminds one of the difficulty experienced by so many people of procuring really good whisky in these days when so much of this spirit is consumed that it is no easy matter to find a really reliable brand that has been allowed to mellow and sweeten with years. Just now a taste has sprung up amongst connoisseurs for a brand of whisky that has been matured in sherry casks, and which owes its success to the fact that it is so carefully selected in the first place that it is not only extremely palatable but exceedingly healthy.

Concerning Dress of the Moment

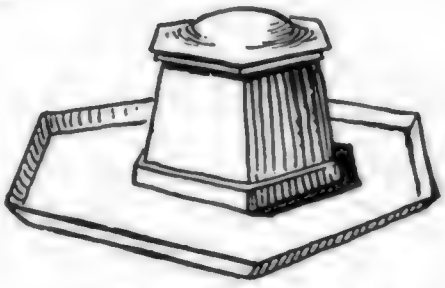
¶ Coming to matters concerning dress one cannot help being struck by the extraordinary vogue for rich and expensive fabrics that has grown up of late. For this autumn dress has reached so great a pitch of perfection that toilettes are more beautiful and infinitely more elaborate than ever before. The vogue for velvet and thin souple plush is nothing short of a craze just now, for one finds it worn for day and evening toilettes to the exclusion of everything else. This is a matter of serious consideration to numerous women, who realise that a velvet dress is the most difficult of all to make really successfully. Consequently one dressmaker who has achieved a wonderful reputation for adapting this heavy fabric to the clinging draperies of the moment is in great demand. This clever costumier, who is not by any means expensive, makes a great *spécialité* of lovely visiting toilettes in velvet skilfully mingled with soft chiffon and lace so as to avoid anything like a heavy effect, while her designs in ball and dinner

toilettes are far above the ordinary, as while keeping a strictly up-to-date note, she avoids eccentric novelties, and models each gown to her customer's individual requirements.

The Wonderful Vogue for Natural Musquash

¶ Furs are also an all-important feature of dress at the present moment, and in spite of all we hear concerning the craze for dyed furs, which appear all colours of the rainbow to match our several coloured toilettes, nothing is really so fashionable, so smart, or so hard-wearing as that most economical of all pelts, natural musquash, which is worn by all the best dressed women this season. The great advantage of this fur is that it is very strong, very becoming, and extraordinarily cheap, while there is no ignoring its claims to smartness.

One leading furrier is making a great *spécialité* in long coats of natural musquash that are fashioned on very picturesque designs,



BRASS INKSTAND, **22/6**

FLOWER VASE, **12/6**

one in particular showing the high Napoleon collar and the long wrap-over rever that is the *chic* of the present moment. These cannot be too warmly recommended to those who want an inexpensive fur coat that will not repeatedly require altering and re-modelling.

How to Utilise Old Furs

¶ Making a feature of artistic fur renovations at prices that really are reasonable and well within the reach of all, this furrier is particularly happy in taking a lot of old fur garments and turning them out fashioned on the most up-to-date lines—for possessing a large stock of the latest Parisian model coats, stoles, and muffs, his customers can always be sure of finding some thoroughly up-to-date garment that lends itself to the particular adaptation and renovation that is most suitable to their old-fashioned furs.

The Vogue for House-coats

¶ A fashion has lately sprung up for wearing dainty little house-coats made of spun silk, fine Shetland wool, or a thin make of cashmere. These are copied from the familiar sports coats, only they are far daintier, thinner, and much more artistic. Worn indoors over lace, silk, or lingerie blouses they supply just that requisite amount of warmth that is necessary at this time of the year, while another point that has added considerably to their popularity is the fact that they take away that untidy blousy appearance of so many soft silk or lace blouses and sports shirts. The new coats can be had in a large variety of patterns and a very wide range of colours. For morning wear those of fine spun silk are recommended, while for afternoon wear one finds all manner of exquisite light coloured models fashioned after the dainty coats worn during the picturesque Directoire period.

Names and addresses of shops where any article mentioned above can be obtained, will be sent upon receipt of a post card addressed to MARY MARSH, "The English Review," 17–21, Tavistock Street, W.C.

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More about the Use of Bonus

"Let there be Light."—In the last issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW I touched upon the big subject of bonus additions to the face value of participating (*i.e.*, with-profit) policies, referring in particular to "deferred" and "guaranteed" bonuses. The subject lends itself, however, to further treatment, and it is an aspect of life assurance that is worth fuller consideration, because there is clear gain in every point which one can bring out to emphasise the infinite variety of ways in which the odd savings of the passing years can be increased. I have said before, and I do not doubt that I shall say it again, that men and women take too narrow views of the whole matter of insurance, and the companies and their agents are none too active in broadening the understanding of their clients.

With-profit assurance costs more in premium than without-profit—naturally, because more is bought. Now, the man of small means is impelled, by his proper desire to provide first and foremost for wife and children, or other dependants, to make certain of the largest possible certain benefit for them. He argues that if he takes a without-profit policy and dies young, his people will receive more than if he holds a with-profit policy; because for his premium the face value of the former is the larger, and early death means small accumulation of bonus additions under a participating contract. Then, on the other hand, if he should live to grow old, he will perhaps be able to save money apart from life assurance, or to take out an additional policy, or to convert that which he has into a more valuable type of assurance by means that I have described.

As a matter of fact, however, there is no need to argue along these lines; and the relatively small number of without-profit policies issued goes to show that people do not like the idea of receiving no additional benefit if they live long and pay their premiums regularly. There is no need for anybody to take a non-profit policy on the score of annual cost. Last month I showed that "deferred bonus" policies cost very much the same in premium as ordinary without-profit assurances; and some of the principal offices make the deferred bonus system their ordinary mode of adding bonus, with the result that their bonus records are remarkably good, thanks to care in other essential matters also.

Premiums Reduced by Bonus.—The comparative cheapness of "deferred bonus" assurance arises from the absence of all risk that the company may have to increase by bonus the amount of a policy, and do it at a loss. But there is a way of getting down to a still lower basis of annual cost, and that is by using bonus in reduction of premium, so that the sum assured is fixed and invariable, while the premium gradually diminishes. Indeed, if the life be prolonged sufficiently, the premium dwindles to nothing, and, on the contrary, the amount assured begins to be enlarged. Any life company will permit the insured to employ bonus for the reduction of premiums, but the practice has been highly developed by one or two offices which work along lines peculiarly their own, and quote very low premium rates.

A distinction has to be made here between the office premiums and the actual sums paid by the assured after the first few years. The policy-holder, when he applies for assurance, undertakes to pay a certain annual premium for a fixed term of years—five or seven—and the company reserves the right to exact that amount in any future year if it should be found necessary to do so. At the end of the initial term, however, the assured comes into enjoyment of bonus, and it takes the form of a large diminution of the annual payment. There is no guarantee of any kind that abatement will be made, but there is virtual certainty of it; because the companies I have in mind are old and strong, and they hold special reserves for the specific purpose of maintaining any abatement when once it has been set up, while their full premium rates and methods of business make it as

certain as anything can be that the conclusion of the initial period will bring with it, as a permanency, the expected relief to the assured.

Gradually Diminishing Premiums.—The pace at which the abatement will increase and the premium decline depends upon a number of circumstances which, in all life offices, go to determine the bonus rates that can safely be declared—because such a declaration is a voluntary assumption of additional financial responsibility not to be undertaken recklessly. The chief fact upon which the policy-holder must rely in these matters is the general record of the company with which he is concerned; and in regard to the peculiar application of bonus which I describe, the probable experience of the future can be readily seen by study of the following representative figures:—

EXAMPLE OF REDUCTION-OF-PREMIUM SCHEME.

Age at Entry 25 (nearest). Amount Assured, £1,000 with Profit.

Average Ordinary Premium.	Full Initial Premium under Scheme.	Premium when Reduction Occurs.	Premium in 20th Year.	Premium in 50th Year.	
£24 11 8	£30 0 0	£12 0 0*	£8 8 0	nil.	Office A.
	£24 17 6	£15 13 5†	—	—	Office B.

* After seven years.

† After five years. Office B makes no prophecy as to the probable abatement more than five years ahead, and I do not care to make guesses.

Helping the Young Insurer.—There is no need to dwell upon the convenience of a system of insurance under which the premiums fall as largely as I have described; but as yet I have not touched upon another feature of the scheme which has particular attraction for young men and women who find it difficult at first to face the premium which is required to cover a substantial sum assured. It is in early maturity and in old age that the premium difficulty is really felt. When once the first few years have been got over, there is ease and comfort. The fact that the premiums cease, under this special method of applying bonus, destroys any difficulty which otherwise might occur in old age; and there has been devised an equally effective way of dealing with the problem at the beginning of business life, when the income is slender, and presents a great barrier in the way of early assurance for a useful amount.

The process amounts to an anticipation of the bonus to be enjoyed later on, and it may be taken in one of two ways. The first which I mention is the "half-premium" system, whereby, during the period of full premium payment which precedes the abatement, the assured pays only half the premium in cash in any year, the other half being regarded as a loan by the company, upon which interest at the very moderate rate of 4 per cent. per annum is charged.

The other course that may be followed, described as the "discounted abatement" system, has the advantage that it involves no borrowing at all, so that there is no interest charge, and there is no burden of loan upon the policy to be deducted or paid off at any future time. Under the discounted abatement system the assured during the preliminary period pays an exceedingly low premium, and in addition, after the close of that period, enjoys a part of the ordinary abatement of premium instead of the whole of it. I may usefully give figures by way of example showing how extremely cheap these systems make life assurance:—

Ordinary Premium throughout Life.	Full Initial Premium under Scheme.	Reduced Premium during Initial Period.	Reduced Premium at end of Initial Period.	
£24 11 8	£30 0 0	(1) £15 2 0 (rising to £18 12s.)	£16 4 0	Office A.
	£24 17 6	£18 7 6	£17 7 6	Office B.

This requires a word of explanation. Under (1) the half-premium of £15 is increased by the interest on the borrowed half-premium; and at the end of seven years the total debt is £105, costing £4 4s. a year in interest; but from that time onwards there is no more borrowing, while the premium, payable regularly, diminishes year by year. Office B charges

more than half the full premium during the initial period (which is five years, as against seven years in the case of Office A); so that in the sixth year the position is that in Office A the assured pays £18, and in Office B £17 7*s*. 6*d*., and in the seventh year the respective payments are £18 12*s*. and £17 7*s*. 6*d*.; but in the eighth year they are £16 4*s*. and £17 7*s*. 6*d*.; in the ninth £15 12*s*. and £17 7*s*. 6*d*.; and so on. In the long run, taking all things into consideration, it is impossible to say which is the more favourable. The existence of the debt in the one case and its absence in the other counts for a good deal. And, by the bye, I should add here that I am not merely contrasting two insurance offices; I am describing two assurance systems. Each company practises both the methods in question. This should be fully understood.

Alternative Use of the Bonus.—It may very well be objected to this form of employment of bonus that it is not everybody who finds, after the first five or seven years, that he particularly wants his premium payment to be reduced. It may be that the passage of time has so improved the policy-holder's financial position that he would rather continue the full premium, and have the bonus in the form of an addition to the value of his policy. Well, this can readily be done. There is no need, after the expiry of the initial period, either to make use of or to repudiate finally and irrecoverably the right to pay the reduced premium. In any year the assured is entitled to decide for himself whether he will pay up in full or pay only the reduced amount.

When he does the former, the difference between the two figures is credited to the amount of his policy, and, accumulating at compound interest in the hands of the company, it forms a cash reserve fund upon which the policy-holder can draw whenever he likes to its full amount. If it is not so drawn, it will be handed over when the policy becomes a claim, increased by the amount of interest which it has earned. This is a recent development of the fundamental idea underlying assurance of this kind, and it is a very excellent one, because in effect it gives to the assured a policy which can be increased in amount and decreased in annual cost absolutely at the convenience or even the whim of the assured.

A Comparison of Costs.—I should like to draw particular attention to the very trifling cost at which, under this system, the enormous benefits of life assurance can be obtained. The companies which I have in mind work upon an extremely low annual expenditure, as measured in the ordinary way by premium income; and that fact helps them to get down their premiums—that is, the premiums actually payable, which are not the same as those nominally payable—to a very low level. For example, the figures set out above show that the average annual premium charged by leading English companies for a with-profit assurance of £100, the assured being of the age of thirty next birthday, is £2 5*s*. 2*d*. By the half-premium system it works out at an average of only £1 13*s*. 8*d*. per cent. during the first seven years, dropping to £1 12*s*. 5*d*. per cent. in the eighth year, and gradually diminishing thereafter. This, of course, involves some accumulation of debt on the policy during the preliminary seven years.

The discounted abatement system, involving no debt, makes the premium £1 16*s*. 9*d*. per cent. during the first five years—the difference between the duration of the initial periods must be noted—falling to £1 14*s*. 9*d*. per cent. in the sixth year, and thereafter declining still further from time to time. As compared with the ordinary premium rates of the majority of offices, therefore, the initial annual premium is smaller under either of these abatement systems, and it becomes very much smaller later on. On the other hand, of course, the general premium which we have given of £2 5*s*. 2*d*. per cent. covers a participating policy, which can be relied upon (in most cases) to increase steadily by bonus additions in the ordinary way. We say this because we do not want to suggest that ordinary life premiums are unduly high. The whole point is that the bonuses can be made to bring down the cost of the assurance to a very low level, and one great advantage of so doing is that it clears away hindrances in the road of a young man or a young woman of strictly limited means, who otherwise would perhaps make the mistake of postponing insurance altogether until better times came along.

Are Premiums too High?—It has been said to me more than once that if insurance companies are able to give to their policy-holders such large

returns in the way of bonus, whatever form they may take, it follows that the premiums they exact are greater than they need be. On the face of it, there is justice in the charge that insurance premiums are unnecessarily high, but it is not an allegation which can be sustained. The first object of life assurance is assurance. The main purpose with which a policy is taken out is to provide something for somebody under certain circumstances. It follows that the insurance company is bound, if it is going to do its duty, to make such provision as will render it quite sure that just claims will be promptly and fully met when they come forward in the ordinary course of events.

Now, the policy-holder expects, and the company teaches him to expect, that he or his will receive from the company in the long run more than the sum total of the premiums paid. On the other hand, the company has to pay its expenses, and in one way or another, virtually or absolutely, as the case may be, the whole of its income comes from the policy-holders. In this we include the revenue which the office obtains by its employment of the premiums paid by the assured. The only known quantity among the factors involved is the amount payable under the policy when it becomes a claim. Nobody knows how many yearly premiums will be paid, or what the expenses will be, or what the interest income will be, or what the income tax deduction from it will be. Nobody knows whether the death claim will arise after half a year or half a century.

Therefore, as the first duty of the company is to be sure and to assure, it is necessary to charge such a premium as, with other things that can be definitely counted upon, will enable all claims to be met out of the proceeds of the premiums themselves. This sounds a little complicated, and so it is. The *modus operandi* cannot be described simply and clearly in half a dozen sentences, and I am not going to attempt it. The point I am aiming at is this—that in all business matters one has to keep a margin for contingencies, and the contingencies which an insurance company has to keep always before its eyes are, in the main, three: (1) an abnormally heavy death roll; (2) unusual expenses; (3) unfortunate investments. The experience which is hoped for is not in any of these respects the basis upon which the rates of premium are worked out, and the effect is that, even under the tremendous influence of acute competition, soundly managed offices continue to find themselves possessed of large surplus funds, almost the whole of which are returned to the holders of participating policies in bonus of one form or another. This is an interesting question, which the public ought to understand, and in the next article I shall deal with it a little more fully.

W. B. RITCHIE.

The writer of these supplements is a recognised authority on Insurance matters AND IS NOT ATTACHED TO ANY INSURANCE COMPANY. *He will be pleased to give advice free of charge upon any Insurance question, and to supply statements as to the cost of various Insurances, suggesting the best and most reliable Companies for any particular Insurance. Enquiries should be addressed to the Manager, The "English Review," 17–21 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., and marked "Insurance."*

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